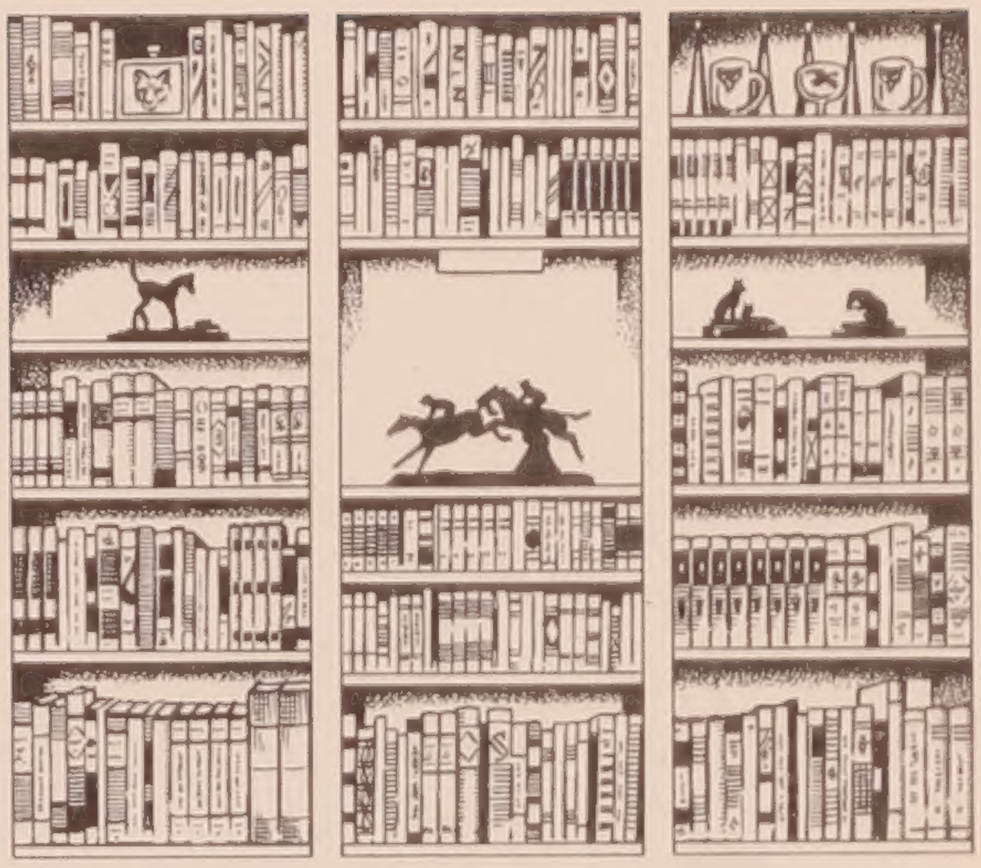

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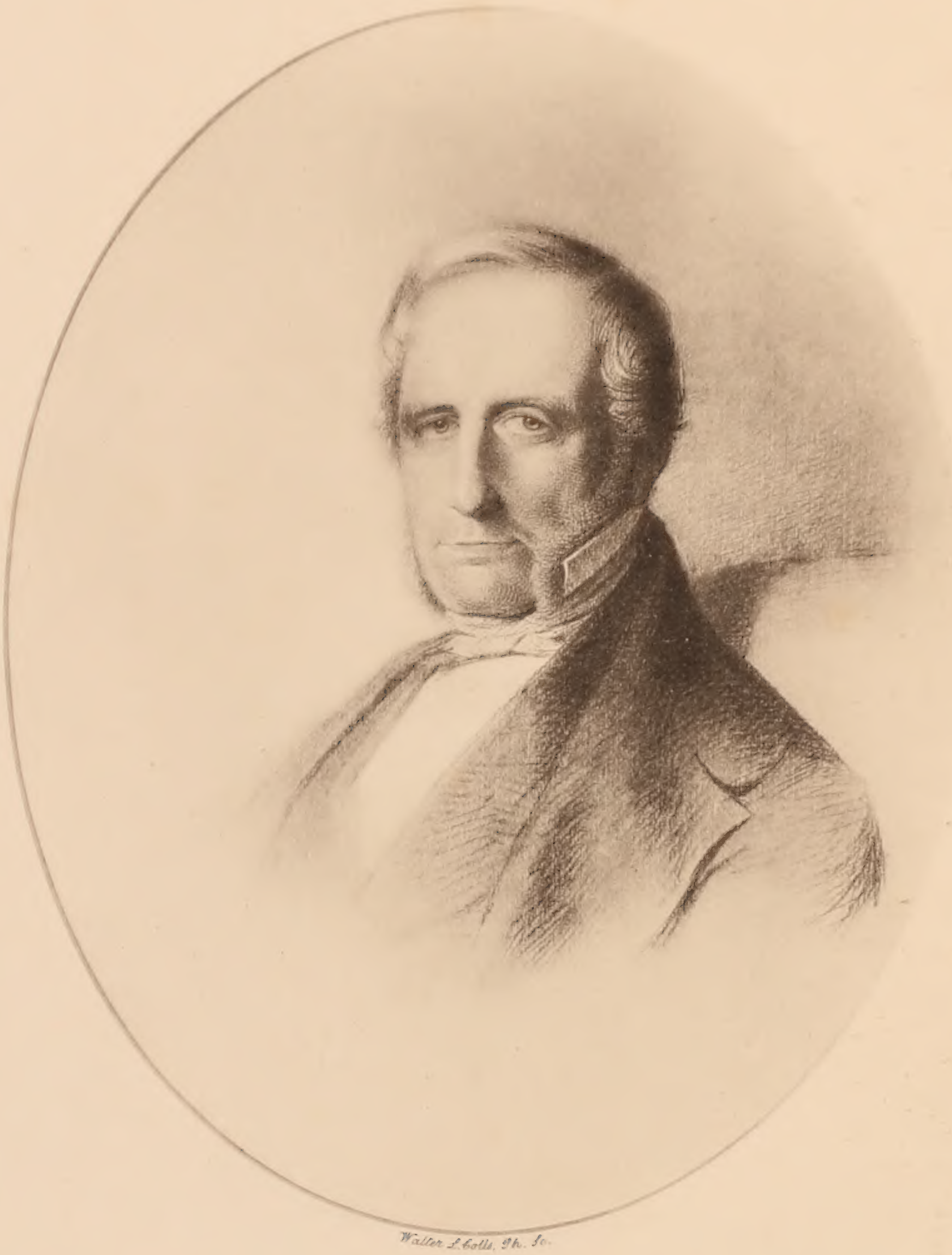
HISTORY OF THE
MEYNELL HOUNDS AND COUNTRY



Walter L. Hollis, Ph. Sc.

Mr. H. C. Wentworth Ingram.

From a crayon drawing

by

Taylor.

in the possession of the

Hon. Mrs. Wentworth Ingram

at Hoar Cross.

Mr. H. C. Meynell Ingram.
From a crayon drawing
by
Taylor.
In the possession of the
Hon. Mrs. Meynell Ingram
at Hoar Cross.

A HISTORY

of

THE MEYNELL HOUNDS

AND COUNTRY

1780 TO 1901

by

J. L. Randall.

VOLUME II

London.

Sampson Low, Marston and Company, Ltd.

1901.

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HISTORY OF THE MEYNELL HOUNDS AND COUNTRY

CHAPTER I.

"HOUNDS, PLEASE!"—CUB-HUNTING—GOOD RUN FROM ROLLESTON—RUN OF THE SEASON FROM LOXLEY—HUNT MEETING—THE COMING OF AGE OF LORD BAGOT—GOOD RUN FROM LONGFORD CAR—STEEPLECHASING.

1877–1878.

THE *Field*, 1877 :—

The longest date back in Cecil's Stud Book is to 1779, where mention is made of a bitch called Rosamond by Mr. Meynell's Roister out of Lord Ludlow's Tasty, and it must be a source of satisfaction to Lord Waterpark, Mr. Clowes, and especially to the late Mr. Meynell Ingram's family, who so nobly gave the country the pack in 1871, to note that the present Meynell pack trace back to an extraordinary degree to the hounds belonging to the famous Mr. Meynell of over a hundred years ago, for history does not give us the pedigree of Roister, excepting that he belonged to Mr. Meynell and had a daughter called Rosamond in 1779. To her many of the Meynell hounds trace to-day, and, as an instance, I take a hound mentioned in *Bell* last week, in connection with Lord Galway's entry, viz. Baronet, by Bachelor out of Winsome by Rookwood, son of Reginald by Mr. Foljambe's Reginald, who was got by the Brocklesby Ruler out of Brazen by Belvoir Furrier out of Bauble by Sparkler—Buxom by Belvoir Bluecap—Skilful by Brocklesby Chaser—Sybil by Osbaldeston Ranter, son of the famous Furrier—Songstress by Warbler, son of Jason by Joker—Troublesome by Belvoir Topper—Rarity by Brocklesby Ranter—Stately by Mr. Meynell's Sparkler—Tawdry by Trickster—Caroline by Castor—Harlot by Hymen, son of Milton Hymen and Rosamond entered in 1779 (at, say, twelve months old), so born exactly a hundred years ago, and got by Mr. Meynell's Roister—Lord Ludlow's Tasty. In the above long pedigree there is a great deal more interesting matter to study, for it traces to the same source as the Drake Duster, viz. to Mr. Savile's Carver.

to wit. Bachelor, the sire of Baronet, was got by Druid, son of Belvoir Druid, who was got by Sir Richard Sutton's Dryden—Tuneful by Trouncer—Skilful by Mr. Foljambe's Stormer—Fortune by Fencer, son of Fatal, son of Factor (sire of Destitute, the dam of the Drake Duster), and Factor was got by Mr. Savile's Carver. Then, through the Osbaldeston Furrier and Belvoir Blue Cap, the Meynell Baronet of to-day traces down to two of Mr. Meynell's hounds of 1792, as Furrier was by Saladin, son of Sultan, son of Mr. Meynell's Gusman by his German—his Blowzy, who both lived in 1792; and Belvoir Blue Cap was by Clasper, son of Craftsman, who was got by Mr. Osbaldeston's Chorister—Songstress by Saladin, the sire of Furrier, and so on to German and Blowzy. An extraordinary good bred hound is Baronet, and the above gives plenty of reason why Lord Galway patronized him last season. In exchange the Meynell patronized Lord Galway's Reginald, the best son of the last Belvoir Rallywood, I think, now in England, bar, perhaps, the Quorn Watchman, who may be his equal.

[Baronet proved subsequently that his breeding deserved all the praise bestowed on it, for was he not the sire of Marmaduke, who was the sire of Merryman, who was the sire of Colonel, who has done so much good to the pack? If a puppy did a bit of good work out cub-hunting, and you asked Charles what it was, in nine cases out of ten his answer would be, "One of those Merrymans. They all hunt."—J. L. R.]

Also Belvoir Warrior is represented, so that three of my crack sires of the day—Why Not, Warrior, and Reginald—are the sires of four couples and a half of the Meynell entry for this season. The other visitors are Sir Watkin Wynn's Random by his Regent—his Sportive. Regent by Milton Regent, son of Blue Cap, son of the Drake Bellman, his dam Rally by Brocklesby Nettler, and Sportive was by Grove Sparkler, son of Singer, son of Belvoir Singer, her dam Caroline by Grappler, son of Lord Henry Bentinck's Craftsman. The other visitor is Belvoir Gallant by General—Nimble: General by Milton Gambler—Fairmaid by Fairplay; and Nimble was by Ringwood, son of Lexicon—Ruby by Fairplay—Ready by the second Belvoir Rallywood. Fairplay, who comes in twice in this pedigree, was by Mr. Foljambe's Forester—Syren, the dam of Singer, and she was by the Drake Duster. Of the home sires besides Baronet above mentioned, there are Contest, Rallywood, Farmer, Linkboy, and Miracle,* represented as sires of the entry. Contest, who is not now in the kennel, was by Belvoir Contest—Frolic by Alfred, son of Alaric, son of Falstaff, son of Brocklesby Flasher by Druid out of Fairmaid by the Osbaldeston Furrier. Rallywood, also now out of orders, was by the last Belvoir Rallywood (son of Senator) out of Trinket by Merrimac, son of Reginald, son of Mr. Foljambe's Reginald, and, therefore, like Baronet, Rallywood traced to Mr. Meynell's hounds of 1779. Farmer, who is still at the Meynell kennels, as a third season hunter, is by Lord Yarborough's Blazer—Frantic by Belvoir Falstaff (son of Fairplay)—Lively by Lord Henry Bentinck's Larkspur—Gladsome by Alaric above mentioned, and so on to Osbaldeston's Furrier, and, as the Brocklesby Blazer was by their Bachelor—Flourish by Nelson—Freedom by Mr. Foljambe's Finder, it would be difficult to find a more beautifully bred hound than the Meynell Farmer. Linkboy, also in the list as a four-season hunter, is a rare bred one by Manager, a hound I recollect seeing in the Worcestershire kennel, where he was on a visit. The

* This hound was lent by Lord Waterpark to the Marquis of Waterford, and, while in that nobleman's kennels, attracted Lord Coventry's attention as being one of the handsomest hounds there.

dam of Linkboy was Lavish. Manager was by Merrimac by Reginald, son of Mr. Foljambe's Reginald, and so down to the notable Rosamond of 1779, whilst the dam of Manager was Tuneful by Ravager, son of Belvoir Prompter by President by Brocklesby Plunder—Flighty by Fatal, son of Factor, the sire of Destitute, the dam of the Drake Duster. Lavish, the dam of Linkboy, was by Chorister, son of Comus, by Hercules out of Columbine by Foreman, son of Brocklesby Flasher, his dam Fairmaid by the great Furrier. Miracle, not in the list now, was by Councillor, son of Conqueror—Music by Merrimac, so of the same strain down to the great ancestress, Rosamond. I think the above few remarks show the extraordinary high breeding of the Meynell hounds, and if any pack in England wants fresh blood of the most *recherché* character, I could hardly recommend a finer quarter.

Subscriptions this year were £3314 13*s.* 5*d.*; compensation £228 7*s.* 6*d.*

The committee elected on January 4th, 1878, was as follows: Lord Bagot, Hon. E. Coke, Mr. T. W. Evans, M.P., Mr. M. A. Bass, M.P., Captain A. C. Duncombe, Mr. T. J. Levett, Mr. S. W. Clowes, M.P., Mr. W. Boden, Lord Waterpark, Lord Vernon.

Richard Summers having gone as huntsman to Mr. Tailby, James Tasker succeeded to his vacant place, Charles Hawkes coming as second whipper-in.

There were complaints of the scarcity of foxes, which was probably remedied in the usual way, for, in the course of two or three years, mange broke out. And this was prevalent all over England wherever cubs were turned down.

The new-comers were Mrs. Jervis-Smith, who came with a great reputation from the West country, and Mr. C. A. Wallroth, who came to Mickleover. He played for Harrow against Eton in 1870, and in the autumn of that year matriculated at Brasenose College, Oxford, playing in the Oxford eleven in 1872, 1873, and 1874. In 1876 he married and settled down at Mickleover, where he has been ever since. No one has seen more of the fun than he has whenever hounds ran, and there is no cheerier comrade to go hunting with.

They began cub-hunting on September 3rd, in Bagot's Woods, as usual, killing a cub on each of the two first mornings and a badger on the third. About the best run

they had was on October 24th, when, after a certain amount of work to begin with, they ran from Baker's pit, by Loxley Hall, through the Alder Car, by Highfields nearly to Woodford, on to Smallwood, under the Forest Banks to Woodside, through the woods, by Tomlinson's corner, back into the Banks, and came home.

They brought eighteen brace of cubs to hand altogether.

The regular season began, as usual, at Sudbury, on Monday, October 29th.

From Lord Waterpark's diary:—

Lake Bank and coverts in the Park blank. Found in the Coppice, ran by Vernon's Oak to Cubley, and lost. Did not find again at Sudbury. Got away on good terms with a fox from the Ice-house Covert at Foston, rattled him round by Aston, and killed him in the Decoy at Foston.

Tuesday, The New Inn.—Needwood, Byrkley Lodge, Black Brook, and the Cupandition coverts blank. Found in the Hare Holds, ran to Castle Hayes, and lost. Coverts there and Bank by Coton blank.

Thursday, Radburne.—Went away at once from the Rough with an old fox, ran hard over the brook by Trusley, and round by Dalbury back to the Rough, and on up to the Parson's Gorse. Here there were several fresh foxes, one of which we hunted back to the Rough, and lost. Went to Sutton Gorse, got away on good terms with a cub, and killed him in ten minutes.

Saturday, Blithbury.—Found in Pipe Wood, ran a wide ring, and to ground. Cawarden Spring blank, as usual. Found in the Black Flats, hunted him into Pipe Wood, where we rattled him about half an hour, and left him dead beat, hounds being halloaed away on a fresh one. Ran fast by Laurence's Wood, over the brook, up to Cross Hayes, where they checked, but hit it off again and ran into the Brakenhurst, and here the scent failed altogether.

Monday, November 5th, Newborough.—Three or four foxes on foot at Hollybush, ran one into Bull's Park, and along the Banks, and lost him. Found in the Chantry, raced him through the Birchwood, and to ground in view in a pit-hole not far from Cross Hayes. Found again in Jackson's Bank—three or four foxes on foot—and came home.

Tuesday, Eaton Wood.—A good fox went away at once from the far end, ran by the Haven House to Somersal and on to Sudbury, and lost him. No scent. Drew all Sudbury blank. Found in the Cummery Wood at Foston, ran by Church Broughton nearly up to Barton, and lost. Came back to Foston, found again, ran a fox hard for a quarter of an hour, and killed him. Went to the Lemon Hole, and hunted a fox very well to Sudbury Park, and gave it up.

Thursday, Mugginton.—Killed a cub in Breward's Car, went away with another, through Ravensdale Park and up to Turnditch, and lost. Found in Wilde Park, ran hard up to Langley Gorse and on to the Vicar Wood.

Saturday, Loxley.—Found fox in Carry Coppice, but he was headed back as he broke covert, and the hounds met him and killed him. Went to Philips' Gorse, found, and ran back to Carry Coppice and lost. Wretched scent. Trotted

off to Gratwich Wood, hunted a fox through Handleasow Wood and Gratwich village on to Loxley, and pottered after him for some time, but could do no good.

Monday, November 12th, Bretby.—Drew Gorstey Leys, ran a ring by Foremark back into the wood, out for Calke, and to ground in a drain in the wood. Found again, and ran ringing about between Foremark and Gorstey Leys all day, and could not kill a fox.

Tuesday, Shirley Park.—A good lot of foxes in the covert. Ran one about for an hour, and killed him. Drew the Reeve's Moor at Longford, found and ran very fast by Culland up to Brailsford, and came to a check by the road—seventeen minutes very pretty up to this—hunted him on slowly by Langley village into the Parson's Gorse, where he went to ground. Found in Longford Car, ran up to Hollington and round by Alkmonton and back to Longford, and stopped the hounds. Capital day's sport.

Thursday, Stenson Lock.—Arleston Gorse, Stenson fields, Spilsbury's Coverts, Egginton Gorse, and Burnaston blank. A fox jumped up out of a hedgerow near Etwall, ran him up to Mickleover, and lost him. Found in the Rough at Radburne, ran up to the Parson's Gorse, and a ring by Langley village into Langley Gorse, through the covert up to the Derby road, back into the gorse, and killed.

Saturday, Blithfield.—Found in Blithe Moor, ran hard for fifteen minutes and killed. Ran a fox for one field from Forge Coppice to ground. Killed a very bad fox from Newton Hurst. Found a fox in Newton Gorse, ran very fast up to the Rectory, on by Admaston up to Abbot's Bromley, where he was headed and turned to the left, and went to ground in a gravel-pit on Newton Hurst—forty minutes.

Monday, November 19th, Wychnor.—Ran a very bad fox round and round the Rough for fifty minutes and killed. Found near Gorse Hall (Dunstall)—no scent, and lost directly. Found again in the Scotch Hills (Rangemore), ran to the Deanery Covert and back, and killed.

Tuesday, Tutbury Station.—Found at the back of the Hall, ran down the meadow by Park Hill, back by the village over the railway, back by the gorse to the Hall down the meadows again, and killed near Park Hill—an old fox. Time, one hour and a half. Found in Hilton Gorse, ran fast to the woodyard at Foston, turned to the right and back to Hilton. Came away with a fresh fox, ran him to Barton, and stopped the hounds.

Thursday, Kedleston Tollgate.—Found at Markeaton, ran by the brook side to Langley Gorse on to Langley Common, and lost. Found in Langley Gorse, did nothing. Chopped a fox in Frost's bottoms. Found in Colvile's Covert, ran by Allestree and Darley down to the river, which he crossed, but there was no scent, and they could not get on with him.

Saturday, Chartley.—Found on the Shaw, ran a ring by Turner's Gorse over the Park and back to the Shaw, and nearly the same ring again, and lost. Not an atom of scent all day. Found foxes in Handleasow Wood, and again in Gratwich Wood. Hunted a fox from Giller's Rough to ground at Gratwich village.

Monday, November 26th, Anslow.—Found in the Henhurst, very little scent, hunted slowly by Tatenhill, and lost. Found in Knightley Park, ran round the covert for half an hour, and killed. Found at Rolleston by the village, ran by Craythorne down to the osier-beds at Dove Cliff over the river (here hounds divided, unknown to us, and five and a half couples ran a fox back towards the New Inn), on to Burnaston, leaving Egginton Gorse on the left, and up to

Bearwardcote,* where we first got to the hounds, having had to go round by the bridge. After this it was slow hunting up to the Rough at Radburne, through the covert, and out towards Trusley, where we stopped the hounds.

Tuesday, Eaton Wood.—Found and ran up a few fields beyond Marston Park, where our fox unaccountably disappeared. Found in the little covert at Marston Park, ran over the foiled ground and could do nothing. Very little scent. Came back to Wardley Coppice, ran into Eaton Wood, out by the Haven House, crossed the road by Bowyer's farm, and to ground in a drain at Marston Woodhouse, bolted him, ran him fast back to Eaton Wood, and killed him. Found in Birch Coppice, ran through Eaton Wood, out by Clownholme, and came home.

Thursday, Elvaston.—Spent the whole day hunting eight or nine of the worst foxes that ever were seen round and round the place. No scent, and could not kill one.

Saturday, Newton village.—Drew the Coley coverts blank. Got on a travelling fox near Swan's Moor, hunted him by Blithfield nearly to Blithbury, and lost him; he must have got to ground in one of the many pit-holes about. Found in the Ox Close, ran a ring by Colton, and to ground in Nichol's Pit. Drew Blithe Moor, found and ran up to Admaston, turned back and hunted slowly by Forge Coppice nearly up to Hart's Coppice, and came home. Long, hard day—scent very catchy.

Monday, December 3rd, Draycott Cliff.—Found in the far wood, hunted up and down the banks all day with no scent whatever.

Tuesday, Bradley.—Found at the Lime Kilns, ran up to Bradley Wood, where he got to ground. Had a nice hunting run from Shirley Park to Bentley Car, and killed.

Thursday, Radburne.—Found in the Rough, ran a bit of a ring, and to ground in the Parson's Gorse. The rest of the Radburne coverts blank. Found in Sutton Gorse, ran by Hilton, leaving the gorse on the left, up to Church Broughton, and stopped the hounds, as we were to keep away from Barton. Found at Foston, and ran back to Hilton Gorse, where scent failed altogether.

Saturday, Walton village.—Found at Catton, ran into Croxall Bank, and killed: the fox had every chance of going away, but would not leave the covert. Got on another fox that had gone away, walked after him for a bit, and lost him. There was a fox in Lullington Gorse, but he got to ground in the covert. Found in Homestall Wood, but the fox was headed back and killed within a few yards of the covert. Found again at Catton, and killed, just such another fox as the first.

Monday, December 10th, The New Inn.—Found at Needwood, ran down into the village of Tatenhill, and could make nothing more of him. We heard, later on in the day, that our fox was seen to come out of some buildings after we had gone. Drew the Henhurst and other coverts about blank. Found again at Needwood, and ran to ground in a pit-hole on Stockley Park farm. Found again in the Hare Holds, ran a ring, back through the Cupandition Covert, on by Castle Hayes village, into the gorse, and along the hillside to Hanbury, and over the hills to the New Lodge, where we had four foxes on foot, and hounds divided. Bad luck, as we had seen our fox twice, dead beat, only just before the hounds.

Tuesday, Brailsford.—A thick fog; found in a little spinny opposite the house, raced him for twelve minutes to ground in a tree at Radburne. Found

* Mr. Bird, Mr. Crossman (I think), and Charles were the first to get up to them.—J. L. R.

in the Rough, very poor scent, could do little. The same at and from Sutton Gorse. Killed a lame fox at the Ashe, went away with another, and hunted him slowly all about Sutton—bad, ringing fox.

Thursday, Etwall.—Found in Hilton Gorse, ran a capital line, but not fast, up to Foston, where he waited for us, and we hunted him to ground at Leathersley. Found at Foston below the house, ran up to Barton, and killed in Saint's buildings. Found in the covert close by, ran down to Sudbury into a drain by the village, bolted him with a terrier, and killed him.

Saturday, Blithbury.—Found in Pipe Wood—very little scent—ran to ground in Jaggard's farm. Drew the rest of the Blithbury coverts and Forge Coppice blank. Found in Blithe Moor, ran to ground in the pit-hole by Forge Coppice.

Monday, December 17th, Dunstall.—Killed one very bad fox, the only one in the place. Drew covert after covert without finding, till we got on a fox that had just gone away from the Scotch Hills, ran him by Yoxall Lodge in the Brakenhurst, and lost him. No fox in the Brakenhurst.

Tuesday, Cubley Gate.—There were a brace of foxes in the covert by Coxhead Lane, hunted one up to Shirley Park, where several fresh foxes were on foot, and we kept changing, and at last scent failed altogether in the covert. Found at Longford, in the Car, ran down to Alkmonton Bottoms, where he turned to the right, and pointed as if for Shirley Park, but kept bearing to the right, down to Culland, and on to Brailsford, where we checked, and after this hunted him slowly into Langley Gorse, where he went to ground. Very good run—thirty minutes to the first check.

Thursday, Kedleston village.—Found in Spring Car—no scent—lost directly. One fox only in Breward's Car; hunted him round by Turnditch back to the covert, and lost him. Ravensdale Park and Wilde Park blank, and had to go home on account of the fog.

Saturday, Chartley.—Found in Handleasow Wood, ran by Field up to Leigh, and on to Checkley, and could make nothing more of it; probably our fox had got into some buildings. Drew Philips' Gorse and Carry Coppice without finding. Found in the Park Covert, ran along Carry Lane as far as the covert, turned to the right, and ran almost down to the railway, back over the road, and through the Park Covert, on, leaving Kingston village on the right and Housalem Coppice on the left, as if he meant going to Blithfield, but bore to the left, and crossed the Uttoxeter road by the Lodge, ran by the back of Abbot's Bromley as far as the bridge on the Hoar Cross road, where he turned back, and went to ground —only just before the hounds—in the pit by Forge Coppice. Time, fifty-eight minutes; distance, not much less than twelve miles. Best run of season so far.

Monday, December 24th, Newborough.—Holly Bush, Chantry, Birchwood blank. Found in the lawn, hit—no scent, wild, blustery day—and soon lost. Found again in the covert by Cross Hayes, ran through the Brakenhurst, along Jackson's Bank to the back of Newborough, where he either got under a heap of sticks, or into some farm buildings.

Wednesday, Sudbury.—Snow.

Thursday, Foremark.—Snow.

Saturday, Bagot's Woods.—Snow.

Monday, December 31st, Wychnor.—Found in the Rough, ran a few fields towards Barton, back through the Rough, over to Yoxall Lodge, and on to Byrkley Lodge, then back nearly into Yoxall Lodge Hills, and into the Brakenhurst,

ran through the covert by Hoar Cross village nearly up to the new Hall, but turned to the right over the hill, then to the left through the Birchwood, over Bromley Park to the corner of Lord's Coppice, turned to the right round Daisy Bank by Park gate into the chantry, over the brook, and killed at Newborough end. Time, two hours and ten minutes, and a capital hunting run.

Tuesday, Cubley Stoop.—The gorse, Bentley Car, and covert by Saint's blank. Found at Sapperton, ran very fast nearly up to the kennels at Sudbury, turned to the left, back over the park, and ran back to Sapperton, where we viewed him, dead beat, in the covert. Hounds, however, were hallaoed away on a fresh fox, and we ran back to Sudbury Park, by Hare Hill and Boylestone on to Saint's, and through Alkmonton Bottoms, and lost him. Found in the Longford Car, ran very nicely to Boylestone, where scent failed altogether.

Thursday, Radburne.—Drew the Parson's Gorse blank. Found in Langley Gorse, and ran to ground in a drain by Weston. Drew the covert there and the Vicar Wood without finding. Found again in Langley Gorse, ran to Radburne village, and lost. Poor scent. Drew the Rough, hunted up to the Parson's Gorse, and back to the Rough, but could not get on at all.

Field, January 12th, 1878 :—

THE MEYNELL HOUNDS.

On Friday, the 4th inst., a highly important meeting of the members of this Hunt was held at St. James's Hotel, Derby, when there was a very large attendance, the principal room being crammed with noblemen and gentlemen from all parts of the county of Derby. The object of the gathering was to consider the resignation by Mr. S. W. Clowes, who has for some period been associated in the joint Mastership of the Hunt with Lord Waterpark.

The Chairman (Lord Bagot), in commencing the business, explained how matters stood, and said it would be the duty of the members to appoint a new Master, or new Masters, for hunting the country.

The Hon. E. K. W. Coke then observed that, in order to start the fox, he would make a few remarks. Lord Waterpark and Mr. Clowes had held the Mastership for three years, and he now regretted to state that it had been intimated to the Hunt committee that they did not intend to hunt the country any more. Mr. Clowes retired without reservation of any kind; but Lord Waterpark had intimated that he only wished to retire under certain conditions. (Hear, hear.) Lord Waterpark was quite willing to continue to hunt the pack if the requisite funds were provided. (Cheers.) It was quite patent that the expenses of the Hunt were much in excess of the amount they had been able to provide for the Master. The loss had hitherto been borne by Mr. Clowes and Lord Waterpark jointly, but the latter would not be prepared in future to bear the burden of the balance of excess on a certain sum. The annual expenditure of the pack was very large, and he thought they would hardly be able to subscribe more than £2500 a year to help the Master in the future. From the statement of Mr. Watson, the hon. secretary, it appeared that, in addition to the £2500 to the masters, there was rent of coverts, £85; repair of coverts, £48 15*s.*; compensation for poultry, £228 7*s.* 6*d.*; and earth stopping, £66. Then there was the cost for the repairs and painting of the kennels, which, however, would not probably be so much in the future. Altogether they had spent £3889 1*s.* 5*d.*, whilst their income had been £3223 6*s.* 9*d.*, leaving a balance due to the bank of £665 14*s.* 8*d.* Thus they were not in a very satisfactory condition, but still

they had not expended so much over their income but what they could give their masters £2500, as heretofore; but they could not, he thought, do more.

Mr. Clowes here remarked that this balance on the wrong side would disappear next year, and they could, he thought, safely vote £300 of next year's receipts to meet the present deficiency. He believed Lord Waterpark would not continue to hunt the country single-handed, without the stipulation being £3000 instead of £2500. This he (Mr. Clowes) believed would be forthcoming, as he knew of two sources from which nearly £300 would be obtained, leaving only an extra £200 to be provided for by the country. (Hear, hear.) After referring to the causes which had induced him (Mr. Clowes) to resign, he said he believed Lord Waterpark's continuance to hunt the country would give general satisfaction. (Cheers.)

Sir William FitzHerbert then proposed that Lord Waterpark be requested to act as the sole master of the pack on the terms mentioned. They would not, he thought, feel the expense much more, for nearly all the extra money was promised, and all would, he had no doubt, be forthcoming to make up the amount from £2500 to £3000. (Cheers.)

A member in the body of the meeting here rose, and warmly seconded the proposition, which was carried by acclamation.

Lord Waterpark, in rising to reply, said that such a high character had been given to him by his friend the late joint-master, that it was his duty now to tell them that Mr. Clowes had removed the credit due to himelf to his (Lord Waterpark's) shoulders. (Laughter.) They had acted for several years together, and they knew pretty well that the Hunt could not be successfully carried on for less than three thousand pounds. He had no desire to put money in his own pocket; he simply wished to hunt the country in the same excellent manner it had been hunted in the past. (Cheers.) He regretted extremely that Mr. Clowes had decided to give up, but he would do his best to hunt the country well—at any rate, during the next three years. (Applause.)

On the motion of the Hon. Wenman Coke, seconded by Mr. G. F. Meynell, the old Hunt committee was re-elected, with the addition of the name of Mr. Clowes.

Lord Vernon then proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Clowes and Lord Waterpark for having so handsomely hunted the country in the past, and he warmly eulogized the plucky spirit which had been exhibited by both. (Cheers.)

Mr. Richard Sale had great pleasure in seconding the proposition, and it was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Clowes and Lord Waterpark having appropriately replied, the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

From Lord Waterpark's diary :—

Saturday, January 5th, Bramshall.—Philips' Gorse blank. Found in Carry Coppice, and ran to ground, after a bit of a ring, in a pit-hole, where cubs are constantly bred. Drew the Park Covert blank. Gratwich Wood the same. Found in Handleasow Wood, ran almost to Field, turned to the left, through Fradswell Heath, and on in the direction of Sandon, but turned back and lost by the Castle.

Monday, January 7th, Foremark.—Found in Gorstey Leys, ran up and down the wood for some time, and a nice little ring out to ground near the house at Foremark. Went back to the wood, found again, ran to Anchor church, and

lost. Found in Ingleby Heath, ran fast, up-wind, to Repton Shrubs, and slowly back to Gorstey Leys, and came home. Poor scent all day.

Tuesday, Sudbury.—Found by the Lake Bank; ran to the Yelt Farm at Doveridge, on by Hill Somersal, below the kennels, and to ground in the Breach. Bolted him, ran through the pleasure grounds, down to the river, which he either crossed or went on to Foston. Found in the Coppice, ran through the Bottoms, over the Park, by Sapperton, on to Barton, and lost in a heavy storm. Good fox. Bad scent.

Thursday, Brailsford.—Found in the Covert by the Pool Head, ran over the turnpike-road by Wilde Park, and into Langley Gorse, where our fox disappeared. Found in White's Covert, ran nearly to Brailsford Gorse, crossed the road; ran by the church and the Culland House, by the Burrows, and to Langley Common Gorse, through the Vicar Wood, by Wilde Park and White's Covert, and lost on the foiled ground at the back of Brailsford village. Capital day's sport.

Saturday, Bagot's Woods.—Found, and ran out of the woods, by the back of Abbot's Bromley, by Forge Coppice, and to ground in a tree by the Warren Covert at Blithfield. Spent the rest of the day in the woods.

Monday, January 14th, Mackworth.—Found at Markeaton; ran up to Langley Gorse, and killed. Found again at Allestree, ran a ring and back to ground in the covert. A brace of foxes at Darley osier-bed, hunted one through Allestree, and Breward's Car, on to Mugginton, where the scent failed altogether.

Tuesday, Tutbury Station.—Found at Hilton, ran down to Foston, and back to the gorse. Came away with a fresh fox, ran again to Foston, got up to our fox in Lemon Hole, ran him up the meadows, a ring round nearly to Sapperton, into the Cummery Wood and killed him. A good day's sport.

Thursday, Rangemore.—Did not find till we got to the Oak Covert, ran through the Rocket Oak, and to ground in Tatenhill Lane. Found in Hanbury Park Covert, and ran nearly to Castle Hayes, back through Byrkley Lodge and Yoxall, and to ground in a pit by Longcroft. Capital run of an hour and thirty-five minutes. Hounds running hard at times.

On Saturday, January 19th, hounds came to Blithfield for a special event—the coming of age of the Hon. William Bagot, who celebrated the occasion personally, like a true Bagot, by going out hunting, though he looked in to see that all was well at the great dinner to three hundred people in Abbot's Bromley, on his return, and met with an enthusiastic reception. There were all sorts of grand doings—presentations and addresses on the one part, and good cheer, provided for all classes, on the other, winding up with a ball on Monday night at the Hall. Amongst the guests were the following: Lord and Lady Bagot, the Hon. William Bagot, the Hon. Walter Bagot, the Hon. Misses Louisa, Constance, Katherine, and Lilah Bagot, the Hon. and Rev. H. C. and Mrs. Bagot, Col. the Hon.

Lord Bagot.
From a photograph
by
W. and D. Downey.

Walter L Collis. Ph.

Charles and Mrs. Bagot, the Hon. A. W. Bagot, Miss Alice Bagot, Mr. R. Bagot, Mr. A. Bagot, the Dowager Countess of Aylesford, the Countess of Dartmouth, the Marchioness of Waterford, the Hon. Georgiana Legge, Mrs. and Miss Bromley-Davenport, the Hon. C. Finch, the Hon. L. A. Ellis, the Hon. E. W. Coke, Col. R. Buller, Lieut.-Col. Thorneycroft, Mrs. Thorneycroft, and Miss Thorneycroft, the Rev. E. Lane, Mr. M. A. Bass, M.P., and Mrs. Bass, Mr. and Mrs. Platt, Mr. H. Bass, Miss Boothby, Mr. Mountford Blurton, Mr. John and Mrs. Blurton, Mr. H. Tomlinson, Mr. Gardner, Miss Gardner, Mr. J. Gardner, Miss Wrigley, Mr. and Mrs. Pickering, Dr. Monckton, Mrs. Monckton, Mrs. W. Monckton, Mr. E. W. and the Misses Turnor, Miss Deggett, Mr. A. A. Flint, and the Misses Flint, Mr. Keats, Mr. and Miss Bunting, Mr. R. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. J. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Hyde, Mr. and the Misses Green-Smith, Mr. W. and Mr. G. Burnell, Mr. and the Misses Gilbert, Mr. Trevor Holland, Mr. T. Charles and party, Mr. Stanley and party, Mr. Cope, Mr. Nicholls and party, Mr. Kendall, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and Mr. W. Lloyd (Ruthin), representing the Welsh tenantry, etc. The Yeomanry Band was in attendance, and played a choice selection of music, and dancing was kept up with great spirit until about five o'clock the following morning.

Of the day's sport on Saturday at Blithfield, there is not much to relate except that it was very bad.

From Lord Waterpark's diary :—

Monday, January 21*st, Hanbury.*—Hunted a fox for two hours round and round between Hanbury, Castle Hayes, and Fauld, and killed him.

Tuesday, Doveridge.—Found in Eaton Wood. No scent. Could do nothing. The same with a fox from the Thorn Coppice. Found in Sudbury Coppice, ran by Vernon's Oak, and Cubley Lodge down to Boylestone, and on to Sapperton, and lost.

Thursday, Stenson Lock.—Found in Arleston Gorse, ran to ground in a few fields. Found again, but the fox went up the line, and, as trains were continually passing, we did not follow him. Stenson Fields, Spilsbury's Coverts, and Egginton Gorse blank. Found at Hilton, ran to ground in Clamp's Pit. Got on another fox that was on foot, hunted him through the Foston Coverts, and to ground in the same pit.

Saturday, Chartley.—Snow.

Monday, January 28th, Bradley.—Too much snow to draw at Bradley. Found in Brailsford Gorse, ran very fast up to Bradley, and back to Ednaston, and lost. Found in a spinny near the brook at Culland, ran up to Brailsford, back by Culland, up to Shirley Park, rattled him round the covert three times, and ran down to Longford, and stopped the hounds at the back of the Rectory. Very good scent, and a capital day.

Tuesday.—Rolleston blank. Found in the Henhurst, ran a ring out towards Stretton, and to ground in view by the hunting-gate going into the Henhurst. Found again, and ran to ground at East Hill Rough. Drew Dunstall blank. Found in the Rocket Oak, and killed. No earths stopped by the Henhurst-keeper, and gates locked.

Thursday, Sutton Mill.—Frost.

Saturday, Kingston village.—Ditto.

Monday, February 4th, Drakelowe.—Found one fox in Lullington Gorse—no scent, and lost in a few fields. Drew every place blank that side!

Tuesday, Cubley Stoop.—Found at Snelston, ran all round the place twice, crossed the river by Toad Hole Bridge, turned to the right and killed him in the river, not far from Mayfield Mill. One hour and twelve minutes. Found at Marston Park, and ran to ground in a few minutes. Found again in Wardley Coppice, ran through Eaton Wood, nearly up to Birch Coppice, and checked. Our fox had turned back, but a fresh one jumped up in a field, and we ran him very fast up to Sudbury Coppice, and by Hare Hill, and across the corner of the Park, through the Bottoms, and gave it up near Hill Somersal.

Thursday, Radburne.—Found in the Rough, ran a ring and back to it, and hunted slowly along the Trusley brook side, over the Long Lane, and had to give it up. Not an atom of scent. Went down to Sutton, found in the gorse, ran round by the Ashe, and back to the gorse, and on by Trusley and Nun's Field, almost down to the Spath, and back by Sutton to Radburne. No scent, and a poor day's sport.

Saturday, Chartley.—Frost.

Monday, February 11th, East Lodge.—Found at Needwood, ran by Stockley Park, a ring into Knightley—eighteen minutes, and only one ploughed field—and on to Rangemore, where we came to a long check, and could only hunt him slowly on to Dunstall, where, I think, he got into the garden. Byrkley Lodge and Parson's Brake blank. Found by Marchington Cliff, ran out below the Banks, back through them, and over by Agardsley into Bull's Park, through the Greaves, where hounds divided, and, curiously enough, each lot ran a fox into the Parson's Brake, where hounds got together again, on by Hollybush, over Agardsley, leaving Field House Coppice on the left by the Hare's Back nearly to Hart's Coppice, by the Park side to the Lawn Meadow, over the Park, and back into Lord's Coppice, and stopped the hounds.

Tuesday, Foston.—Ran a fox from the Lemon Hole for an hour and seventeen minutes, and killed it in the gardens at Foston. He never went further from home than Sudbury Park. Sapperton blank. Four foxes in Longford Car. One ran down to Cubley Church with four and a half couples of hounds before Jim could get to them to stop them, and the fox was in the same field then as the hounds. We hunted the other nearly up to Shirley village, and on almost to Ednaston. Here he turned to the right, ran under Hollington as if for Longford, but turned by Culland Hall, and went up to Brailsford, where we had a long check. Hit it off again, ran by the church and village, back through the Culland coverts, and on by Ednaston village, over the road and the Ednaston coverts, and gave it up, as there was very little scent, and it was nearly five o'clock, and

the fox had set his head for the hills. We were hunting him two and a quarter hours over the very best part of our country.

Thursday, Kedleston.—A fox jumped up a few fields from Champion Car, ran through Breward's Car, and to ground in a drain near Weston. Mercaston Wood, Ravensdale Park, Brailsford, and Culland blank. Found in Longford Car, ran up to Potter's (without going into the covert), turned to the right up to Bentley Car, and down through Alkmonton Bottoms to Rodsley, on, about half-way between Shirley Park and Longford, to Hollington, where hounds checked for the first time, after running best pace for forty-seven minutes. After this, hunted slowly on nearly to Barton and lost at Mamerton. I heard afterwards that it was a fresh fox from Hollington, which a man put up in a field. The best run we have had this season.

Saturday, Kingston village.—Found in a little covert beyond Woodcock Heath, ran by the village into Bagot's Woods, and spent the rest of the day about Lord's Coppice.

Monday, February 18th, Hoar Cross.—Drew Rough Park, the Hoar Cross coverts, and the Birchwood blank. Found in the Brakenhurst at two o'clock, a bad fox, ran him about for some time, and killed him. Drew Yoxall blank.

Tuesday, Bretby.—Found in Repton Shrubs, ran him about the wood, and killed him. Hunted a fox with a very bad scent from the covert under the Pistern Hills down to Calke, and lost him. Found again in Gorstey Leys, hunted him for an hour and ten minutes, and killed him.

Thursday, Sutton Mill.—Found a very bad fox in the Ash Covert, which would not go away, and we left him. Ran a fox from Hilton Gorse down to the Pennywaste, over the turnpike road, along the meadows, and back to the Gorse, forty-three minutes, and killed him in the covert. Found at Foston, or rather hunted a fox that crossed the road as we were going there, and killed him.

Saturday, Loxley.—Found in the Alder Car, and ran to ground at the back of Blount's Hall. Found again in the Park Covert, ran by the left of Kingston village, nearly up to the Thatched Lodge, turned back through Kingston Woods into Bagot's Woods, where we had several foxes on foot directly and no scent. Went to Blithfield, found in Stansley's Wood, ran a wide ring through Kingston Woods, back to the Warren Covert, and killed him. Forty-seven minutes.

Monday, February 25th, Marchington.—Found in the Far Wood. No scent, and soon lost. Found again in the Dog Kennel Wood, ran hard along the Banks, out to Holly Bush, back over Agardsley, by the Daisy Bank, through Hart's Coppice, and killed by the Park Lodge. About fifty minutes. Did not find again till we got to Lord's Coppice. Then ran a ring, and to ground in a drain.

Tuesday, Bradley.—Found in the Lime Kiln Gorse, no scent, hunted round by Hulland and lost him. Found again in Bradley Wood, ran up to Shirley Park, on by Ednaston village, up to where Jarratt's Gorse used to be, and back to Bradley, where we viewed him, but he got to ground in a large rabbit-hole. Good hunting run of two and a half hours.

Thursday, Stenson Lock.—Hunted a fox from Arleston Gorse in the direction of the Pastures, but could not get on, owing to the want of scent. Did not find till we got to Egginton, and then a fox went away from the gorse at once, ran him by Burnaston up to the lunatic asylum, and after that hunted him slowly nearly to Arleston, where we went to a halloa by the gorse, but our fox had turned short back.

Saturday, Blithbury.—Found in Pipe Wood, ran a ring and lost him, drew without finding, till we got to Stanley's Wood, and then ran into the woods.

Monday, March 4th, Elvaston.—Found in the plantation by the Golden

Gates, the fox turned short back at the end of it, and was killed. A brace of foxes in the gorse, ran one about, and killed him. Aston, Chellaston, and Arleston blank.

Tuesday, Sudbury.—Found in the coppice, ran nearly to the Lake Bank, down the meadows to Palmer Moor and back to Sudbury. Not an atom of scent. Found again in the Alder Car, ran nearly up to Bentley Car and lost. Killed a fox—probably a vixen, as she would not go away—in Bentley Car. Ran a fox from Potter's for three fields, and stopped on the plough. Sapperton blank.

Thursday, Dalbury.—Sutton and Hilton blank. Chopped a vixen in the Ice-house Pit at Foston. A fox jumped off the top of a hovel all among the hounds near Sapperton, and escaped into the covert through which it went, but there was no scent. Longford blank.

Saturday, Chartley.—Found in the Shaw Gorse, and ran to ground in a pit-hole near Field. Killed a fox in the gorse. Found on the Moor, ran up to the turnpike road—no scent. Drew the Birch Coppice, Giller's Rough, Gratwich Wood, the Park Covert, at Loxley, and the Alder Car blank.

Monday, March 11th, Wychnor.—Blank. Found a vixen below the road at Dunstall, and left her. Hunted a fox that had gone away from the Easthill Rough, but had to give it up. Henhurst blank. Found in Knightley Park, ran through the Rocket Oak, and to ground by the roadside near Tatenhill.

Tuesday, Cubley Gate.—Found in the covert by Cockshead Lane, ran hard up to Bentley and on to Cubley Lodge, over the road and back to Snelston, leaving Marston on the left and Cubley on the right, ran through Raddle Wood down to the village, and across the Park nearly to Clifton, and back again by the village; we must have changed foxes once, if not twice, up to this. Got on a fresh fox, and ran by Stydd to Cubley Gorse, and on by Cubley Stoop up to Marston, and finally lost by Marston Park. Capital day's sport, and we were running for over three hours, and hard at times.

Thursday, Mackworth.—Markeaton blank. Found at Allestree, ran to Darley and back to Allestree, through Colvile's Covert and Farnah, up to Breward's Car, and killed. Found in Langley Gorse, ran at first as if for Radburne, turned short back and ran up to the Derby end of the Vicar Wood, hunted slowly back by Langley, and lost.

Saturday, Kingston.—Found in Woodcock Heath, ran through the covert by Windy Hall,* back to Kingston.

Monday, March 18th, The New Inn.—Found at Needwood, ran fast by East Lodge, at the back of the New Inn to Byrkley, through Kingstanding and the Parson's Brake into the Greaves—about thirty-five minutes; got on our fox again going back to Needwood, but could not get on with him. The Hare Holds produced a fox which we hunted to Castle Hayes, and lost.

Tuesday, Eaton Wood.—Found in Sedsall Rough, ran about for some time and gave it up near Marston—a vixen, no doubt. Got on a fox at once in the Aldermoor at Sudbury, ran it nearly to Sapperton, and to Foston, and killed him by the railway.

Thursday, Foremark.—Ran a fox very nicely from Gorstey Leys into Repton Shrubs, where we changed, and hunted another fox about in the covert for some time, till he went over the Park, and we killed him. Drew the gorse blank.

Saturday, Chartley.—Ran a lame fox a few fields from the Shaw, and killed him. Went back, found another, ran him by Turner's Gorse to Weston, over a

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* Probably Wanfield Hall.

capital line, but there was no scent. Hounds got away close to a fox from the Moss, but could not hunt him five fields. Drew Gratwich blank.

Monday, March 25th, Brook House.—A regular woodland day. Hunted a fox about for a long time, and eventually killed him by the Lawn Meadow.

Tuesday, Newton village.—Found in Newton Gorse, hunted slowly by Blithfield up to St. Stephen's Hill, and lost. Did not find till we got in the woods, then ran about some time and killed in the Cliff Bank.

Thursday, Bretby Mill.—Snow.

Saturday, Bagot's Woods.—Found in Bagot's Woods, ran a ring out towards Blithfield, back through the wood, and on to Loxley, where we lost at the bottom of Carry Coppice. Philips' Gorse, Park Covert, Aldermoor, Baker's Pit blank. Bitterly cold day, and a great deal of snow on the ground.

Stopped by frost or snow eight days during the season. Hounds out, one hundred and eleven times; foxes killed, forty-three brace; foxes run to ground, twenty-two brace. Killed in regular hunting, twenty-five brace.

UTTOXETER STEEPLECHASES.

April, 1878.

This annual event came off on Monday, and was very successful from a sporting point of view, but there was a falling off in the attendance as compared with some former years. This falling off was no doubt to be accounted for by the state of the thermometer; the weather was bitterly cold, a piercing wind blowing across the course and penetrating the thickest garments, while an occasional hailstorm somewhat varied the prevailing uncomfortableness. The day was generally observed as a holiday at Uttoxeter, and special trains from the Potteries, Stafford, Derby, and other places brought a large number of visitors. There was a good attendance of local gentry. The stewards on this occasion were Mr. M. A. Bass, M.P., Mr. S. C. Allsopp, M.P., Mr. J. A. Platt, Mr. A. O. Worthington, Mr. G. W. Mould, Mr. T. H. Smith, and Mr. B. H. Buxton. The various arrangements were carried out with admirable completeness. Mr. Bunting officiated as starter, Mr. A. A. Flint and Mr. T. S. Keates were active as clerks of the course, and Mr. W. Carless, of Stafford, was the judge. The course was kept clear by two mounted officers of the county constabulary. There were seven events on the card, and the majority of them were fairly well contested. Appended are details of the running:—

The Uttoxeter Hunt Steeplechase, of forty pounds, for hunters duly qualified, and which have been hunted with the Meynell, North Stafford, South Stafford, Dove Valley, Atherstone, Albrighton, or Earl Ferrers' hounds during 1877–1878.

Mr. J. A. Platt's ch. g., Tynemouth, aged (Captain Cotton) ...	1
Mr. G. W. Mould's br. g., Schoolboy, 6 yrs.	2
Mr. Walter Mynor's b. h., Confidence, aged	3

Schoolboy won by three lengths, Confidence second, but both were disqualified for not going the right side of a post, and the stakes awarded to Tynemouth. Five ran.

The Farmers' Steeplechase of twenty pounds for first horse, eight pounds for second, three pounds for third.

Mr. W. Bathew's b. h., Harvester, 6 yrs. (Mr. G. Bathew) ... 1
Mr. J. Holmes' Verax 2
Mr. Weston's br. h., The Duke, 7 yrs. 3

Harvester won easily by five lengths. Eight ran.

The Yeomanry Steeplechase, of twenty pounds, for horses that were ridden during permanent duty at Lichfield in 1877.

Mr. Walter Mynor's b. h., Confidence, aged (Owner) 1
Mr. Wood's br. m., Miss Clifton 2

The two horses ran pretty well together for the first time round, but in the second round Confidence took the lead and won easily. Two ran.

The Red Coat Steeplechase of five pounds each, with twenty pounds added, for duly qualified hunters that have been hunted with and are owned by subscribers to the Meynell, North and South Staffordshire, Dove Valley, Atherstone, Albrighton, or Earl Ferrers' hounds.

Mr. Mould's br. g., Schoolboy (W. Bond) 1
Mr. J. A. Platt's ch. g., Tynemouth, aged 2
Mr. Mynor's b. h., Elford (late Rocket) 3

Tynemouth led for the first time round, but ultimately Schoolboy took the lead and won by ten lengths.

The Tradesmen's Steeplechase of twenty sovereigns. Entrance free. For horses the *bonâ fide* property (three months previous to the race) of tradesmen, farmers, or their sons, and residing within twenty miles of Uttoxeter, and that have never won a flat race, hurdle race, or steeplechase, value ten pounds. Four years, eleven stone; five years, eleven stone, eight pounds; six and aged, twelve stone, three pounds.

Mr. W. Bathew's br. h., Harvester, 6 yrs. (Mr. G. Bathew) ... 1
Mr. Whiston's nas. bk. m., Lady Sykes 2

Four others also started, but Harvester and Lady Sykes were the only two in the race. Harvester came in first by several lengths.

A Galloway Steeplechase for fifteen pounds, for Galloways not exceeding fifteen hands.

Mr. J. Wright's ch. g., Rockingham, aged (Harper) 1
Mr. Cooke's b. m., Patty, 5 yrs. 2
Mr. T. Webster's br. g., Peacock, aged 3

Won by half a length.

A Pony Steeplechase for a Silver Cup, value ten pounds, or money. For ponies not exceeding fourteen hands, the property of persons residing within fifteen miles of Uttoxeter.

Mr. W. D. Fox's br. g., The Baker, aged (Morris) 1
Mr. Cook's br. m., Little Queen 2
Mr. S. Cottrell's br. m., Fan, aged 3

CHAPTER II.

FRESH FACES—THE OPENING DAY—GOOD RUN FROM SUTTON GORSE—A FOX KILLED ON THE ICE AT SUDBURY—AN UNMANAGEABLE FIELD—GOOD RUN FROM DUNSTALL—END OF THE SEASON.

1878–1879.

Lord Parker, and Lady Parker, who was the sister of that fine sportsman, Colonel Harford, came to Field House, Marchington, Staffordshire, in 1878. He was no stranger to the country, as his father, Lord Macclesfield, owned a great deal of property and the extensive woodlands round Croxden Abbey, just over the border of Meynell-land. He was one of the rapid set at Oxford, which circulated round the Marquis of Hastings, and others of a like kidney, and no end of stories are told of their doings. Perhaps one of the most amusing was about Lord Parker's buying a pound of treacle in a grocer's shop and having it put into his hat, which he promptly clapped on to the head of the curly-haired shopman, whose conceited manner and ambrosial locks had made him objectionable to his lordship and his set. There was no form of sport at which he was not an adept, and a thorough master of every detail. Neither did he confine himself to any one country, for he has shot tigers in India, as well as stags in Scotland. As a rider to hounds he was a far better man in his prime than ever he was in his earlier years, but of the science of hunting he was a past master, and well he might be, for there was no better sportsman, or more perfect specimen of his class, than his father, Lord Macclesfield. A curious incident

in connection with the latter is worth mentioning. It was always the custom in his time for hounds to come to Shirburn Castle, his seat in Oxfordshire, on the opening day. The year after his death, out of consideration for the feelings of his family, they met elsewhere, but hounds ran their fox to Shirburn, and killed him close to where the old Earl was buried. This almost goes on all-fours with the story of the white-brushed Bradley Wood fox preceding the hearse when the great Hugo Meynell was carried to Bradley churchyard.

> "P is for Parker, come, gladden your eyes,
> Like a bird o'er the fences her ladyship flies."

And so she did. In fact, no one, when she was at her best, went any better than she did.

She came to a tragic end, having fallen over-board in the night on her return from Australia, and was not missed till next day. It is a curious thing that no less than four tenants of Field House should have died suddenly. Lord Alexander Paget got into a carriage to drive home from the Moors in Scotland, with three others, and when the carriage arrived at its destination there were but three in it. The bright spirit of the fourth had taken its flight silently as they drove. Lord Parker was found dead in his bed in his London house; her ladyship lost her life as above-mentioned; and Lord Hindlip, who, as Mr. Charles Allsopp, lived previously in the same house at Marchington, died suddenly after an operation for cancer.

This season was rather an eventful one in the annals of the Hunt, for, with the advent of Admiral Cumming to Foston, that steady flow of new blood into the country, which has gone on ever since, seemed to begin. This practically worked a revolution, and gradually a plutocracy took the place of the squirearchy, who, partly from old age, and partly from bad times, practically retired from the field. It has been so in every grass country, but, for a long time, the Meynell country defied change,

and its Hunt was a happy little family party, differing, it is true, in rank and position, but united by one strong common bond of local interests. At one time the whole of Derbyshire and Staffordshire society seemed to be knit together by ties of relationship, and a strange resident appearing at the covert side was very much in the same position as "Snob" in Leicestershire, in Alken's inimitable sketches.

By degrees all this was changed. No doubt everything is much smarter than it was in Hoar Cross days, and the hunt servants are better mounted and better turned out. When Fred Cottrell was second whipper-in it was some time before he was allowed a red coat; in fact, it was rather a favourite joke in the country that a subscription should be got up to buy him one! One thing is quite certain, and that is that there is a great deal more money spent and wanted, which is perhaps unavoidable under modern conditions. *À propos* of subscriptions, this year's amounted to £3482 9*s.*, and the compensations to £166 7*s.* 6*d.*

The new-comers were Mr. Kempson, to Coton, and Mr. Hodgson, afterwards at Smallwood, to Tixall, a charming old house near Ingestre. Mr. Kempson was a nice light weight, who afterwards distinguished himself quite as much at polo as in the hunting-field. He never went to school, being delicate, but to a tutor's, where his father allowed him a pony, so that he had never missed a season from the time he was a small boy till he went abroad to shoot big game in the Rocky Mountains in 1898. His wife, who was Miss Firman, and who had given up hunting for some time, went with him, and became as fascinated with the wild, unconventional life as he did. So much so, in fact, that, after staying at home one season, they let Densy, the house he built near Sudbury, started off again, and at this time are still abroad. Mr. Kempson is one of the most beautiful horsemen imaginable, and has the art of seeming perfectly at home on the wildest young one. As a breeder of hunters he has been

very successful, many of his home-bred and home-made ones having realized high prices at Tattersall's. In making, breaking, and rearing these young ones, he was very ably assisted by Wilkes, his stud groom and factotum, a very fine horseman, and quite a character.

Mr. Hodgson, on the contrary, is a welter weight, but, on Sampson or Bluebeard, no one could pound him. He is a very keen cricketer, having matches at Smallwood—which he purchased about fifteen years ago—every Saturday in the summer.* Colonel Levett lived there before him. When Mr. Hodgson bought the property, he built, on one of the most beautiful sites in the country, a very stately, red-brick mansion of noble proportions. Still he spends most of his time in Scotland, now that he has given up hunting, being devoted to shooting and fishing.

There were many complaints in other parts of England of mange in foxes, and sundry reasons were given for it. Sir C. de Crespigny attributed it to foxes eating rats. But so far it had not appeared in the Meynell country.

This was a most extraordinary season, for, after a fortnight's frost, they just managed to put in a day at Sudbury on January 1st, running fast for fifteen minutes, and bursting up a fat fox in the open. Then the frost set in with greater severity than ever. On the 12th the Limited Mail, with no less than four engines attached to it, was snowed up for two days at Inverness. On February 5th there was an inclination to thaw, and every one went to the Meynell Hunt Ball, at which the Prince Imperial was present. He was staying with Lord Harrington at Elvaston. There were two hundred and twenty people there, and it was a great success. On Friday hounds came to Elvaston, and the Prince was out, in pink, which carried a little Derbyshire mud home on it. Not that he seemed to mind the fall, which he got near Aston, one bit, getting on again, and following his selected pilot, Lord Petersham, as if nothing had happened.

* Mr. Webb was the previous owner; from him it passed to the Uttoxeter Bank, who sold it to Mr. Hodgson.

The night before, at the Hunt Ball, there were present, besides Lord Harrington's party, Earls Ferrers and Loudoun, Lord Waterpark, M.F.H., Lord and Lady Petersham, Lady Skelmersdale, Sir Henry and Lady Wilmot, Captain and Lady Florence Duncombe, Lady Chetwode, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Clowes, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, the Misses Thornewill, Mr. M. A. Bass, M.P., Mr. and Mrs. F. Cotton, Mr. S. C. Allsopp, M.P., Mr. and Mrs. F. Rendall, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Worthington, Mr. and Mrs. Broadley Smith, and many others.

On Friday night there was a grand ball at Elvaston.

This is, however, rather putting the cart before the horse.

The hounds began cub-hunting, in Bagot's Woods, on August 26th, and they killed a cub, or a brace, every time they went out for the first four mornings, bringing sixteen brace to hand altogether.

On the opening day, at Sudbury, on November 4th, there were present Lord Waterpark, M.F.H., Captain Duncombe (of Calwich Abbey), Lord and Lady Parker (of Field House, Marchington), Mr. Clowes (of Norbury), Lady Gwendolin Chaplin, Mr. R. W. Chandos-Pole, Colonel and the Misses FitzHerbert, Mr. and Mrs. Jervis-Smith (of Clifton Hall), Mrs. Frank (of Ashbourne Hall), the Hon. Mrs. Colvile, Miss Cumming, Miss O. Thornewill, Messrs. Broadley Smith, A. W. Lyon, T. P. Kempson, S. C. Allsopp, M. T. Bass, M.P., Thomas and John Smith, W. and H. Boden, R. and F. T. Feilden, F. Cotton and Mrs. Cotton, G. Meynell, A. H. Colvile, A. O. Worthington, B. H. Buxton, J. and C. Cumming, Tonman Mosley, Firman, F. S. Rendall, Colonel James Cavendish, Captains A. F. Dawson (Barrow Hill), Goodwin, Fowler-Butler, Lord Bagot, Major Fleming, Messrs. John Chandos-Pole Charles Forster, Alexander, Crossman, Fox (Elmhurst), Hodgson (Tixall), and old Tom Leedham.

Charles Hawkes having gone to Lord Zetland, Walter Scorey succeeded him as second whipper-in, and a very good one he made.

From Lord Waterpark's diary :—

Monday, November 4th, Sudbury.—Found at the Lake Bank, ran up the meadows to Foston, back almost to Sudbury and then down to Sapperton, through the covert, and lost between Aston and Foston. Found in the gorse in Sudbury Park, ran fast over the Park by Mackley, through Sapperton back to ground, in view, in Sudbury Park. Spent the rest of the afternoon trying, in vain, to catch one of the many foxes in the coppice.

Tuesday, The New Inn.—Found at Needwood, ran through the Parson's Brake into the Greaves, down the Banks, out at Forest Side, and to ground at Hound Hill. Drew Woodford Rough blank, then found in the woods, ran through Kingston over to Loxley, back by the High Wood, and stopped the hounds at Woodford.

Thursday, Radburne.—Killed a cub in the Rough. Trotted off to Sutton Gorse, chopped an old fox, went away with another, hunted him slowly round by Etwall Cottage, and lost: poor scent. Found in the Spath, ran fast down to Potter's, turned back and hunted slowly back by Sutton up to Dalbury: hounds here set to work to run hard, and killed their fox by the cheese factory at Etwall. Good run of an hour and a half.

Saturday, Blithbury.—Found in Pipe Wood, ran under Pear Tree Gorse down the brook side to Forge Coppice, a ring round by Abbot's Bromley, back to Forge Coppice, and lost. Blithe Moor blank. Found in Blithfield Gorse, ran very fast for fifteen minutes to ground in a pit-hole not far from Colwich Station. Viewed a fox (to my belief the hunted one which had come out when the hounds moved away) coming into a covert close by, ran him round by Bellamore, and killed at Colton.

Monday, November 11th, Anslow.—One fox, or at most two foxes, in the Henhurst, no scent, and I think he got to ground in the dingle by the roadside. Did not find again till we got to Bannister's Wood, killed one fox in the little gorse, ran another through the Rocket, and to ground at Dunstall. Found in the Holly Wood, ran to Byrkley and on by Kingstanding and Hanbury Park to Needwood, and lost.

Tuesday, Shirley Park.—Snow.

Thursday, Kedleston.—Chopped a fox close to the village, ran another by the gardens over the Park back to the village, round by Weston, where we changed in the covert by the brook side, and went on with a fresh fox by Langley, nearly up to the Parson's Gorse, and here he was headed in the road, ran a ring round, and got to ground. Found in Langley Gorse, ran at first as if he meant Radburne, but bore to the right and ran over Nun's Field up to Brailsford, over by Wilde Park to Mercaston, and from thence bore to the right by Kedleston village up to Ireton Wood, where we had him, dead beat, in the covert and came to a long check: however, he sneaked out unseen and we hunted him slowly on to Allestree and gave it up, as he had gone on, there was no scent, and it was very late.

Saturday, Chartley.—Found in Handleasow Wood, ran a short ring and to ground near Gratwich village. Did not find on the Shaw, but in Fradswell Heath, rang a ring back through the gorse, over the park, through Handleasow Wood by Benyon's farm, over the brook into Kingston Woods, and then two rings out towards Blithfield back to the woods.

Monday, November 18th, Newborough.—Found in the Birchwood, ran hard for ten minutes to ground in a pit. Hoar Cross, Rough Park, and Brakenhurst blank. Found in Jackson's Bank and ran for two hours over some of the best

part of the Forest country, and finally stopped the hounds at five o'clock at Yoxall Lodge.

Tuesday, Doveridge.—Found in the Lady Coppice, ran into Eaton Wood, back to Doveridge, and hunted slowly on by Somersal. A fresh fox in the osier-bed, ran him well by Hill Somersal nearly to Sudbury, and to ground by the Breach. Found in the Twelve Lands, and the fox ran straight to the same culvert at the Breach that the last fox went into. Spent the remainder of the day hunting some bad foxes at Sudbury, none of which will go six fields from the coverts.

Thursday, Stenson Lock.—Only one fox in Arleston Gorse—scent very bad; hunted him to Stenson Covert, and lost. Found again at Egginton Green Covert, could only run a few fields, and the same with a fresh fox from the gorse.

Saturday, Loxley.—Found in Carry Coppice, ran to ground in the earth. Ran a fox well from Philips' Gorse round by Mr. Blurton's, back into Carry Coppice, where he got to ground. The rest of Loxley blank. Found in Laurence's Wood—a very bad fox; but he too got to ground.

Monday, November 25th, Walton village.—Drew every hole and corner of the country blank, till at last, at three o'clock, we found one fox at Drakelowe, and then could scarcely hunt him.

Tuesday, Bradley.—Found in the Lime Kiln Rough, ran a ring under Atlow and to the covert by the Hall and on to Yeldersley, back by Bradley Wood, over the road, under Atlow, and killed at Bradley Pastures. Found again in Shirley Park, ran in covert some time.

An account of the next day appeared in print, and was as follows :—

SPLENDID RUN WITH THE MEYNELL HOUNDS, 1878.

On Thursday, November 28th, the meet was at Etwall village, and a windy, boisterous night, succeeded by a cold, cutting easterly wind, was not looked upon as very promising for sport. However, shortly before eleven o'clock, Charles Leedham trotted up with his old dog-pack, looking in blooming condition, and after a few minutes' law for the late ones, the noble master (Lord Waterpark) gave the word for Sutton Gorse. The field was a large one (far too large for us to give in detail), but we noticed, besides Lord Waterpark, Lords Shrewsbury and Parker, Colonels Buller (2), Coke, and Milligan, Sir John Hardy, Messrs. C. and G. Allsopp, Godfrey Meynell, Chandos-Pole, W. and H. Boden, A. H. Colvile, Hon. W. Bagot, Broadley Smith, Bird, C. Foster, Wood, D'Arcy Clark, J. Smith, Phillips, Worthington, Sale, Buxton, Salt, and many strangers. At 11.45 our fox was halloaed away, and Charles quickly getting them on the line, he ran fast by Dalbury, leaving Radburne well to the right, by Langley and Vicar Wood, skirting Kedleston village to Weston, and from there to Breward's Car. Time to here, fifty-five minutes, with only one check when he had run thirty-three minutes. Here Charles viewed him, dead beat; but other foxes being afoot, time was unavoidably lost, and we had given him up, but afterwards found, from the information of some boys, that a fox had gone to ground a few minutes before, with two or three hounds at his brush in Ravensdale Park. The distance of the run was six to seven miles, as the crow flies, and eleven or more as they ran. It was all over a capital line, and the fox a real wild Derbyshire one, such as led them their famous gallop when "Old Tom" was huntsman in

1870,* and which was so graphically described by Mr. M. T. Bass. At Brailsford a fresh fox was found, and, after two rings with him, the writer left for home, but shortly after the "Whoo-whoop!" borne on the easterly breeze told him that blood had rewarded the pack for the excellent sport which they had shown us.

From Lord Waterpark's diary we learn that this last gallop lasted twenty-five minutes.

Diary continued :—

Saturday, Blithfield.—Very frosty morning, could not hunt till 12.30. Found in Stanley's Wood, ran over Newton Hurst into the woods by Dunstall Pit, through Lord's Coppice and Black Gutter Coppice to ground on Bromley Hurst. Found in Black Gutter Coppice, ran two or three times fast through the woods—scent capital—and finally killed him in the Rhododendron Covert at Blithfield. Good day.

Monday, December 2nd, Cubley.—Many foxes in the gorse, chopped one. Ran another nearly to Bentley, and back to Cubley, then another ring round and killed in the field next the gorse. Went to Sudbury, found many foxes, got away with one at last, but he came back, and we could not hunt him over the foiled ground.

Tuesday, The New Inn.—Found at Needwood, ran towards Hanbury and back, and round about for some time. Found again at the Holly Wood, ran by Rangemore nearly down to Wychnor, and stopped the hounds, as they were going to shoot at Wychnor the next day.

Thursday, Radburne.—Found in the Potlucks, ran up to the nursery and on to the Parson's Gorse, where the fox turned short back and we could do no more with him. Went to Longford, found in the Car, ran about and back to the Car, went away with a fresh fox, ran him to Alkmonton and on by Bentley Hall to Cubley and gave it up.

Stopped by frost *fifteen* hunting days.

Of the only day snatched out of the fire, or rather frost, before they were again stopped for twenty days, R. F. gave the following account in the *Field*.

Field, January 11th, 1879 :—

THE MEYNELL HOUNDS.

"First open day at the kennels" has been the advertised notice during the late severe winter, and the frost having sufficiently disappeared on New Year's Day, a good muster of the right sort were in attendance at the appointed hour, 11 a.m. The master (Lord Waterpark) first directed the coverts immediately surrounding Sudbury Hall (seat of Lord Vernon) to be drawn. This is generally looked upon as a certain find, but this morning reynard had not selected it as a resting-place, which is not to be wondered at, as the lake and ornamental waters that run through it have during the frost been largely attended by ladies and gentlemen skating by daylight, moonlight, and artificial light (not the electric

* The writer evidently means 1868.

light). The coppice was the next order, where very soon the welcome "Tally-ho" of J. Tasker (first whip) proclaimed that he had gone away. It was soon evident that the scent was good, as the pace that the merry pack (bitches) rattled him through the bottoms was a regular burster, and the fine music appeared to cheer the whole field with glorious excitement. The fox first pointed for Sudbury Park, but, being turned by some country yokel halloaing, he directed his way towards Eaton Woods; this caused a momentary pause. The huntsman (C. Leedham) soon had them on the right line, and, led by Rally, a first-season lemon and white bitch, they ran him in splendid style, so fast that he was unable to reach his intended harbour. After trying the cottagers' gardens at Somersal, he resorted to the protection of Mr. Bowden's stackyard. This was of no use, as the ladies, with their experienced huntsman, were quite equal to his wily ways, and he had to surrender his carcase to a "who-whoop," finishing a capital run of about twenty-five minutes, during which a wide brook and some stiff thorn fences had to be surmounted. The first rank of horsemen consisted of Lord Petersham, Messrs. A. W. Lyon, Chandos-Pole, and T. Kempson. They then had another run from the coppice, killed a fox in Sapperton Gorse, and ran one away from there, which they lost, ending a very pleasant and good day's sport. The excellent condition of horses and hounds after so long a frost is very creditable to those in charge of them.

R. F.

The following account appeared in print, as follows:—

A BYE DAY WITH THE MEYNELL HOUNDS ON THE SNOW.

Sir,—Heartily tired of inactivity, the master ordered the pack to be brought out on Wednesday morning, January 28th. Like many other events that it is intended to do on the quiet, this appeared to be pretty well known. Notwithstanding the rigour of the weather, several ladies graced the meet with their presence; some in carriages, but the greater number preferred the solidity of *terra firma*. It was a most novel and grand sight to see forty-two couples of well-proportioned hounds drawing through the different coverts three inches deep in snow, and forcibly reminded me of a popular ballad in my younger days—

"Never mind the weather, how the wind does blow,
For in spite of wind and weather we will jump, Jim Crow."

A fox was found in Sudbury Coppice. He broke cover in the direction of Vernon's Oak, making for Cubley, crossed the Ashbourne road in the direction of Bentley Car. Here he was turned by a man at work hedging, who, upon being asked why he did not halloa when he saw him going in the opposite direction, replied, "Lor, who would have thought of yer hunting this 'ere weather." After a check of a few minutes they were in full cry again by Middleton Park, through Boylestone, Hare Hill, back through the Bottoms towards Aldermoor plantation, where they raced into him in the middle of the fish-pond, on the ice—no small weight for it to bear, eighty-four hounds, averaging fifty-six pounds each, and five or six people, making altogether near upon three tons. He was a large dog fox, thoroughly beat with his forty minutes' plodding through the snow, in some places two feet deep. All out agreed that they had never witnessed such an event before, and it is not likely that they will do again.

(Signed) R. V.

Diary continued :—

Friday, February 7th, Elvaston.—No scent, several foxes on foot, but could not catch one. Found two or three at Chellaston, ran to Aston, and lost. The Prince Imperial was with us.

Saturday, The Kennels.—Found in the coppice, ran nearly to Cubley Gorse, turned to the right by Bentley, and lost him beyond Alkmonton Bottoms. Drew the Car at Longford, and ran very nicely up to Shirley Park, where we lost our fox in a heavy storm of rain. Came back to Longford, got on a fox that was on the move, ran a ring round by the house, through Hollington and Culland up to Brailsford church, where another heavy storm again stopped us.

Monday, February 10th, Wychnor.—Blank. Found in the White Wood, ran about, and lost. The same thing, with a bad ringing fox, from Yoxall. Hounds slipped away with a fox from the Brakenhurst, ran through Jackson's Bank round Byrkley Lodge nearly to Rangemore, and killed in Smith's Hills at Dunstall. About twenty-five minutes very fast.

Tuesday, Norbury.—Chopped one fox in the little covert by Cockshead Lane, ran another down to Sudbury Coppice, where we checked some time, but got on him again and hunted him slowly across the Park to the back of the village, and could make no more of it. We heard afterwards that our fox had lain down by the park fence and went back over the Park as soon as we had gone away. Found at Foston, and ran nearly up to Hilton Gorse, where we stopped the hounds, not wishing to disturb the covert.

Thursday, Kedleston Toll Gate.—Drew Darley osier-bed blank. Found at Allestree, ran a ring, and to ground in the covert. Found again in Colvile's covert, ran hard up to Breward's Car, and could make nothing more of him. Drew all the other coverts at Kedleston blank. Very wet day.

Friday, Tutbury Station.—Killed a fox in Hilton Gorse, ran another up to Sutton cross roads and back, fast, along the brook side to Hilton village, where he beat us, and we must have left him amongst the buildings. Found at Egginton, ran a ring, and into Etwall village, where our fox served us the same trick as the last. Went to Foston, found in the covert by the Pennywaste, ran a ring round, back through the coverts, and then on perfectly straight to Boylestone; here our fox turned to the right, and we hunted him down within a field of Potter's (thirty-five minutes) and on to Mamerton, and lost in a storm. Capital day's sport. The first whip hunted the hounds.*

Saturday, Chartley.—Found in Handleasow Wood, ran hard for a bit, and to ground in a pit-hole. None of the earths stopped; fresh keeper. Went to the Shaw; hounds slipped away over Fradswell Heath and ran round by Birchwood Park, and back to Handleasow Wood and Gratwich Wood before we got to them; then ran hard over the Park and on in the direction of Sandon, where we lost him. We left our beaten fox behind in the Long Ridge Covert, I fancy, as scent changed completely after that, and he had only been just before the hounds across Chartley Park. Wonderful scent all day.

Monday, February 17th, East Lodge.—Found at Needwood, ran hard by Stockley Park up to Hanbury Park Farm (sixteen minutes), where the hounds divided, part sticking to the hunted fox, and running him to ground, where he was got out and killed by C. Allsopp, the other half of the pack getting on the heel scent of another fox, and running up to the patch of gorse where he had been disturbed by some men shooting. Went away with a fox from the Plaster Pit

* Charles Leedham was attending his uncle's funeral.

Covert, ran by Coton, and across the hills below Hanbury, by the New Lodge, through the Parson's Brake, into Holly Bush, very fast from there into Bull's Park, where we changed and hunted into the Greaves, and back by Hanbury and Castle Hayes to ground. The fox was so beat he could scarcely crawl, and scratched into the earth, which was badly stopped.

Tuesday, Boylestone.—Ran a fox from the spinny at the back of the Dairy House Farm into Potter's, and killed him; went away with a fresh fox from Potter's, ran a short ring, and to ground in the spinny where we first found. Longford Car blank. Found in the Reeve's Moor, ran up to Shirley Park, and to ground in the covert, after rattling him several times round and having him in the middle of the hounds.

Thursday, Radburne.—Snow.

Saturday, Blithbury.—Snow.

Monday, February 24th, Foremark.—Snow.

Tuesday, Eaton Wood.—Snow.

Thursday, Stenson Lock.—Arleston, Hell Meadows, and Spilsbury's blank. Found a vixen in Eggington Gorse, and left her, and ran another vixen to ground from Little Gorstey Leys. Ran a fox from Hilton Gorse almost down to Tutbury, when scent failed in a heavy storm of rain. Chopped a fox at Foston.

Saturday, Kingston.—Found in Woodcock Heath, ran through Loxley into Philips' Gorse, where he waited for us; came away with him, ran through Carry Coppice and back to ground in the covert. Killed a very old dog fox, after running him about ten minutes, from the Alder Car. Went to the woods, ran a fox hard for twenty-five minutes, and killed him.

Monday, March 3rd, Bradley.—Did not find till we got to Brailsford Gorse, then ran down to Mercaston and, by Wilde Park, nearly to Langley, where there were three foxes on foot, and we hunted one back towards Brailsford, and lost him. Brailsford coverts blank. Chopped a fox at Culland. Longford, Alkmonton Bottoms, and Bentley Car blank. Found in a little covert at Bentley, ran by Cubley and Barton for forty-five minutes, and lost between Sutton and Church Broughton. Poor scent.

Tuesday, Rolleston.—Dove Cliff osier-bed, Rolleston, Henhurst, Sinai Park, and East Hill Rough blank. Found in the Oaks at Rangemore, ran through Bannister's Wood and Knightley Park up to Needwood; from there scent improved, and hounds ran hard into the Greaves, and killed him in Bull's Park.

Thursday, Etwall.—Almost the largest and most unmanageable field I ever saw out with these hounds. Found in the Ashe, ran a ring up to Etwall and on to Burnaston, where the fox was headed in the road, and turned to the left, and we hunted him by Mickleover and Littleover up to Normanton, and we had to leave him, as, though he was viewed, dead beat, scent failed altogether. Killed a fox in the Black Covert at Radburne, went away with another, ran up to the Nursery, on by the Common Gorse as if he was going to Markeaton, turned to the right by Mickleover Windmill, and hunted him on to Normanton, where he again beat us. We heard afterwards that our fox was found dead in a sough in a brickyard, within a field of where we lost him.

Saturday, Bramshall.—Did not find in the gorse or at Loxley, as we had disturbed all the coverts only a week ago. Ran a fox from Handleasow Wood nearly to Gratwich Wood, back along the Park through Fradswell Heath over the dingle up to the road by Birchwood Park, where he bore to the right and came back to Fradswell Heath, and ran on up to Milwich and nearly to Sandon, turned back again to Fradswell and went a second time up to Milwich, where we

lost him. He must have got to ground somewhere, as we cast all round and could not hit him off. We were running two hours and a quarter, and must have changed foxes at least once.

Monday, March 10th, Foremark.—Found in Gorstey Leys, ran a ring out and back towards Ticknall, back through the wood and by Ingleby Heath up to Carver's Rocks, where he was viewed, dead beat, but managed to beat us. Several foxes in Repton Shrubs, ran one to Gorstey Leys, but scent failed completely over the foiled ground.

Tuesday, Doveridge.—Found three or four foxes together in Eaton Wood, ran one very fast, up to the Birch Coppice, and on by Brown's farm, over the brook, and killed him in the Wilderness. Thirty minutes. Found in Sudbury Coppice, ran under the kennels, over the Park nearly to Sapperton, and on to Church Broughton, and here he beat us. Went to Sapperton, got on a run fox, in all probability the same fox we had lost at Church Broughton, ran him up to Sudbury —in view all across the Park—and killed him in the Coppice.

Thursday, Mercaston Stoop.—Found a fox in a fallow field under Ravensdale Park, hunted him slowly round and back to Wilde Park and lost him—no scent. Went to Langley Gorse, ran rather prettily up to the Squire's Gorse at Radburne and on to the Nursery, and lost. Found in the Rough, ran towards Sutton, turned back through the Rough, and hunted up to Long Lane, but could do nothing more.

Saturday, Blithbury.—Found in Laurence's Wood, ran over Bromley Park, through Hart's Coppice, and the Dog Kennel Wood, into the Banks, out by Buttermilk Hill, and along under the woods to Friar's Coppice, and into Bagot's Woods. Ran him about for some time and had him, dead beat, but were halloaed over the road to a fresh fox, and ran through Kingston Woods and back several times, and came home.

Of Monday, March 17th, "Needwood," in the *Field*, wrote the following account:—

THE MEYNELL HOUNDS.

For the last three weeks we have had an uninterrupted period of excellent sport. Almost every day has afforded a gallop, and many of them have been first-class, making up as far as possible for the long time we were stopped by the memorable frost of 1878–9. Amid so many good and satisfactory gallops, it is hard to select one; but, perhaps, taken all round, for hunting, pace, and finish, the run of Monday last was as good as any. The master, Lord Waterpark, was unfortunately not with us at the meet at Newboro' village. Owing to reports of a vixen and cubs, the Chantry and Birchwood were passed, and we first drew the Brakenhurst. Exactly at one o'clock the first challenge was heard, and shortly after a full chorus proclaimed bold Reynard at home. To the end of the covert he takes us, and here for a moment they dwelt; but old Legacy soon put us right, and out they go for New Church, but, doubling back, they push him out on the Hoar Cross side, by Hoar Cross village, on to Birchwood, and then by Bromley Park. Here was some pretty hunting and fair fencing. At a good pace they go into Bagot's Park; but on this usually excellent scenting-ground we could only go a fair pace; but when we got to Birch Coppy scent improved, and "Forward, away!" is the cry, to the right by Marchington woodlands, by Smallwood Manor. Here he turned sharp round to the left, and in Floyer's Coppy the welcome "who-woop" told us that blood had rewarded the gallant bitch pack

for the excellent sport they had shown us. The time was one hour, forty minutes; between five and six miles from extreme points, and between twelve and thirteen as we went.

NEEDWOOD.

Diary continued:—

Tuesday, Darley Moor.—Found in the Holly Wood at Snelston, ran round by Clifton, back by Snelston, and on towards Norbury. There were three or four couples of hounds forward, which spoiled the run. A brace of vixens at Cubley, which we left. Bentley Pit and the Sudbury coverts blank. Found at Sapperton, ran a ring round Sudbury Park, back to Sapperton, and killed in the covert; went away with another, a vixen, and ran her to ground in the Park.

Thursday.—Radburne blank. There were three foxes in Sutton Gorse, but there was no scent, and they would not go away, so had to leave them. Hilton Gorse blank. Foston the same, with the exception of the line of a fox that must have been gone a long time from the Ice-house Pit. Ran a fox from the coppice down to Mallabar's farm, where he got in a trap in the fence, and the hounds killed him.

Saturday, Newton village.—Ran a ring from the gorse to Drointon Wood, and short back to the gorse, and then hunted him slowly up to Great Heywood, where he beat us. Came back to Chartley, found on the Shaw, ran a couple of rings round, and to ground between Fradswell and Sandon.

Monday, March 24th, Hanbury.—Did not find till we got to the Hare Holds, ran up to the road by Needwood, turned short back through the Hare Holds, and hunted him slowly round by Hanbury to Kingstanding, and killed. Very poor scent. Found in the Greaves, ran along the Banks into the woods, where hounds divided into several lots, and we came home. Wretched cold day, with snowstorms.

Tuesday, Kedleston.—A worse day even than yesterday. No scent, and ground like iron. Found one fox only in the Kedleston coverts, walked after him by Mercaston Stoop towards Brailsford, held the hounds on to the gorse, but could make nothing more of him.

Thursday, Foremark.—Ran very well from Gorstey Leys down the meadows towards Repton. He turned short back by the ferry, and retraced his steps, and got to ground in some rocks by Ingleby Hall. Killed a lame fox, after running him a few fields. Found a third fox in Gorstey Leys, ran up to Repton Shrubs, back to Carver's Rocks, and killed.

Saturday, Chartley.—Found in Handleasow Wood, ran fast up to Leigh, where our fox got on the railway and beat us. Philips' Gorse blank. Found in the Shaw, ran twice over the Park, and lost by the corner of the gorse. Went to the Moss, found, but a heavy storm of sleet came on and destroyed all scent. Very good scent with our first fox, but indifferent afterwards.

Monday, March 31st, Dunstall.

The following account appeared in the *Field*:—

It is not often at the end of March that it is the lot of fox-hunters to see such a clinking run as that on Monday last (March 31st), from Dunstall Hall. It is long since we called upon these coverts in vain, but things looked very bad when Gorse Hall and the coverts in the meadows were all blank, and it was not

till the little spinny near Sir John Hardy's farm was drawn that the little red rascal was found. The first to catch sight of him was Lord Parker, and, like mad, he galloped to give the good news to the huntsman, but the cheery halloa from Jim brought the hounds out almost before he got to him, and to see them stream away towards the Allotment Farm looked as if some work was in store for us, and the indifferently-mounted sportsman may well have thought of Mr. F. Cotton's lines on the Meynell Hunt—

"If you've only a hack, don't hunt with this pack,
Or get down you assuredly will."

Past Rangemore he takes us, and for Yoxall Lodge Park. Here the scent across the dusty fallows rather failed, but once in the Park they got on good terms with him, and ran him fast, by the house, across the road, into the Brakenhurst. Once in this big wood it is often a question when one will get out, but not so to-day, and through it they take him and out on the Hoar Cross side. Here Charles thought he had borne to the right, but Lord Berkeley Paget viewed two or three couples of hounds in front, and his friendly halloa fortunately saved us a lot of time. On they go again, very fast, across Hoar Cross Park, and from this point the run varied from most (as generally the best part of the run is the first), but the cream of this was the last twenty minutes, when we took him from Hoar Cross Park by Cross Hayes and the Gullet's Farm to ground in a pit-hole at Bromley Hurst. Names are better avoided, but without fear of offence, we may say that a noble lord [Lord Berkeley Paget], the huntsmen, and two gentlemen, one in red [E. J. Bird], and the other in black [J. Kempson], cut out the work, and landed almost together over the Hoar Cross brook, which stopped so many, while in close attendance was a noble lord and his lady [Lord and Lady Parker], who has recently come into this country, a gallant colonel [Col. Levett], the whip [Jim Tasker], and some seven or eight other well-known followers of these hounds [Rev. A. H. Colvile, A. O. Worthington, F. Newton, Gerald Hardy, S. Troutbeck, Hon. W. Bagot, and C. C. Cumming]. This little contingent was all that remained of the seventy or eighty at the start, to hear the who-whoop, to congratulate Sir John Hardy on finding so good a fox, and to hope that Lord Waterpark's second year of management would show as many more such gallops. It was almost straight, seven to eight miles (probably a mile or a mile and a half more as we ran), and lasted just forty-five minutes.*

NEEDWOOD.

Diary continued :—

Tuesday, Bretby Mill.—Found in Repton Shrubs, ran a quick ring round, across the Park, to ground in the covert by the training-ground. Carver's Rocks, Smith's Gorse, and all the Calke coverts blank. Found in Gorstey Leys, ran about for some time, but scent was bad, and we could do nothing.

Thursday, Draycott Cliff.—Found in Bull's Park, ran into Bagot's Woods, and were running about there all day.

Saturday, Bagot's Woods.—Spent the whole day in the woods.

Monday April 7th, Chartley.—Found in the Shaw, ran all about Chartley, and marked him to ground in a pit on Blurton's farm. All Loxley blank.

Tuesday, Kingston village.—Found in Kingston Wood, ran into Bagot's

* The names in brackets have been filled in recently, and did not appear in "Needwood's" account.

Woods and over the Park. Ran a fox from the middle of the woods out by Heatley, back through the Woods and Friar's Coppice, almost to Loxley, and lost him.

Thursday.—Rangemore blank. Also Needwood and the Hare Holds. Found at Castle Hayes, ran by Hanbury into the Greaves, and along the Banks, and to ground at Hound Hill. Spent the remainder of the day between the Banks and the woods.

Stopped by frost and snow forty days during the season! Hounds out, ninety-five days; foxes killed, thirty-two and a half brace; foxes run to ground, twenty-two and a half brace.

CHAPTER III.

THE OPENING DAY—GOOD YOXALL DAY—THE "BEAUTY" BALL—GOOD RUN FROM BARTON-BLOUNT—FAST GALLOP FROM THE PENNYWASTE.

1879–1880.

This year was remarkable for the lateness of the harvest. They did not begin cub-hunting till September 13th, and wheat was still standing in the fields at Hoar Cross on November 3rd. This was not quite so bad as one year previous to this, when Mr. Feilden at Coxbench sowed a crop of beans one year, cut them the second, and harvested them in the third, the last-mentioned operation being carried on in January in a hard frost!

This was also the year of Mr. Hamar Bass's marriage to the Hon. Louisa Bagot.

On October 27th hounds found a fox in the Potlucks, Radburne, ran by Sutton and Barton, and killed in the road at Church Broughton, after a good hour and twenty minutes. When they began regular hunting at Sudbury on November 3rd, they had killed ten brace of cubs.

"Needwood" is again to the fore with a description of the opening day, and he mentions, amongst those who were present, "Lord Waterpark, Mr. Clowes, Mr. Meynell, Lord and Lady Parker, Colonel Buller, Colonel and Lady Gwendolin Chaplain, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Allsopp, Colonel and the Misses FitzHerbert, Mr. and Mrs. Jervis Smith, and Messrs. A. W. Lyon, J. Levett, Tonman Mosley, A. O. Worthington, Kempson, A. H. Colvile, Broadley Smith, F. H. Cotton, Cumming, W. Boden, T. H. Smith, and many others, not forgetting old Tom Leedham, whose

cheery face must have been at well-nigh half a century of first days at Sudbury Coppy." Hounds ran well from Sudbury Coppice for forty-three minutes to ground in the Lime Kilns at Snelston; chopped a brace in Cubley Gorse; ran a third to ground in the same earth as the first, and wound up with killing a fox from the Cinder Hills, Snelston, at Eaton Wood. A very good opening day.

Diary continued :—

Tuesday, Blithbury.—Found in Cawarden Spring, ran a wide ring by Blythe Ford, through Pipe Wood down to Ridware and to ground in a pit-hole—the fox not a field before the hounds, good run of an hour and twenty minutes. Hunted a fox, with no scent, from Blithe Moor to Moreton Gorse, and lost him.

Thursday, Radburne.—Ran slowly from the Rough up to the Parson's Gorse, where we got on a fresh fox, which would not go two fields, and killed him. Went to Langley Gorse, killed a cub and came away, after giving the rest a good rattling. Mercaston Wood and Brailsford blank. Found at Culland, ran nicely up to Brailsford village, where he turned to the left and ran up to Ednaston village, where we came to a check and could do nothing after.

Saturday.—Loxley blank. Philips' Gorse the same. Went to the Shaw, but did not find till we got to Turner's Gorse, ran a ring, back over Chartley Park by Fradswell down to Gayton village, where we had a long check, and our fox turned short back. Got on him again on our way back to Chartley, ran him through Handleasow Wood into the Shaw, where he was viewed, dead beat, but two or three fresh foxes on foot saved his life.

Monday, November 10th, The New Inn.—Drew all the Needwood Coverts without finding, till we got to Hanbury Park, where there was one fox, ran him nearly down to Rolleston Park, where he turned short back and ran back to Needwood, but we could do nothing more with him. Not much scent. Byrkley Lodge blank. Found in the Deanery Plantation, ran through Bannister's Wood, nearly to Dunstall, turned back, and came by the White Wood into Yoxall Lodge, on to Byrkley, where he doubled short back and got to ground under an oak tree in Yoxall Lodge.

N.B.—This day and last Saturday should be transposed.

Tuesday, Bradley.—Found in the Lime Kiln Covert, ran by Kniveton up to the Haven Hill above Bradbourne, and back almost to Bradley, and lost. No scent. Found again at Bradley, but lost in a heavy storm. Bradley Wood blank. Found several foxes at Shirley Park, but could do nothing.

Thursday, Stenson Lock.—A good show of foxes in Arleston Gorse. Killed a cub. Hell Meadow Covert blank. Found in Spilsbury's Covert, ran through Egginton Gorse by the station and back by the Hall, and lost. Very poor scent, except just up-wind. Found at Hilton, and ran to ground in Clamp's Pit.

Saturday, Newborough.—Frost.

Monday, November 17th, Chartley.—Drew the Moss, and, whilst doing so, a fox slipped away from Drointon Wood; could not run him. Found in Newton Gorse, ran by Drointon village, over the Moss and over the Park, by the Castle, down the railway to Giller's Rough; hunted on over the river, and lost. Drew Gratwich Wood and the Loxley Coverts blank.

Tuesday, Cubley Stoop.—Found in Bentley Car, ran a ring back to the covert, and killed. A brace of foxes at Longford; hunted one through Alkmonton Bottoms, by Potter's Covert, down to Sapperton, and killed a fox (I doubt if it was our run fox) in the covert. Went away with another, ran two rings by Sudbury, and marked him to ground in the Park. Poor scent all day.

Thursday, Kedleston.—Found in Frost's Bottoms, ran a ring, and lost by Wilde Park. Found again in the plantation at Weston, ran by the Vicar Wood, and to ground in a drain in the village; bolted him, and ran to ground again at Mercaston, got him out, and killed him. Found in the New Gorse, and killed. Went to Brailsford Gorse, and hunted a fox down to Longford. Very little scent.

Saturday, Anslow.—Frost.

Monday, November 24th, Blithfield.—Sharp frost, and the roads a sheet of ice. Found in Blithe Moor, but could do nothing with him. Stanley's Wood and Newton Hurst blank. Came into the woods, and hunted till dark.

Tuesday, Foston.—Found by the house, and ran down the meadows, where the hounds viewed the fox, and caught him. Ran a fox from the top coverts by Foston Mill, leaving Sapperton to the right, back by the house down to Hatton, and lost. Found in Hilton Gorse, but a workman headed the fox two fields from the Gorse, and he turned back, and was killed. Went to Sutton, ran a ring very fast and back to the Gorse, where hounds divided, five couples going on over the Trusley road and killing their fox by the church. Stopped the remainder of the pack.

Thursday, Foremark.—Found in Gorstey Leys, ran a ring out, back through the wood, and on to Calke Park, where they could not get on for the deer. All the Calke coverts blank, also Hartshorn Gorse. Found in Repton Shrubs, ran down to Carver's Rocks and back, but scent failed altogether.

Saturday, Wychnor.—One lame fox, which ran to Barton, and disappeared. Only a single fox at Dunstall, though we drew all the coverts, and hounds could not hunt him. Found in Bannister's Wood, and ran to ground in a rabbit-hole at Dunstall. Not an atom of scent all day.

Monday, December 1st, Drakelowe.—Frost.

Tuesday, Doveridge.—Frost.

Thursday, Radburne.—Frost.

Saturday, Newborough.—Frost.

Monday, December 8th, Blithbury.—Frost.

Tuesday, Darley Moor.—Frost.

Thursday, Elvaston.—Frost.

Saturday, Anslow.—Frost.

Monday, December 15th, Drakelowe.—Frost.

Tuesday, Doveridge.—Frost.

Thursday, Radburne.—Frost.

Friday, Radburne.—Charles took the hounds to covert, though it was quite unfit to hunt. Found a fox in the Potlucks, ran him up to the road at Dalbury, and came home.

Saturday, Newborough.—Ran a fox twice round the Chantry, and killed him. Found in Roost Hill, ran across to Bagot's Woods, where hounds divided; got them together, and came home. Ground very hard.

Monday, December 22nd, Blithbury.—Found in Pipe Wood, ran a ring by the Black Flats, and to ground in a pit-hole above Blythe Ford; fox fat, and dead beat. Found in Laurence's Wood, ran through Pipe Wood, where he turned short back, by Pear Tree Gorse over the brook, and, leaving Cross Hayes to the

left, ran into Brakenhurst; here hounds divided, and no doubt we left our run fox in a culvert under the road at the top of the Brakenhurst. Went on, running hard, through Yoxall Lodge Hills and Byrkley Lodge over the road by the New Inn, through Knightley Park, and stopped the hounds going for the Henhurst. Capital run, ground very hard and hardly fit to ride.

Tuesday, Cubley Gate.—Frost.

Friday, Kedleston Gate.—Frost.

Saturday, Anslow.—Frost.

Monday, December 29th, Drakelowe.—Found in the osier-bed, not much scent, hunted slowly for an hour and ten minutes, and killed. The other Drakelowe coverts, Lullington, and Homestall Wood blank. Found at Catton, ran a ring nearly to Walton Wood, and lost. Walton Wood blank.

Tuesday, Doveridge.—A most awful day, after an equally bad night. Found in Eaton Wood, ran by Sedsall Rough and Marston Park into Cubley Gorse; here our fox turned back, but there was no scent, and we lost him. Bentley blank. Found at Potter's, ran down to Burton, and on by the Spath, but could do nothing. Drew the Foston coverts above the road blank.

Thursday, January 1st, 1880, *Willington.*—Found in Spilsbury's plantations (three foxes), ran by Burnaston very fast into Egginton Gorse—fourteen minutes; got him out after ten minutes or so, and ran him to ground in a sandpit by the house at Burnaston. Trotted off to Sutton, ran a brace of foxes into some rabbit-holes, which were not known of before, in the gorse, got one of them out, ran him down two fields from the covert, but he came back, and the hounds killed him. In the mean time another had gone away; hunted him round by Etwall down to Sutton village, and lost him. Hilton Gorse and the Lower Foston coverts blank.

Saturday, Yoxall village.—Found in Rough Park, ran very fast up to the Brakenhurst, and killed—twenty minutes. Found in the Bath Covert, ran to ground on Jaggard's farm. Went to the Birchwood, found in the bottom corner, ran by Rowt Hill up to the Chantry, turned back, and went straight and fast over Bromley Park into Hart's Coppice, where we had a brace of foxes before us; went on with our hunted fox over the park, into, through, and out of Lord's Coppice, back over Bromley Park into the Birchwood, through the Chantry, and killed at the top of the hill above Newborough. First-rate day's sport. Last run, about an hour and twenty minutes.

Monday, January 5th, Chartley.—Found in Drointon Wood, ran by the village of Drointon down to the plaster pits, on by the Castle and Turner's Gorse into the long Ridge Covert, and back on to the Moss, and came to a long check—fifty minutes up to this—in the road at the top of Drointon Wood, got on him again, and killed him at the edge of the Moss by the railway crossing. Good hunting run. Drew all the Loxley coverts and Philips' Gorse blank.

Tuesday, Cubley Gate.—Found in the Holly Wood at Snelston, ran a ring, and into the Holt, and up to the road at the top of the hill, and here, owing to the fog, and it being a bad hearing day, hounds unaccountably slipped us, and we never saw them again till we got up to Bradley Wood. The fox was said to be twenty minutes before them, so we left him, and came down to Shirley Park. Killed a fox in covert, came away with another, but there was very little scent, and we could not get on with him. Found in the Sweet Oils at Longford, ran through the Reeve's Moor, up to Hollington, turned back, and ran fast, through the Car, nearly up to Potter's, but he turned and twisted like a hare, and beat us on the foiled ground.

The following account appeared in print :—

THE MEYNELL HOUNDS.

These hounds had a great day on Thursday, January 8th. The meet was at Etwall (R. Cotton, Esq.), and, being the day after the Derby ball, there was a very large assemblage, both of horsemen and carriages, at the meet. Amongst others may be mentioned Lord Queensberry, Lord Petersham, Lord and Lady Parker, Lord B. Paget, Colonel Buller, Lord Shrewsbury, Mr. S. W. Clowes, a strong contingent of soldiers from the depôt, and many others too numerous to mention, while the fact of Mrs. Langtry being present in a carriage did not detract from the interest of the scene. Very little time was lost before a move was made, and Sutton Gorse was the first covert drawn. In a few minutes a welcome halloa from the north corner proclaimed that he was away. A crowded gateway or two gave the hounds a chance to get away, and, once fairly settled to the line, they ran in good earnest over a very pretty line of country towards Langley, but, unfortunately, being headed, he turned short back, past Sutton, to Burnaston, where a check occurred. Getting on the line again, they ran over the railway at Egginton Junction, where there were some deep fields, which not only delayed the hounds, but caused some grief in the field. One gentleman, in trying to clear the railway fence, "like a bird," found that rails and sleepers are rather hard falling, but as he continued to the end, we hope he was none the worse. After some slow hunting near the line, they recrossed it, and getting on better terms with their fox on the grass, ran him fast back to Sutton, where he went to ground in a drain almost in view of the hounds, and a terrier being handy, they were rewarded with a richly deserved fox. Time, three minutes under the hour. A move was then made for Radburne, and a fox was soon on foot in the Rough. After a break-away at the far end, he came out almost in the face of the field, and the hounds being close to him, we were away in a moment. Pointing for Sutton, they ran very fast by Dalbury to the Ashe, where a slight check occurred, but soon recovering the line, they ran past Sutton church to Trusley, over some splendid country, the pace being very good, and the line nearly straight; here they bore to the left, and leaving Dalbury Lees to the right, went as if for Longford, but did not go into the covert, and, crossing the brook (which some found deeper than it looked), ran past Barton Park to Potter's Gorse, where another slight check was rather welcome. From this point they did not go quite so straight, and there is a doubt if a fresh fox was not on foot soon after this, as there seemed to be two lines at Alkmonton. However, Charles Leedham persevered, and, by a brilliant cast, hit off the line again near Bentley; time up to this point, one hour. From Bentley they ran at a nice pace past the Car to Cubley Gate, as if for the covert, but skirting this shelter, he breasted the hill, and pointed for Eaton Wood; but bending to the right again, hunted slowly past Marston Park nearly up to the Birchwood Park lime kilns, where the scent gradually failed, and not wishing to disturb the Snelston coverts so late in the day, the hounds were stopped, after running one hour, forty minutes, without any check to speak of but the one mentioned near Bentley. The distance from Radburne to the place where the hounds stopped is fully nine miles, and, as they ran, considerably over twelve. The country over which they ran is some of the best in Derbyshire, and, though deep in places, was good riding, and there was hardly a single ploughed field in the line. Where so many went well, it would be invidious to make distinctions, but it is only fair to mention that Lord Queensberry was well in the first flight throughout, while Lord Petersham and

Messrs. Clowes, FitzHerbert, J. Smith, and Buller were seldom out of the front rank, and some of the military contingent, whose names I do not know, went straight and well. Hoping you will be able to find room for this,

I remain yours, etc.,

A Looker On.

Diary continued:—

Friday, Elvaston Castle.—Found at Billington Hill, ran nearly down to Aston, through Chellaston, where the hounds killed a fox in the covert, up to Elvaston, and another ring round back into the gardens. Spent the rest of the day there.

Saturday, Anslow.—Killed a fox from Dove Cliff osier-bed. Drew Rolleston, the Henhurst, Sinai Park, etc., and Rangemore blank. Found a fox in the Holly Covert, which ran to Byrkley, and got to ground under a tree. Byrkley blank. A dearth of foxes over the whole forest side. They had been shooting at Rangemore and Henhurst.

Mrs. Langtry was staying at Doveridge with Lord and Lady Hindlip for the ball. On Sunday she was asked if she would like to go to church, so the story goes, and her answer was, "Oh no, I could not; *there would be such a stare!*"

Mrs. Cornwallis West was also at the ball, staying, the writer thinks, at Shipley, so the three rival beauties—Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Cornwallis West, and Mrs. Mundy of Shipley (now Lady Shrewsbury)—all met at the ball. It would have taxed the wits of Paris to have awarded the prize.

A correspondent says of this day:—

Monday, Blithfield.—After drawing three of the Blithfield coverts blank, Coley Wood found us a good fox, going away for Great Haywood, evidently intending to give us a treat over Shugborough and Cannock Chace, but, being headed in the road, he set his face for Blithfield, and, at a rattling pace, down to Moreton Brook. Here the ranks got thinned. You could have counted on four fingers those who got safely over, but not those who were in, or those who sat rather tight in their saddles on the wrong side of this brook—one unfortunate lady and gentleman especially looking much the worse for their dip. From Newton the hounds could hardly own the line, and hunted slowly to Chartley, where this fox was lost. While changing horse, and having a pull at one's flask, the hounds had gone to draw the covert near Chartley Park. Soon a cheery sound was heard—"Gone away!" Pointing for Loxley, he was headed; turning to the right, he went back to the park, and once more tried to go to Loxley with no better luck. Headed, he now pointed for Blithfield, only again to be headed at Blithford, turning to the left over the meadows by the River Blythe to Gratwich and again to Chartley Park. Here the hounds ran up to their fox, and racing him without the slightest check by Fradswell, Coton, Milwich, and Sandon Wood. Pointing for Orange Hays, being almost dark, the hounds were with difficulty

stopped, and I hear that C. Leedham, and a gentleman in a black coat [Mr. T. Kempson], whose name I could not catch, were the only two who saw this grand run.

GREY HORSE.

Diary continued :—

Tuesday, Sudbury Coppice.—All Sudbury blank. Walked after a fox from Sapperton up to Potter's, where he waited for us; ran a ring back almost to Boylestone, and on to the Dairy House, and back towards Boylestone, and gave it up—no scent at all on the plough. Found in Longford Car, ran nearly to Alkmonton, turned to the right, and went fast up to Shirley Park, hunted him across the Park up to Osmaston village, where a man misdirected us, and we lost our fox. Found in Shirley Park, ran very fast over the road by Yeldersley Lodge almost to Bradley, turned back, through the corner of Yeldersley Rough, and into Shirley Park again.

Thursday, Kedleston Gate.—Frost.

Friday, Kedleston Gate.—Darley blank. Three foxes at Allestree; ran one into Colvile's Covert, back through Allestree, out towards Markeaton, where he bore to the right, and ran through the Vicar Wood on towards Mercaston, turned by Weston, and we finally lost him near Ireton Wood. There were four or five hares in every field, and not much scent. Frost's Bottoms and Ireton Wood blank. Found at Farnah, ran into Breward's Car, through which our fox had gone; but we could not hunt him the other side. A very wet day.

Saturday, East Lodge.—Killed a lame fox at Needwood. Ran another from Hanbury Park Covert, through Kingstanding, back to the dingle at Needwood, and killed him. Cupandition, Hare Holds, Castle Hayes Gorse blank. Found close to Hanbury, and ran round and round between there, Coton, Castle Hayes, and Needwood for two hours—good hunting run, not much scent.

Monday, January 19th, Kingston village.—Frost.

Tuesday, Bradley.—Frost.

Thursday, Willington.—Frost.

Saturday, Bretby Mill.—Frost.

Monday, January 26th, Blithbury.—Frost.

Tuesday, Eaton Wood.—Frost.

Thursday, Kedleston.—Frost.

Saturday, Draycott Cliff.—Frost.

Monday, February 2nd, Kingston village.—Frost.

Tuesday, Bradley.—Frost.

Thursday, Etwall.—Frost.

Friday, Etwall.—Found at Egginton, ran fast up to Hilton, where our fox unaccountably disappeared in the village. We heard after that he had got into an outhouse, and nearly frightened a man to death when he went in there. Left a fox in Sutton Gorse, as he declined to leave it. Hounds killed a fox in the Rough at Radburne, went away with another, ran nearly up to the Parson's Gorse, bore to the right to the nursery, turned back by the village, ran over the road up to Langley Gorse, on nearly to Markeaton, and stopped the hounds by the Vicar Wood.

Saturday, Bretby Mill.—Had a quick ring from Repton Shrubs by Repton Park through the corner of Carver's Rocks back to the Shrubs, rattled him about in the covert, then over the park twice, up to the gorse and back to the Shrubs. And here, no doubt, part of the pack killed a fox, as when they got together again

many of the hounds were covered with blood. Found in Carver's Rocks, ran very fast through Smith's Gorse and the Pistern Hills to Spring Wood, ran about for some time, went away and hunted within a mile of Ashby, where scent failed altogether.

Monday, February 9th, Blithbury.—Hunted a fox, with a very bad scent, from a little covert near Cawarden Spring up to Wolseley and lost him. Coley Coverts blank. Found in the osier-bed below Swan's Moor, could not run a yard. Drew the Moss at Chartley, Newton Gorse, Newton Hurst, and Stanley's Wood blank.

Tuesday, Eaton Wood.—Had a capital forty-five minutes, round by Doveridge, Wardley, Marston Park, nearly to Cubley Gorse, up to the lime-kilns at Birchwood Park, and killed. Found in the Holly Wood, ran round about Snelston for two hours, and lost on the foiled ground. Cubley Gorse and all Sudbury blank.

Thursday, Willington.—Drew the Potlucks, but did not find till we got to Arleston, then ran hard over Sinfin Moor to ground at Chellaston. Good twenty-three minutes. Killed a bad ringing fox at Aston. Went to Billington Hill, found a wretched fox, ran him down to Shardlow, and killed him. Spent the rest of the day in the gardens at Elvaston.

Friday, Foston.—Found below the house, ran through the top coverts, nearly to Sapperton, over Sudbury Park, under Boylestone Hill, where hounds divided, part killing the run fox and part going on with one or two fresh ones that jumped up in a ploughed field, and running through Sudbury Coppice, and over the park nearly to Foston, and lost him. Sapperton blank. Found by Barton House, ran by Church Broughton, up the brook side within a field of Potter's Coverts. Hounds divided soon after the start, and three hounds killed an old dog fox, and another lot went on to Boylestone, where we stopped them, and got them all together again by the Dairy House. No doubt the fox we killed was one of the fresh foxes that had jumped up in the *first* run, as three hounds turned back with him, and had probably stuck to him all the time. Went to Longford, found in the Car, ran nearly up to Shirley Park, bore to the left, to the Holly Wood at Snelston, then back by Stydd and Yeaveley down the brook side to the Car at Longford—about fifty minutes—on by the Hall and back up to Shirley Mill, and stopped the hounds. Very hard day and horses all beat.

Saturday, Draycott Cliff.—Found in Bull's Park, ran up and down the banks for nearly two hours, and killed in the open below the banks. Drew Tomlinson's Corner, Hart's Coppice, etc., blank. Hunted a fox that had gone away from Field House Coppice into the Birch Wood, but he must have been gone some time.

Monday, February 16th, Chartley.—One of the wettest, wildest days I ever was out hunting. Viewed a fox going into Longridge Wood, hunted him about, but there was no scent. Found again in Handleasow Wood, but could do nothing.

Tuesday, Bradley.—Found in Bradley Wood, ran under the road, and parallel to it, up to Bradley, by the back of the house, and Bradley Bottoms up to Brailsford Gorse—about thirty minutes and fast. Several foxes in the gorse; went away with a fresh one, ran up into the hills, and eventually ended the other side of Kniveton.

Thursday, Kedleston.—Ran through Farnah and Breward's Car, from Ireton Wood, where we found, past the Lilies, and, leaving Kirk Ireton just to our left, lost our fox near Biggin. Very few of the field pursued at all. Found in Ravensdale Park, ran fast into Breward's Car, by the Lilies, to Turnditch, where our fox was chased by a dog, and turned back. Killed a fox in a patch of gorse by

the new gorse. Found in White's Covert, ran very nicely up to Brailsford Gorse, where there were three or four foxes, and hunted him slowly on towards Bradley and lost him.

Saturday, Hoar Cross village.—Drew all the coverts there, Birch Wood, Chantry, and Field House Coppice blank. Found in Hart's Coppice, ran a ring over Bromley Park into the Hog's back, where he waited for us and was all among the hounds, but a storm came on and saved his life, ran all through the woods and across the park back to Hart's Coppice, over the park again and to ground under a tree. Spent the afternoon in the woods, and gave them a good doing.

Monday, February 23rd, Walton village.—Drew everything that side without finding a fox, except one at Lullington, which they chopped. The foot people had disturbed a brace of foxes at Catton, before we got there.

Tuesday, Hollington.—Found at Culland, ran up to Burrows and to Long Lane village, where four and a half couple of hounds slipped us over the road, and we did not get to them till just as they killed their fox between Osliston and Thurvaston. Went to the Reeve's Moor; the fox came out once and went back through the horses, and then went away for the Car; here hounds divided, nine couples going on with the run fox, and running nearly to Shirley Park, killed him by themselves in the brook below the Holt at Snelston. The first whip, who went to stop them, could never get within four fields of them, and they had eaten their fox when he got to them. In the mean time the rest of the hounds went on with a fresh fox from the Car, ran him very hard to Potter's Covert, where he disappeared most unaccountably, and must have got to ground, as we viewed him into the covert, and he had not time to go through. As we were going back towards Longford to see after the body of the hounds, we were halloaed on to a fox, which took us by Barton House and Church Broughton down to Foston, ran up the meadows nearly to Tutbury and back, two or three rings round Foston, and to ground in a rabbit-hole. Soon got him out and killed him, and there was also a vixen, in cub, in the same hole, and a couple of rabbits. The last run was an hour and fifty minutes. Extraordinary scenting day and a very unlucky one.

Thursday, Dalbury Lees.—Langley Gorse, Vicar Wood, Markeaton, and Black Covert at Radburne blank. Killed a vixen, not in cub, though she could not run, from the Potlucks. The Rough and Parson's Gorse blank. Went to Sutton, found, ran over the brook, very fast indeed, up to Thurvaston, where our fox laid down in a pithole, or else a fresh fox jumped up, went on, at the same pace, by Long Lane and Nun's Field, up to the road by Langley, and came to a check. Up to this the fox had been going up-wind, but now turned down the wind. Capital gallop up to this, and very fast. Hunted him slowly on to the Nursery Covert at Radburne and lost him.

Saturday, Wychnor.—Blank. Found in Lyon's Covert—very poor scent, hunted him up to Dunstall, and lost him. Dunstall, Rangemore, and the Holly Wood blank. Unlucky in killing a vixen at Byrkley. Found a fox in Brakenhurst, but he would not go further than Yoxall Lodge, though we rattled him about for an hour.

Monday, March 1st, Kingston village.—Found in Woodcock Heath, ran for four hours and five minutes in the woods, and over the park and to Blithfield and back, and killed.

Tuesday, Cubley Gate.—A most diabolical day, and it never ceased raining and blowing. Cubley Gorse, Shirley Park, Snelston, Longford, and Potter's blank. A brace at Sapperton, but there was no scent whatever.

Thursday, Elvaston.—The gardens and Billington Hill blank. Were halloaed on to a travelling fox, ran through Aston, nearly to Chellaston, back to Elvaston, and could make no more of him in the gardens. Found in the Hell Meadow Covert, ran fast up to Findern, turned to the right, by the Pastures, back to the covert, and from there to Egginton Gorse—good gallop of forty minutes. Forced him out, after some time, and ran him to ground under a tree near Willington.

Saturday, New Inn.—Needwood blank. Found in the Hare Holds, ran by Castle Hayes Gorse and Farm as if he (or rather *she*, I should imagine, as she tried every earth about the place) meant going to Rolleston, but turned to the right, by Stockley Park, and to ground under the road, by Needwood—thirty-two minutes. Hounds got away in view of a fox from the Greaves, and killed him in ten minutes. Found again in the Far Wood, and ran about for a long time.

Monday, March 8th, Bramshall village.—The gorse blank. Found in the Shaw Gorse, ran hard for ten minutes up-wind, nearly to the Castle, and came to a check, hit it off again and hunted him slowly on to the Moss, and out over the road back by Longridge Wood. No scent down-wind, though hounds could just show that he had made his way back towards the Shaw. Found in Handleasow Wood, ran two rings by the village and Gratwich Wood, and stopped the hounds, as we found it was a heavy vixen.

Wednesday, Brailsford.—The pool head, White's Covert, and the gorse blank. Bradley Bottoms and Bradley Wood the same. Found a brace in Shirley Park, ran round the covert once, and to ground. Went to Culland, ran a lame fox for ten minutes, and killed. Drew Longford Car blank.

Thursday, Etwall.—A brace of foxes in the covert by the road side opposite Burnaston, ran a ring into the gorse; found it was a vixen, and let her go. Another heavy vixen in Little Gorstey Leys. Sutton blank. Two heavy vixens at Radburne; went away with a fox towards Trusley, but turned one field short of the brook, and came back to Radburne, and marked her to ground under a heap of wood. Hilton Gorse blank. Went to Foston, got on an outlying fox two fields from the Pennywaste, ran very fast up to Sudbury Park and across it, and out by the Alder Moor, by Vernon's Oak, and nearly to Boylestone, where he bore to the right, back into Sudbury Park, and to ground in a tree. Bolted and killed him. First rate gallop of thirty-five minutes, and very fast.

Saturday, Repton.—Found in Carver's Rocks, ran fast up to Repton Shrubs, through the covert over the park and back to ground in view. There was a very heavy vixen in Gorstey Leys, whose life we just managed to save. Anchor church and the osier-beds blank.

Monday, March 15th, Blithbury.—Found in the Black Flats, ran fast up to the river by Rugeley, where the hounds drowned the fox, and he sank. A brace of vixens in Laurence's Wood. Rough Park blank. Found at Yoxall, ran fast through the Brakenhurst, and to ground in Roost Hill. The Birchwood blank.

Tuesday, Eaton Wood.—Ran from the wood to ground in the Up Field Coppice. Went back to the big wood, found again, and after running about for some time this fox got to ground in the Red Niche. Trotted off to Sudbury, found in the coppice, ran nearly to Cubley, and over the brook up to Bentley Car, and lost him. Very little scent, but we got away on bad terms with this fox. Cubley Gorse blank.

Thursday, Kedleston.—Found at Allestree, ran over a very nice line nearly to Markeaton, and on by the Vicar Wood to Langley Gorse, where he ran us out of scent. All the Kedleston coverts blank, till we got to some new plantations under Cross Hands, where we found a brace of foxes, ran one back to Breward's

Car and a ring round into Ravensdale Park, and hunted him slowly on, with no scent, to Mercaston Stoop, and lost him.

Saturday, Draycott Cliff.—Found in Bull's Park and ran about the woods all day.

Monday, March 22nd, Chartley.—Killed a fine old dog fox in the gorse. Found in the Birch Coppice, ran through the corner of Drointon Wood, and turned to the left down the brook side, as if he meant going to Blithfield, but recrossed the Blythe and ran through Newton Gorse, and came to a check on the other side; got on his line again and hunted him through the Moss and to ground in an old drain in the middle of the park. Very nice run. Gratwich Wood, Loxley, and the gorse blank.

Tuesday, Kingston.—Ran into Bagot's Woods, and had a good woodland day, running out at times into the open.

Thursday, Bretby Mill.—The Shrubs blank. Found a lame fox in a plantation close by, and killed him in three minutes. Did not find again all day.

Saturday, Buttermilk Hill.—Found in the far wood (Forest Banks) and ran up to Marchington Cliff, where our fox turned back, and we could do no more with him. Tomlinson's Corner, etc., blank. Found in Black Gutter Coppice, ran hard across the park and through the woods, until the fox disappeared mysteriously by the gravel ride.

Monday, March 29th, Wolseley Bridge.—Found three or four different foxes, and lost them one after another immediately. Absolutely no scent on the Chace.

Tuesday, Thatched Lodge.—Found and ran fast through the woods, out over the park, up to Field House Coppice, where he was headed and turned short back, through Hart's Coppice, over the park again, and to ground in the middle of the woods. Good gallop and wonderful scent, considering how hot and dry it was. Ran another fox out of the woods, through Friar's Coppice, and to ground under a tree. Then found in the Cliff Banks, and ran down to Smallwood, and a ring back to the woods.

Tuesday, April 6th, Buttermilk Hill.—An extra day after the elections. Found in the Dog Kennel Wood, ran through the Cliff Banks and along the Forest Banks as far as the Swilcar Wood, turned back and killed him under Buttermilk Hill. Found again in the middle of the woods, ran a ring through them, then out by Dunstall down to Abbots Bromley, on through the Warren Covert at Blithfield, down to Blithe Moor, turned to the left here, ran nicely to Forge Coppice, and killed him in the village of Abbots Bromley. Capital run and good ending to the season.

Stopped by frost, twenty-eight days; hounds out, ninety-three days; foxes killed, thirty-three and a half brace; foxes run to ground, fourteen and a half brace; killed in regular hunting, twenty-three and a half brace.

CHAPTER IV.

LORD WATERPARK—PRESENTATION TO LORD WATERPARK—LORD WATERPARK'S SPEECH.

1880–1881.

It is hardly possible to read these excellent diaries without seeming to get to know the writer, and without sympathizing both with his triumphs and his disappointments. He had his fair share of both, but his tenure of office began well, and it ended well. It is a curious thing in the history of Charles Leedham, that he always seemed to show the best sport at a transition stage. Thus it was brilliant the first year that he carried the horn, under Lord Waterpark and Mr. Clowes, not quite so good the second and third. During Lord Waterpark's last season, and the first two, especially, of Mr. Chandos-Pole's mastership, it blazed out again. Then, when Mr. Fort became deputy-Master, for two seasons, the flame burned fiercely, flickering down from that time till the close of his career. This may have been purely accidental, but it is an odd coincidence.

Henry Anson Cavendish, Lord Waterpark, brought no mean capability to bear on his chosen task, for he had served his apprenticeship in the diplomatic service, and possessed an excellent head for business. Both these things served him in good stead, and enabled him to fill a difficult position with credit and distinction. No one who has been Master of the Meynell Hounds will deny the difficulty of the situation, for there is no country

in which it is harder to give satisfaction. That Lord Waterpark should have held that position for nine seasons without giving offence to any one speaks volumes for his tact and discernment. And he was no figure-head master. On the contrary, he had every item and detail at his fingers' ends, and, above all, he showed sport. As he said himself, at the end of his career, he had had (or rather the Hunt had had, for that is how he put it) good seasons and bad seasons, but the former preponderated. Take a few runs, as samples, selected at hap-hazard from the nine years. There was the Loxley run on November 30th, 1872. One hour and fifty minutes, fifteen miles, with a kill at Rake Edge, in the North Staffordshire country, well to the north-east of Cheadle. Then there was one, two days before, from Hilton Gorse to the Holly Wood, Snelston, about ten miles in fifty-three minutes. On the 4th of January, 1873, they ran from Loxley Park Covert nearly to Moddershall Oaks, thirteen and a half miles, very straight, as were all these runs, and whipped off. It was a pouring wet day. Oddly enough, we ran from the same place (practically) to Moddershall Oaks twenty years afterwards on the wettest day on which the writer ever was out. In the same year, 1873, occurred the great Sudbury run, with a kill at Wootton Lodge, fourteen and three-quarter miles in an hour and three-quarters. That was no bad gallop either, from Barton-Blount (on the day Mr. Broadhurst was brought home to be buried) by Potter's, Longford, Culland, Brailsford, Wild Park, Kedleston, through Meynell-Langley Gorse, to Langley, in fifty minutes. This was on November 14th, 1876. There were, no doubt, plenty of others as good, but these seem to be fair samples of the sport he showed—good enough for any one.

The presentation,* of which an account is given below, and the speeches which accompanied it, make it superfluous to say more.

* It has been thought better to insert the account of the presentation in this chapter, although its proper place, chronologically, would have been in Chapter V.

Lord Waterpark, M.F.H.
From a photograph
by
W. W. Winter, Derby.

1881.

On Tuesday, December 20th, the hounds met at Sudbury, and the occasion was selected for a presentation to Lord Waterpark, in recognition of the great services he had rendered to the Hunt. He had been Master, in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Mr. S. W. Clowes, for six years, while for three years he had been alone in office. Mr. George Allsopp was the originator of the idea, and the result of his efforts was a sum of about five hundred and forty-five pounds. This was expended in the purchase of a magnificent service of antique and modern silver plate, comprising twenty-seven pieces. This, with an album containing the names of one hundred and twenty-seven subscribers, was the testimonial which Sir W. FitzHerbert, "the father of the Hunt," presented. Lord Vernon had, most hospitably, issued invitations to "all friends" to breakfast at the Hall on the occasion, and there was a tremendous muster of horsemen, carriages, and foot people. Lord and Lady Vernon received their guests in the saloon, where there is a picture, by Gainsborough, of George, second Lord Vernon (the hunting lord), while in the entrance hall hung the portraits of Samuel Lawley, his horse, and five couples of hounds. On a table the presentation plate was laid out for inspection, and this consisted of a beautifully chased punch-bowl, a large silver salver, tankards, dinner, tea, and coffee service. The following inscription was engraved on the salver, and engrossed on the title-page of the album, "This album, together with a salver and other pieces of plate, was presented to Henry Anson Cavendish, Lord Waterpark, on his retirement from the Mastership of the Meynell Hunt, by his friends, and subscribers to the Hunt, whose names are hereto affixed, in recognition of the good sport shown during the years of his Mastership." There were present, Lord Waterpark, Lady Waterpark, the Earl and Countess of Harrington, Lord Berkeley Paget, Captain and Lady Florence Duncombe, Sir W. FitzHerbert, Bart., Sir M. Blakiston, Bart., Sir John Hardy, Bart., Sir T. P. Heywood, Bart., the Hon. E. K. W. Coke, the Hon. W. Bagot, the Hon. Mrs. Hamar Bass, the Hon. Miss Bagot, Mr. H. C. and the Hon. Mrs. Okeover, Mr. M. A. Bass, M.P., the Hon. Mrs. Clowes, Mr. Chandos-Pole, M.F.H., Col. Reginald Buller, Admiral and Mrs. Cumming, Capt. Cumming, Major Pountain, Major Levett, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Allsopp, Mr. G. H. Allsopp, Mr. A. O. Worthington, Mr. C. M. Campbell, Capt. Bindley, Mr. E. J. Bird, the Misses Thornewill (2), Miss Chandos-Pole, Miss Beckett Denison, Major Gascoigne, Mr. J. H. Gascoigne, Mr. H. Evans, Mr. Gerald Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Bott, Mr. Cecil Salt, Mr. J. W. Philips, Miss Hall, Miss Wilmot, Mr. and Mrs. T. Robinson, Mr. A. Crossman, Mr. B. H. Buxton, Mr. and Mrs. H. Young, Mr. R. Sale, Mr. G. D'Arcy Clarke, Mr. J. Bailey, Mr. Hobson, Mr. C. A. Ludlam, Mr. John Smith, Mr. G. J. Mitchell, Mr. R. A. Eddie, the Rev. A. H. Colvile, Mr. W. Boden, Mr. H. Boden, Mr. J. Close, Mr. J. Tomlinson, Mr. T. Smith, the Rev. C. J. Hamilton, the Rev. C. Boden, Mr. J. S. Hughes, Mr. H. W. Boome, Mr. Pidcocke, Mr. T. P. Kempson, and many others.

While the breakfast was proceeding, Lord Vernon rose and said, there was a friend of his present, Sir William FitzHerbert, who was always to the fore in hunting matters, and there was no restraining him that morning. (Hear, hear.) He was very anxious to get out hunting, but he had a certain amount of business to do before he left the table, therefore he would ask him at once to impart to them the nature of that business.

Sir. W. FitzHerbert, who was cordially received, remarked that he could not very well find a proper word to address the assembly. He might call them

fellow-sportsmen, but there were some present who would not exactly come under that designation. However, their system of sport was almost patriarchal, and he happened now to be called the "Father of the Hunt," so that he supposed all the members of the Hunt might be considered his children. (Laughter.) He felt that he was standing in a very proud position in being spokesman that day, but one of the reasons for it was that he had arrived at beyond the limit of three score years and ten; and though, in the hunting-field, one or another of them was often willing to get before the others, he did not think any one was particularly willing to be before him in that respect. (Laughter.) Before he proceeded to the business which had called them together, he might say that he felt sure they were all very much obliged to Lord Vernon for his kindness in receiving them under his hospitable roof. (Applause.) And he could, perhaps, inform some present of what they did not know—that Sudbury Hall was the cradle of the Hunt, and that for many years it was carried on with great success and great ardour at a time when the country went as far as Seal Wood, and perhaps up to Haddon Hall, while the previous day he heard it might be supposed to have also taken in a part of Leicestershire (hear, hear), so that it was something like the Duke of Wellington's Army, it could go anywhere, and do anything. He believed at that time they used to be up at six o'clock in the morning, and got through their business very early. He must now proceed to the real business of presenting the plate to Lord Waterpark, as a testimony of their goodwill towards him, and in recognition of his ability, and the services he had rendered them for so many years. (Applause.) And, in connection with this presentation, he could not help saying how much they were all indebted to Mr. Clowes for the handsome way in which he conducted the hounds after the death of Mr. Meynell, and gave everything such a good tone. (Applause.) As to the plate itself, he would not say more than that it combined a sort of domesticity as well as a memorial, and it would, he hoped, for many years be regarded as a keepsake in remembrance of that day, and that it would also be an heirloom in Lord Waterpark's family. (Applause.)

In acknowledging the presentation, Lord Waterpark said, the first accents they must hear from his lips were those of gratitude, deep and lasting, for the honour so kindly paid to him. He begged to return his best thanks to that very numerous and distinguished company, and also to Sir William FitzHerbert for the kind way in which he had brought his name before them. He looked on that meeting as the crowning honour of the support and kindness he had received from them all during his nine years' Mastership of the Meynell Hunt. He was only too conscious that anything he had done was amply repaid by the vote of thanks accorded to him on a previous occasion, and he could assure them that when he looked upon the plate in the next room he was quite at a loss how to thank them sufficiently. He could not recall any service on his part which had deserved such a substantial proof of their kindness and liberality. He saw that the inscription on the salver said the plate was presented in appreciation of the good sport he had shown them during his Mastership. He should like to show them how little he individually could take credit for that good sport. They found him a pack of hounds certainly second to none in the kingdom. (Hear, hear.) All he had to do was to keep them up to their standard of excellence, and he hoped he had not failed to do so. (Applause.) Then buildings were required, and they put up most magnificent buildings in the very centre of the country, and left nothing to be desired in the way of accommodation for men, hounds, or horses. Then the covert owners, landowners, farmers, and others, all gave him hearty support in the preservation of foxes, and he was glad of that opportunity

of thanking them one and all for the assistance they invariably gave him. (Applause.) Nothing, therefore, really remained for him to do but to find good servants and to mount them well, and he thought that, altogether, he was peculiarly fortunate in the servants he got. There was one who was more particularly connected with their sport, who deserved a word of praise from him, they would easily recognize their old huntsman, Charles Leedham, in the person he alluded to. (Applause.) No man ever had a better or a more conscientious servant; and while on this subject he should like to say one word, not of advice, though they might take it as such if they liked. No huntsman was infallible; he believed every one did his best; but they were all too prone to find fault and not to see the difficulties a huntsman had to contend with. He wondered how often he had heard a remark of this sort in the field, "Oh, of course, the fox had gone that way" (laughter), but he always noticed that remark was made when the huntsman had made his cast on three sides of the field and there was only one side left, on which it was possible for the fox to escape. (Hear, hear.) He hoped he had mounted his men well, and, perhaps, as regards the horse question, it was the only one on which a master could take the credit to himself. They had had good seasons and, he would not say bad, but middling seasons; they had had hard winters and open winters, straight running foxes and bad running foxes, good scent and bad scent—every pack of hounds was liable to this, but he thought he might say, without fear of contradiction, that they had had as good sport as their neighbours. (Hear, hear.) He wished them to remember, and they were not in the least likely to forget, how that excellent sportsman, Mr. Clowes, was associated with him during the first six years of his Mastership. He brought an experience to the work which he (Lord Waterpark) did not possess; and at the end of six years when, to the regret of every one, he retired from the Mastership, Mr. Clowes left him with the benefit of that experience, and he hoped he had made the most of it. (Applause.) They all owed a great deal to Mr. Clowes, and he thought it was only fair that honour should be paid to whom honour was due. One word respecting another gentleman, who assuredly deserved all their thanks as well as his own—Mr. George Allsopp. (Applause.) He believed he was correct in saying Mr. Allsopp was mainly instrumental in getting up that testimonial, and, anxious as he was sure they all were to give him some recognition of his services, he did not think they could easily have found any one else in the country to take up the matter so thoroughly, and to carry it through so successfully. (Applause.) He thought it must be acknowledged by all that the meeting of that day and the presentation was a success. As in riding to the hounds, so in the subscription list, a good start was everything, for nearly every one would follow a good lead. Well, Mr. George Allsopp got a good start, and he kept pegging away, sparing himself no trouble, and the result was that brilliant finish—for he (Lord Waterpark) looked upon it as such; he succeeded in getting a testimonial, which was worthy in every respect of the liberal supporters of the Meynell Hunt. He again thanked them for such a solid and valuable proof of their esteem and friendship. He should never forget that day; and he could assure them that the collection of plate should be preserved in his family as an evidence of the good-fellowship which fox-hunting promoted amongst all classes. It would be a lasting record of the many friends he had had the good fortune to make during the years he had had the honour of being their Master. He thanked them sincerely and with all his heart. (Applause.)

Mr. George Allsopp, who was received with applause, said he was very much obliged to them for the kind way in which they had received his name; but before they separated he wished to mention another matter. They all knew

very well that Lord Vernon had the welfare of the Hunt entirely at heart; they could not have a better proof of that than what they had seen that day. (Applause.) For the part Lord Vernon had taken in the arrangements of the day, and for the kindness with which he had placed his house at their disposal, he, perhaps, might be permitted to return to him and to Lady Vernon their grateful thanks, and he did so on the part of every one. (Applause.)

Lord Vernon said he should indeed be a most degenerate successor of those who from that house in former days conducted the hunting arrangements of that country if it were not a pride and a pleasure to him to receive the members of the Meynell Hunt and their friends on an occasion when he could fully share with them the feelings of recognition to Lord Waterpark for the valuable service he had rendered to the members of the Hunt, partly in conjunction with Mr. Clowes, and partly by his own unaided efforts, in the past nine years. It was a characteristic of Englishmen that they always appreciated the services of any man who gave his energy to any good work in which he was engaged. Lord Waterpark had brought not only energy, but a great deal of business tact to the duties connected with the mastership of those hounds. (Hear, hear.) He might say that during the whole of his life it had been his pleasure to be intimately connected with Lord Waterpark's family, and he rejoiced with, as he thought he might say, a dear friend of theirs in his success, and in the honour conferred upon them through him. (Applause.) He trusted that in the future it might be his privilege, some time or another, again to receive the members of the Hunt, if it was a convenience to them to meet in his house. He could assure them it was a great pleasure to Lady Vernon and himself to receive any of their neighbours there; but circumstances had affected him, as they had affected numbers of individuals in the country, and his door had been necessarily closed for that reason. He was very glad indeed to be the means of enabling them to gather together to do testimony to his friend, Lord Waterpark, and he could only hope that his successor might at the end of his term of service—which he trusted would be longer than his (Lord Vernon's) life—be able to meet the members of the Hunt and to receive their thanks in that house for services equally valuable which he would most assuredly render them. (Applause.) He thanked them for the honour they had done him.

CHAPTER V.

LORD WATERPARK'S LAST SEASON—GOOD EVENING GALLOP FROM FOSTON—CAPITAL CUBLEY DAY—GREAT RUN FROM SHIRLEY PARK—A SHEEP-DOG KILLS THE FOX—END OF LORD WATERPARK'S DIARY—HUNT MEETING—DISCUSSION ABOUT THE KENNELS—THE QUESTION OF EXPENSE—ELECTION OF "SQUIRE" CHANDOS-POLE—FRIARY CRICKET CLUB FANCY-DRESS BALL.

1880–1881.

They began cub-hunting on the 30th of August, and, in spite of heat and dry ground, killed nearly every day in Bagot's Woods. One day they had fifty and a half couples out, and another day they brought out every hound they had. Sport was pretty good, and they killed twelve and a half brace of cubs.

From Lord Waterpark's diary:—

Monday, November 1*st, Sudbury Coppice.*—Ran a fox for above an hour round and round the coverts, and killed him, having previously ran one to ground in a rabbit-hole by Cubley Lodge. Found again in the bottoms, ran by Hill Somersal and the corner of the Birch Coppice into Eaton Wood, back to the Lady Coppice, and killed in the North Shrubbery, by the terrace at Doveridge. Found in the Hare Park, ran up to the Lake Banks at Sudbury, and on to Foston, over the road nearly down to Sapperton, and lost.

Tuesday, Blithbury.—Found in Pipe Wood, ran about for some time, and lost. Hunted a fox from the Ten Acres by Rugeley Townend nearly to Blithfield, and lost. Found in Blithe Moor, ran a ring, and to ground in a pit-hole. Poor scent all day.

Thursday, Radburne.—Found in the Rough, came away for Dalbury, turned to the right up the brook side nearly to Long Lane, over by Thurvaston, crossed Long Lane as if for Culland, bore to the left through the Reeve's Moor, by the bottom end of Longford Car nearly to Alkmonton Bottoms; bore to the left

here by Mamerton Hill Top and Dalbury Lees Farm, and back to within a field of the Rough, and lost him on the foiled ground: one hour and fifteen minutes. Found in Sutton Gorse, ran to Etwall, and nearly up to Egginton, and came home.

Saturday, The New Inn.—Found at Needwood, ran fast nearly to Parson's Brake and Kingstanding, and back to ground in a drain by East Lodge. Killed a real bad fox by Shaw's house at Rangemore. Ran a fox from Bannister's Wood down to Dunstall, and lost him. Found again in the Oaks, ran all about the coverts at Dunstall for some time, and finally killed at the back of the house. Found again, and ran our fox till he was dead beat, and left him.

Monday, November 8th, Bramshall village.—The gorse blank. Found in Carry Coppice, ran down to Field and back to the Park Covert, where our fox waited a long time. Got him away at last, ran towards Chartley, turned over the brook below Windy Hall Covert, ran along the brook side nearly to Blithfield, turned to the right nearly to Newton Gorse, and on by the village to Swan's Moor, where scent failed, and we lost him. Did not find again.

Tuesday, Foston.—Very sharp frost. There was a halloa from the top covert at Foston, but hounds could never speak to the fox, and I think it doubtful if there was one. Found at Sapperton, ran up to Sudbury Park, and lost. Trotted off to Cubley, found at once, ran very fast by the Cinder Hills into the Holly Covert at Snelston, and lost him: a man put us wrong, and I think our fox had gone on to Shirley Park. Drew Snelston, and went back to Cubley, but did not find again.

Thursday, Kedleston village.—Did not find till we got to Ravensdale Park, ran a ring into the new covert below Cross Hands, where the fox had waited, hunted him into Breward's Car, out and back several times, and lost him by Champion Car. A lot of foxes on foot. No scent. Langley Gorse blank. Found close by in a little osier-bed, but could do nothing. Parson's Gorse blank.

Saturday, Anslow.—Found a fox in the Henhurst, but soon lost him. The other coverts there blank. Knightley Park and Rolleston the same. Found in Byrkley Lodge, ran very fast to ground in the pit by Tatenhill.

Monday, November 15th, Newton village.—Found in the Coley coverts, chopped one fox, went away with another, ran a ring at first, nearly to Haywood, bore to the right, ran by the osier-bed below Swan's Moor almost to Hixon, on, leaving Drointon village to the right, into Chartley Moss, through the Birch Coppice and the corner of Handleasow Wood down to the brook below Gratwich, which was in high flood and impassable for horses: came to a long check, held them round the Loxley side of the brook, but could not hit it off. A man then halloaed us back to the other side, but the fox had been gone too long, and must have crossed and reerossed the brook, and travelled on into the N. S. country. Found at the Shaw Gorse, ran towards Sandon, and were stopped by a blinding storm of snow.

Tuesday, Bradley.—Found in the Lime Kiln Covert, went away to the right, nearly up to the Ashbourne road, then turned down-wind towards Atlow, crossed the brook by Atlow Mill, left Hognaston to the right, and ran straight by Netherton Hall up to Brassington; here the fox went through the churchyard and bore to the left up to Brassington Rocks, where we expected he would have got to ground; but no, on he went, running parallel with the High Peak Railway for some time, and then crossed it, and shortly after hounds came to a check at Minninglow Hill, and though we cast all round, could make nothing of it. Time up to this check, one hour and fifteen minutes. A wet, stormy day, and it never ceased raining, and scent kept getting gradually worse—never very good at any time.

Thursday, Willington.—Found in Arleston Gorse, ran a ring over Sifinn Moor back to the gorse, and this entertainment we repeated several times; got on a hunted fox in Hell Meadows Covert, ran fast up to Spilsbury's, turned to the right, and lost him near Burnaston. I should have said that the first fox from Arleston crossed the canal, ran down to the river, and no doubt crossed to Anchor church. Egginton Gorse (nearly entirely burnt down) blank, and Little Gorstey Leys the same.

Saturday, Newborough.—Nearly frost enough to stop hunting. All the Holly Bush coverts blank. Found in the Birchwood, ran fast by Roost Hill nearly to Brakenhurst, turned to the left, up to the New Church road, down through the end of the bank opposite Holly Bush, in front of Eland Lodge, and killed him within fifty yards of the Six Road Ends, in the road. Capital twenty-five minutes. Drew the Parson's Brake, Kingstanding, Needwood, and Byrkley Lodge blank.

Monday, November 22nd, Chartley.—Frost.

Tuesday, Bentley Brickyard.—Frost.

Wednesday, Bentley Brickyard.—Found a lot of foxes in Bentley Car, ran one by Alkmonton Bottoms through Longford Car, by Shirley village and into Shirley Park to ground. Came back for Longford; a fox crossed us as soon as we left Shirley, ran him back to Longford, and nearly to Potter's, and lost. Drew Potter's, the Fishpond Covert at Barton, and Sapperton blank. Found in the top coverts at Foston, had a ring by the Pennywaste to Hatton, and down the meadows to Foston, over the road, by the Ice-house, back to the covert where we found him, over by Jackson's plantation, turned to the left by Heath Top and Church Broughton, and stopped the hounds going for Sapperton. Capital gallop, nearly every one gone home.

Thursday, Kedleston Toll Gate.—Found at Darley, ran to Allestree and to Colvile's Covert, to ground in a rabbit-hole. Ran a fox from Breward's Car to Turnditch, and lost him. Found in the New Gorse, ran into Ravensdale Park, and killed. Found in Mercaston Wood, but did nothing.

Saturday, Walton village.—Found in Walton Wood, ran to Calton, and a ring back again, then another ring by Edengale osier-bed and Croxall, and from there nearly straight to Caldwell and on to Linton; here the fox was headed within two fields of Scale Wood, turned back, and we killed him at Caldwell. Time, two hours and thirty-five minutes. Hounds ran fast at times.

Monday, November 29th, Kingston village.—Found in Kingston Woods, ran into Bagot's Woods and all through them, then across the Park, over Buttermilk Hill into the Forest Banks, and lost. Found in the Dog Kennel Wood, ran out by Gorstey Hill, and lost immediately. No scent at all. Got on our run fox of the morning in the Cliff Banks, ran him down to the Park Lodge, and killed him in the garden.

Tuesday, Doveridge.—Found in the Upfield Coppice, ran to ground in a broken-in drain by the Woodhouse. Killed a fox with a broken thigh from Eaton Wood, ran another down to Clownholm, back through the wood and to ground under a thorn bush above Carrington's house. Found at Sudbury, ran towards Cubley, where the fox was headed back, and lost him.

Thursday, Etwall.—Got on the line of a fox that had gone away from Sutton Gorse, ran him well up to the village, then hunted slowly on by Hilton and Egginton station, and gave it up. Did not find till we got to Burnaston, where a fox jumped up in a field, ran him fast up to Burnaston village, and on by Bearwardcote to Radburne—twenty-five minutes, fast; here he was headed and went down to the Black Covert and so round to the Rough, and another ring

down to the Black Covert, where scent failed. Went to the Rough, got on our hunted fox, which we had evidently left there when we went through it before, ran him down to Dalbury, and killed him in the road.

Saturday, Wychnor.—Found one bad fox, ran him up and down for half an hour, and killed him. Killed another in Mr. Lyon's covert; the brute went out, and turned short back into the hounds' mouths. Found in Smith's Hills, could do nothing; the same with another fox at the back of the church. Never was out on a worse scenting day.

Monday, December 5th, Chartley.—Several foxes in Handleasow Wood, which they would not leave, and at last the ground got so foiled that we came away. Found in the Shaw Gorse, ran up to Birchwood Park, where hounds divided. Found in Birch Coppice, ran hard for ten minutes, and killed by the keeper's house. Drew the Moss, Drointon Wood, and Newton Gorse blank.

Tuesday, Bradley.—A brace of foxes in the old Lime Kiln Covert, ran up to the dingle by Miss Child's house, where our fox waited for us, ran him back to Bradley Wood and on to Yeldersley Lodge. Here he doubled short back, and, after running hard for twenty minutes, killed him in the open. An hour and forty-five minutes from the time we first found. Found in the osier-bed at Bradley Bottoms, ran into and through Brailsford Gorse, over the brook to Ednaston, turned back and ran nearly to Mercaston, then bore to the right through White's covert and on to Weston, and killed him in the field adjoining the covert. Capital run of sixty-three minutes.

The following printed account appeared of the next day:—

Thursday, December 9th, brought a large field to Willington, including many strangers from the S. Notts., and other hunts, and amongst these we noticed, besides the master (Lord Waterpark), were Lord and Lady Parker, the Hon. Mrs. Colvile, Miss Nicholas, Mrs. D'Arcy Clarke, Lord Petersham, Messrs. Buller, Chandos-Pole, A. H. Colvile, Broadley Smith, W. and H. Boden, S. C. Allsopp, A. Worthington, Bird, F. S. Rendall, Cumming, T. W. Evans, M.P., and a host of others. The first draw was from Spilsbury's Covert, where we soon found Reynard, who ran from the lower to the upper covert and back, and from this point put his head straight, running across the Midland line to Stenson Wood; he got to ground under the railway, and was subsequently got out quite dead. We then drew the Potlucks and the Green Covert, and then on to Egginton Gorse, which is partly cut down, but a fox was at home, and, after a narrow escape of being chopped, he went out on the Burnaston side for Burnaston House; and here we had a check of three or four minutes, but from this he went straight, and as fast as hounds could go by Mickleover Asylum, down to Hell Meadows and to Stenson Wood, where they killed him, the run lasting twenty-eight minutes, the last fifteen very fast. It was now three o'clock, and many turned their heads homewards, but the master gave the word for another draw, and finding again in Mr. Ashton Mosley's covert, they had a brilliant twenty minutes to the Pastures, and another beaten fox in front would most likely have met the fate of his brethren in the morning, but dark coming on, hounds were whipped off, and thus terminated two of the most brilliant consecutive days which have been seen with the old Meynell hounds for several seasons.

NEEDWOOD.

The first being the Bradley Tuesday, described above in Lord Waterpark's diary.

From Lord Waterpark's diary :—

Saturday, Draycott Cliff.—One fox only in the whole of the Banks, no scent in covert, and soon lost him. Found in the Cliff Banks, ran about the woods, over the Park, back over Buttermilk Hill, and out, through Tomlinson's corner, nearly to Newborough and into the Greaves.

Monday, December 13th, Blithbury.—Found in Hay End Wood, ran a ring by Pipe Wood and Gold Hays Fields down for Pipe Ridware, back by Hamstall Ridware, and on to Purley Hill, and lost. Found in Rough Park, and ran to ground in Ridden's Pit. Killed a fox in the Bath Covert at Hoar Cross, found again in the Chantry, ran back to the Lawn Pit, and lost.

On Tuesday, at Cubley, in addition to those out on the previous Thursday, there were Mr. Clowes, Lord Petersham, Messrs. Coke, Bird, Firman, F. Cotton, T. P. Kempson, Nuttall, Sir John Hardy, Col. FitzHerbert and daughters, G. H. Allsopp, H. Bass, M.P., etc.

They found in Cubley Gorse, ran very fast up to the Lime Kilns at Snelston, right through the corner of the Holly Wood, pointing for Shirley Park, swung to the right within three fields of Longford Car, where there was a leash of foxes in front of them. Into the Car they went, and nearly caught the fox in the churchyard beyond, but he struggled on to the Shrubberies, and there they caught him, after a good hunt of just an hour. The first part was very fast, and the hunted fox probably went on to Bentley Car. They found again in Reeve's Moor, and ran by Hollington up to Nun's Fields, and on to Trusley. No sooner were they over the brook than they ran hard to Radburne Rough. Hence the fox was viewed away more than half beat, and they ran him well to the Nursery Covert, brought him back from there, over the road, through the Black Covert, and, running from scent to view, bowled him over in the open four fields beyond the Great Northern and Mickleover Railway, after a capital run of one hour and a quarter, with no check worth mentioning.

Every one was delighted with the sport the hounds

were showing, and people remarked that it had never been better since the very first year that Charles carried the horn in 1872–1873.

Diary continued:—

Thursday, Kedleston village.—Found in Breward's Car, ran a ring by the Lilies, back to the Car, rattled him about in the covert some time, and killed him, and, curiously enough, part of the pack chopped another fox at the very same moment and within twenty yards of where the other fox was killed. Ravensdale Park and the New Gorse blank. Got on a disturbed fox by Mercaston, hunted him back to Breward's Car, and ran him down to Weston, where he must have got to ground. Wilde Park and Brailsford blank.

Saturday, Bretby Mill.—Frost.

Monday, December 20th, Bramshall.—Frost.

Tuesday, Shirley Park.—Frost.

Thursday, Radburne.—Found in the Rough, ran nearly to Langley village, turned back by the Squire's Gorse and the Nursery, and came to a check at the back of Radburne village—thirty minutes up to this; hit it off again and hunted slowly by Burrows up to Brailsford, and lost. Found in Culland—a brace of foxes; ran nearly to Burrows, turned to the left to Brailsford, on through White's covert nearly down to Mercaston, turned back by Brailsford again and hunted him into the gorse, where he got to ground.

Friday, Hoar Cross village.—Yoxall blank. Found in the Deanery Covert, and ran to ground at Dunstall. Drew the coverts at Dunstall and Rangemore blank. Knightley Park, the Holly Covert, and Byrkley Lodge the same. Went to Brakenhurst, ran a ring out and back, and lost him. Jackson's Bank blank.

Monday, December 27th, Bramshall.—Snow.

Tuesday, Marston-Montgomery.—Snow.

Wednesday, Marston-Montgomery.—Found in Eaton Wood, walked after our fox down to Doveridge, but there was absolutely no scent, and hounds could never speak to it. A brace of foxes at Cubley, but could do nothing. It never ceased pouring the whole day.

Thursday, Willington.—One fox went away from Arleston Gorse, while hounds were close at another; he then went away, but turned back in the third field, and was killed. A brace in Hell Meadows Covert. Got away with one, but he came back, and then we got on the line of a fox that must have been gone some time, and we could only hunt him up to Spilsbury's. Did not find at Egginton or Sutton Gorse. Drew the Spath, but men were working in part of it. Found in the Pennywaste, but this fox had been gone some time, ran him down the meadows to Tutbury, when darkness (4.15) put a stop to further proceedings.

Saturday, Bretby Mill.—Ran one fox about in Repton Shrubs, and killed him. Another went away, and we hunted him, with a very bad scent, through Carver's Rocks, Smith's Gorse, the Pistern Hills, into the South Woods. Here we changed, I think, and ran back to Carver's Rocks, changed again, and came back to the Pistern Hills, and lost on the foiled ground. Did not find at Bretby.

Monday, January 3rd, Blithfield.—Drew the whole of that side of the country blank, and did not find till we got into the Woods, and then there were no end of foxes on foot, and hounds divided into several lots; got them together, and came home.

The following account appeared in the *Field*:—

On Tuesday, January 4th, these hounds met at Shirley Park. A dull sky, with a south to south-westerly wind, gave us every hopes of a scent, and a scent we had, such as does not often happen. By a mistake on the part of his groom, your correspondent's horses were taken to a wrong point, which lost him three or four precious minutes, and though in any case—as even the flyers of the Hunt admitted, that the Meynell dog pack were for once too fast for them—he would probably have soon been left behind, yet, as much as he writes is on the authority of others, if any other pen held by one who did see it sends you an account of this fine run, by all means give it the preference. One of the most extraordinary features of the run was, that those who were left behind in Shirley Park found, on getting out of the covert, that all was blank, all had disappeared; there was no long-dragging line of rough horses and ponies, but everything had gone, and left no trace behind it. How far is the point from Shirley Park to Foston cross roads, the Ordnance maps will decide. Some laid it at seven and a half miles, and some at ten, but if we say eight we shall not be far from the mark. It was then just 11.30 when Charles Leedham's cheery halloa brought his dog pack on the line of this gallant fox. They raced him from Shirley Park by Rodsley, on for Longford, right through Longford Car, by Alkmonton Bottoms to Bentley, and here a fox, apparently a draggled one, was seen pointing back for Longford, but hounds and huntsman race on, heedless of a halloa from the Master of the Dove Valley Harriers.* On they go, but not into Bentley Car, by Middleton Park; from this point they went almost to Boylestone, pointing for Barton, running on within five or six fields of Sapperton. They raced across this fine grass country, and leaving Church Broughton to the left, they threw up their heads at Foston cross roads. I have called it eight miles from point to point, and it was certainly between eleven and twelve as hounds ran. It was done in fifty-three minutes, without the huntsman casting his hounds, or even helping them, from find to finish; and when I add it was over the cream of the Derbyshire grass country, I have, I think, fairly described a run which is seldom equalled, never surpassed. It is dangerous to say who saw it, so many think they see every run as well or better than their neighbours; but all admit that Lord Petersham, Messrs. Bird, B. H. Buxton, J. and C. Cumming, T. Kempson, Broadley Smith, Bond,† and the huntsman (who went well throughout), were well in it, and from Longford, Lord Waterpark, Messrs. Meynell, Walter Boden, A. Colvile, and others. Knowing hands were close in attendance, and should I have missed any name, the satisfaction they must have had in being there will more than compensate them for the omissions of

NEEDWOOD.

Diary continued:—

After the above run drew Sapperton, Potter's, and a small covert at Bentley blank. Found at Cubley; the fox ran two fields and turned short back and laid down in the covert, where we left him. It was evidently a fox that had been hunted in the morning and got stiff.

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* Mr. F. Cotton.

† Old Jack Bond, a famous roughrider, well known with the Meynell—the "Dick Christian" of the Hunt.

From Lord Waterpark's diary :—

Thursday, January 6th, 1881, *Elvaston Castle.*—Drew the gardens, Bellington Hill, Aston, Chellaston, and Arleston Gorse blank. Found in the Hell Meadows Covert, ran towards Findern High Fields, turned to the left through Findern village, and Spilbury's Covert, on to Egginton Gorse; here our fox must have waited, as scent improved, and hounds ran hard, by the Blakeley osier-bed up to Etwall, turned back by Burnaston, and went to ground in a drain within a field of Spilsbury's.

Frost from January 6th to 31st.

Monday, January 31st, The Kennels.—Ground still very hard. Drew all Sudbury blank. Found in Eaton Wood, ran by the top of Clownholm down to Wardley and back to the wood, then a ring round Doveridge back to Eaton Wood and to Doveridge again, and stopped the hounds as they were running in three lots.

Tuesday, Bagot's Woods.—Frost.

Wednesday, Bagot's Woods.—Sent the hounds into the woods for exercise for a couple of hours, though it was not really fit to hunt. Found lots of foxes, no scent.

Thursday, Radburne.—Found at once in the Rough, ran down to the brook at Trusley, turned along it up to Long Lane, crossed it and bore to the left, and ran a ring down to Langley village, where hounds checked a minute. Hit it off over the road and ran nearly to Mackworth, and then bore to the right to the common gorse where they checked again, thirty-five minutes up to this. Scent now changed, and hunted slowly on over the railway by Mickleover Station, and finally lost him by the windmill. Found in the Sand Hills, ran to the Rough, and lost. Hunted a fox from Sutton Gorse down to the village, where he got to ground in a drain, bolted him, and killed him as he tried to get through some wire fencing. Got on an outlying fox at Foston, but could not run him at all. No scent the latter part of the day.

Saturday, Drakelowe.—Found in the Grove, but the fox got headed by the foot people, and killed. Did not find again till we got to Catton, ran a ring back to the covert, and lost him. A brace of foxes at Lullington, ran up to Caldwell and stopped the hounds, as it was late. Nasty day, and no scent.

Monday, February 14th, Chartley.—Snow.

Tuesday, Bentley Brickyard.—A dreadful day, blowing and raining. Found in Bentley Car, ran at first as if he meant going to Sudbury, turned to the right above Cubley over the road by Alkmonton Bottoms nearly to Potter's, back by Boylestone and into the Car, and here fancy we changed foxes. Went away again towards Shirley Park, bore to the left and ran nearly up to the turnpike road by Cubley Gorse, and to ground by the brook side close to the village. Good hunting run of one and a half hours. Tried to hunt a fox from Cubley Gorse, but the day got worse again, and scent failed altogether.

Thursday, Kedleston Gate.—About another such a day as Tuesday. One fox went to ground in the covert at Allestree; another went away, but they could not hunt him. Found in Breward's Car, but could do nothing. Had a nice gallop with a fox from Culland—twenty-five minutes; to ground in Brailsford Gorse.

Saturday, East Lodge.—Needwood and the Holly Wood blank. Found in the Deanery Covert, ran fast to Tatenhill and back into Yoxall; hunted slowly from there to Rangemore, and lost. Found behind the house at Dunstall, ran about for some time, and left him somewhere by the stables at Rangemore.

Monday, February 14th, Chartley.—A good deal of snow and frost. Found in Handleasow Wood, ran hard over the park to the Long Ridge Covert, turned to the left by the corner of the Moss, and from there straight to Carry Coppice at Loxley, to ground in the main earth. All Loxley blank. Found in Kingston Wood, ran round the covert three times, out by Heatley, nearly to Newton and back, into Bagot's Woods, to ground by the gravel ride.

Tuesday, Bradley.—Too much fog, and too hard to draw there. Went down to Shirley Park, ran hard in covert for half an hour, and then got to ground. Killed a fox in Longford Car, went away with another, ran a ring and then went straight up for Shirley Park, left it just on the right, and hunted up to a farm-house near Snelston, where our fox most unaccountably beat us. However, very shortly after, a man came up and told us that a sheep dog had worried our fox, which was dead beat, and the fox was at that moment lying dead in the farm-house! Found at Snelston, but the fog came on so thick we had to stop hounds.

Thursday, Willington.—Found in Hell Meadows, ran a ring up to Burnaston and on to Egginton Gorse, then round by Blakely osier-bed up to Etwall, and from there to Bearwardcote, back by Burnaston, and killed at Egginton. Found below the road, near the village at Egginton, and ran down the meadows to Tutbury, where he beat us. Drew all Foston blank.

Saturday, Newborough.—Holly Bush blank. Ran one fox from the Birch-wood to ground in a pit-hole four fields from the covert. Came back, got on the line of another fox, hunted up to him in the Chantry, ran him down to the lane below Black Gutter Coppice, and killed him, thirty-five minutes from the Chantry. Found in Black Gutter Coppice, ran two wide rings, but could not get on over the foiled ground, hunted slowly down to Blithbury and on towards Blithfield, and lost.

Monday, February 21st, Blithbury.—All the coverts there blank, and Rough Park the same. The farmers openly said the foxes had been killed owing to no notice being taken of their claims for poultry losses. Found in Brakenhurst, ran down Black Slough, and killed the fox in the river.

Tuesday, Doveridge.—Snow.

Wednesday, Doveridge.—Found in the Lady Coppice, ran into Eaton Wood, through it, and to ground under a thorn bush above Wood's house. Ran from the Birch Coppice, through Eaton Wood, by Marston and Cubley, and to ground in Bentley Car. A lot of snow on the ground and very bad going.

Thursday, Radburne.—Snow about the kennels nearly all gone, but when we got to Radburne, found a lot, and *no one* at the meet. Found in the Sand Hills, ran fast down to Dalbury and back to ground on Finney's farm. Went to the Rough, ran up to the Parson's Gorse, nearly down to Langley village, on to the Nursery, and a ring nearly to Mackworth, then through Langley Gorse and the Vicar Wood, by Wild Park up to Ravensdale Park, to ground. About two hours; good hunting run, and the ground everywhere about three inches deep in snow.

Saturday, Foremark.—Found in Gorstey Leys, ran a ring, back to the covert and down to Ticknall. No scent. Found at Calke, ran by the Pistern Hills on to Smisby, and on through the South Woods into Ferrers' country, and lost in a tremendous snowstorm.

Monday, February 28th, Chartley.—Frost and snow.

Tuesday, Bentley Brickyard.—Frost and snow.

Thursday, Kedleston village.—Drew the coverts by the village, Allestree, Darley, the Vicar Wood, Langley, and the Parson's Gorse blank. Found in

Longford Car, just as a very heavy storm of snow came on, and lost by Alkmonton school. Very little snow, curiously enough, at Kedleston, but a great deal elsewhere.

Saturday, Drakelowe Cross Roads.—Found at Lullington, ran into the Atherstone country. Several foxes at Catton, which kept running round and round. Found late at Walton Wood, but did nothing.

Monday, March 7th Thatched Lodge.—Ran about in the woods some time, and on to Kingston Wood, and went on with a line towards Loxley, but hounds could not run a bit. Very wet and stormy, and no scent. Found a vixen in Carry Coppice, and ran her to ground in the pit by Blurton's farm. Did not find again.

Tuesday, Bradley.—Did not find till we got to Shirley Park, and then could not run at all. Drew Ednaston, Brailsford Gorse, Culland, Longford, and Bentley Car blank, and came home.

Thursday, Willington.—Found a vixen in Hell Meadows Covert and stopped the hounds. Egginton blank. Found in Sutton Gorse, ran very fast up to the Parson's Gorse—fourteen minutes—then on by Langley Church nearly to the Nursery Covert, back to the Parson's Gorse, and killed. Twenty-six minutes and a first-rate gallop.

Saturday, Dunstall.—Found behind the house, ran round and round for about an hour, and killed. Found our next fox in Mrs. Lyon's Covert, ran a short ring back through the covert, then through Yoxall and Berkeley Lodge nearly to Rangemore, skirted the Deanery plantation, back within a field of the covert we found in, on by Holly Bank and the Whitewood, and killed in the road, within fifty yards of the Yoxall Lodge Hills. Good hunting run of fifty-five minutes.

Monday, March 14th, Chartley.—Found in the Shaw Gorse, ran hard for ten minutes, and then saw it was a heavy vixen, and stopped the hounds. Got on the line of a fox off the Moss, hunted through the Birch Wood, and then ran hard over the park back by Handleasow Wood, and lost by Gratwich village.

Tuesday, Kennels.—All Sudbury blank! Cubley Gorse the same. Stopped the hounds from a vixen at Snelston. Found in Eaton Wood, ran by Wardley down to Cubley Brook farm, and lost. Poor scent.

Thursday, Etwall.—Found a fox in a tree by Sutton brook, ran through the gorse and could make no more of it. Found in Radburne Rough, ran very fast by the Rectory down to the Black Covert, and from thence straight down to Markeaton, and killed in the Ashbourne and Derby road. A first-rate gallop of twenty-five minutes. Drew Markeaton, Vicar Wood, Langley Gorse, Parson's Gorse, Sutton, the Spath, and Sapperton, but did not find again.

Saturday, Bretby Mill.—Found in Repton Shrubs. No scent, ran a ring and into Carver's Rocks. Found in Smith's Gorse, ran back to the Rocks, and on towards Foremark, and lost. Gorstey Leys blank. Found at Calke, ran a rin round the park.

Monday, March 21st, Kingston village.—Did not find till we got into Bagot's Woods, and then stopped the hounds from two or three vixens. No scent.

Tuesday, Walton village.—Found in Walton Wood, and ran nearly up to Lullington, and lost. Did not find again.

Thursday, Foremark.—Gorstey Leys blank. Found in the Pistern Hills, ran to Smith's Gorse, and lost. Drew Several Woods and Hartshorn Gorse blank. Found in Repton Shrubs, ran to Carver's Rocks, and thence very fast up-wind to Foremark. Ground very hard and dry, and hounds could not run at all except when a fox went dead up-wind.

Saturday, Anslow.—Did not find in the Henhurst, but in a small covert just outside, ran back through the Henhurst, up to Anslow church and on to Stockley Park, then down to Rolleston, by Craythorn, nearly to Horninglow, up the valley to Anslow, over Stockley Park again, between the Hare Holds and the Cupandition Covert, left Hanbury on the right, and ran to Kingstanding and on into Jackson's bank. Hunted him out of the Brakenhurst into Hoar Cross Park, and here some three couples of hounds went on through Nichol's Covert with, what I believe to have been, the run fox, and the body of the pack turned back into Brakenhurst, and went on towards Rough Park.

Monday, March 28th, Newton village.—Newton Gorse, Chartley Moss, and Gratwich Wood blank. Found in Handleasow Wood, ran nearly to Sherratt's Wood, turned back by Birchwood Park, ran up to Fradswell village, by Turner's Gorse, over the park, through the corner of Handleasow Wood, over the railway, and viewed him on the hillside by Windy Hall Covert. Here we had a long check, but hunted on slowly to Carry Coppice and back to Chartley, and lost.

Tuesday, Hanbury.—Hare Holds, Castle Hayes, and Banks blank. Did not find till we got to the Swilcar Wood, then ran about between there and Buttermilk Hill some time, got away over the park, through the woods, out by Dunstall pit, through the corner of Lord's Coppice, by the back of Abbots Bromley, over Bromley Park fast, through the Birchwood, by Hoar Cross village into the park, where he beat us, and must have got to ground.

Thursday, Newborough.—Birchwood and Hoar Cross blank. Did not find till we got to Black Gutter Coppice, and then got on the line of a fox and hunted him in the direction of Blithbury, but there was no scent. Came back to the woods, found, but could not run a yard.

Saturday, Buttermilk Hill.—Found in the Cliff banks, ran through the woods. No scent, and so stormy, you could hear nothing. Drew Kingston, Chartley, and Blithfield blank.

Monday, April 4th, Rangemore.—Found two, if not three, foxes, ran one to ground in the Rocket Oak, and another in a pit-hole between Tatenhill and Dunstall. Drew Dunstall, Lyon's Covert, Yoxall Byrkley, and Brakenhurst without finding again.

Stopped by frost, twenty-five days; hounds out, one hundred and two days; foxes killed, thirty and a half brace; foxes run to ground, seventeen brace.

SUMMARY.

Season.	No. of days hounds out.	Stopped by frost.	Foxes killed.	Foxes run to ground.
1872–73	108	12	54	23
1873–74	116	14	70	47
1874–75	111	31	70	43
1875–76	117	17	87	52
1876–77	119	5	68	42
1877–78	111	8	86	44
1878–79	95	40	65	45
1879–80	93	28	67	29
1880–81	102	25	61	34
Total	972	180	628	359

1881.

A meeting of subscribers to the Hunt was held at the St. James's Hotel, Derby, for the purpose of taking some steps to carry on the hunting of the country, and of appointing a new Master in the place of Lord Waterpark, who resigns after nine years' service. Amongst those present were the Earl of Shrewsbury, Lords Scarsdale, Waterpark, Vernon, Parker, Sir William FitzHerbert, Sir John Hardy, Colonel the Honourable W. Coke, Colonel Levett, M.P., the Honourable E. K. W. Coke, Mr. Arthur Bass, M.P., Mr. G. F. Meynell, Captain Duncombe, Mr. T. W. Evans, M.P., Colonel C. J. Cavendish, Mr. A. O. Worthington, Mr. H. Boden, Mr. Bird, Mr. Burton, Mr. S. C. Allsopp, Mr. G. Allsopp, Major Pountain, Mr. Bott (Church Broughton), Mr. Kempson, Mr. Henry Evans, Mr. Coleman (Park Nook), Mr. C. A. Wallroth, Mr. George Wheeldon (Derby), Mr. Buckston, Mr. F. S. Rendall, Mr. T. Smith (Clifton), Mr. Cumming (Foston), Mr. R. Sale (Barrow), Mr. G. Travers, Mr. G. L. White, Mr. Wood (Wirksworth), Mr. Richard Waite (Duffield), Mr. John Smith (Derby), Mr. O'Callaghan, etc.

Sir William FitzHerbert proposed that the Hon. E. K. W. Coke, who, in the absence of Lord Bagot, has been acting as chairman of the committee, should take the chair.

Mr. Coke thought that Sir William FitzHerbert, who was the father of the Hunt, and a well-known sportsman on his side of the country, should take the chair.

Sir William excused himself by reason of being on the sick list, and Mr. Coke was then voted to the chair.

The Chairman said that, amongst other things, their business that day was to hear a report which had been drawn up by the committee. They had to deal a little with the past, a little with the present, and a little with the future. In order that they might put themselves in form and start the fox, he would call upon the secretary to read the minutes of the last meeting.

Mr. F. L. Sowter accordingly read the minutes of the meeting at Derby, on January 4th, 1878, when Lord Waterpark was appointed sole Master on the resignation of his colleague, Mr. Clowes.

These minutes having been confirmed, Mr. John Smith, solicitor, read the special report which had been drawn up by the committee. It stated that, "on the completion of the kennels, stables, etc., at Sudbury, a debt was left of £5324 5*s.* 3*d.*, which sum they still owed the bank of Messrs. Crompton, Evans, and Co. This large outlay on the buildings was a great advance upon what was first contemplated, but this was unavoidable, and was occasioned by the great rise in the price of building material and labour just at that time. Lord Vernon, upon whose property the kennels were built at Sudbury Firs, had agreed upon a twenty-five years' lease, but, consequent upon an increased expenditure, he allowed an extension to forty years."

All that was said at this meeting about the kennels will be found in the chapter which dealt with them. So there is no need to repeat it, and we can pass at once to the end of the speech, where he said, "The term for which Lord Waterpark undertook to hunt the country had expired, and his lordship had intimated his wish to retire from the Mastership. The whole body of sportsmen shared in the regret in this decision of Lord Waterpark. (Cheers.) Captain Duncombe had offered to hunt the country for four days a week on condition of receiving two thousand five hundred pounds per annum, two thousand of which must be guaranteed by the committee out of the subscriptions. The term of office of the committee had also expired, and it was necessary that a fresh committee should be appointed."

The Chairman said they would deal with the past first, and he might say the appeal made to the country for the purpose of reducing the old debt had been responded to liberally, and a list was on the table ready for any one to sign their names. (Laughter.)

Sir William FitzHerbert wanted to know, in case of the interest not being paid punctually, what sort of a position they would be in. They had now the remnants of a sixty years' lease, but, in case of a mortgage, they would lose part of this right.

Mr. John Smith said the proposed mortgage would stipulate that the money should not be called in so long as the interest and the sinking fund were regularly paid.

The Chairman, in answer to another question, remarked that some of the members of the committee were of opinion that their personal responsibility for the large sum of five thousand pounds had continued long enough.

Sir William FitzHerbert having put further questions to elucidate the position, Mr. Charles Allsopp remarked that there were many who hunted with the Meynell Hounds who never subscribed, and he thought they ought to be called upon to contribute a little for the sport they enjoyed without expense. (Hear, hear.)

The Chairman said, with regard to certain questions which had been asked, he would just read an extract from a letter from Lord Vernon's solicitor to his lordship. The lawyer stated, "The terms seem to me most convenient and favourable to the Hunt, and are such as no investor uninfluenced by friendly feelings would consent to." This had reference to Lord Vernon's assenting to the lease being extended to sixty years, and to advancing the Hunt four thousand pounds on the security thereof, to enable them to pay off a debt of £5324 5*s.* 3*d.* to Messrs. Crompton and Evans, the balance of which was met by subscriptions of fifty pounds each from the committee, and divers sums from other people.

Lord Vernon desired to make a personal statement. Although not a very active participator in the sport, it was impossible for one who had taken a great interest in former days not to continue to take an interest in the sport of those who hunted in later times. It was because he felt certain that there had been some misconception as

to the part which he had taken with regard to the arrangements made between himself and the Hunt that he was taking this opportunity of saying a few words in order that they might know his own story in the negotiations, and then he would leave the matter to their own judgment entirely. After the death of Mr. Meynell it was agreed that there were but two points where the kennels could be erected, and, as there was likely to be a difficulty with regard to the erection of kennels at Tutbury, he placed himself in communication with his friend Lord Waterpark in regard to the erection of kennels and stables at Sudbury. He consented to the erection of kennels at Sudbury on the condition that they should not be a nuisance to himself and family, and that the buildings should be of an architecturally presentable character; but the first estimates were, to his mind, simply absurd. He told Mr. Coke that if the cost of the kennels exceeded five thousand pounds he should hold himself responsible for the balance. He also stipulated that his architect should be employed. Just at the period when the work was being done, building materials and the price of labour rose fifty per cent., so that a building which had been previously estimated to cost five thousand pounds would cost ten thousand pounds. Besides that, a number of alterations were made in the plans, and, as a set-off against these things, he extended the lease from twenty-five to forty years, and recently, in making the new arrangements for reducing the debt, he had further extended the lease to sixty years without any equivalent at all. Lord Vernon said he did not disguise the fact that the committee and himself had not been quite of accord lately, but he consoled himself by the knowledge that he was amongst gentlemen, and that the course of true love did not always run smooth. He had no other interest but the interest of the Hunt, the respectability of which he desired to see continued under the same circumstances as in the past. (Applause.)

Sir William FitzHerbert said that it seemed that their

plant had cost something like thirteen thousand five hundred pounds, whereas the first idea was something like five thousand. Lord Vernon wished to have a certain amount of architectural form in it, but he (Sir William) thought a great deal might have been done towards making a presentable exterior by good proportions. These stables and buildings were not for perpetuity, for the time was only sixty years; but, at all events, it seemed to him that a great deal of money had slipped through their fingers.

The Chairman said, on the part of the committee, he must admit that the first estimate of five thousand pounds was simply ridiculous, and he went on to speak of the excellent accommodation provided at the kennels. Huntsmen and stud grooms did not care to live in small cottages nowadays. They were also highly favoured in having a park so handy in which they could exercise their horses and dogs. With regard to the retirement of Lord Waterpark, it was a most painful thing to every one connected with the Hunt, but, at the proper time, more direct reference would be made to the matter. The Chairman further referred to the financial position. The subscriptions last year were three thousand four hundred and sixty-three pounds. The payment for covers, keepers, and poultry was always an increasing figure. Farmers, who at one time did not think so much of the odds and ends, now sent in more claims for poultry, and in these bad times it was only right they should look to matters of detail. The payments the last year on this account were seven hundred pounds. The sinking fund (on the kennel debt) would in future amount to two hundred pounds a year, and, with interest on the loan, the amount would be increased to four hundred pounds. To this must be added two thousand five hundred pounds to be paid to the Master, bringing the total amount required to three thousand six hundred pounds a year. The gross income last year was three thousand four hundred and sixty-three pounds, so that, on the same estimate, the deficit would

be one hundred and thirty-seven pounds. It was also his duty to inform them that the Hon. Mrs. Meynell Ingram would discontinue her large subscription and make comparatively a small one. He was afraid they should lose two hundred pounds a year on that subscription. That would make the deficiency three hundred and thirty-seven pounds. Therefore, if they gave the Master everything they had, after meeting the necessary expenditure, it would only be two thousand one hundred and twenty-three pounds. Unless the subscriptions increased considerably, they should only have that sum to spare. Captain Duncombe had offered to take the hounds for three years, to hunt the country for four days a week, for the sum of two thousand five hundred pounds, two thousand to be guaranteed by the committee out of the subscriptions. It was also his (Mr. Coke's) duty, as chairman of the committee in the absence of Lord Bagot, to read a note he had received from Mr. R. W. Chandos-Pole. "In the event of Captain Duncombe not taking the hounds, I shall be very glad to do so. As regards the subscriptions, give me as much as you can. Wish that I could afford to do without any subscription." (Cheers.) With reference to these two gentlemen, the Chairman said they were both friends of his own, and both were equally eligible to undertake the Mastership. Mr. Pole was a fine sportsman, and Radburne was a place thoroughly identified with the Meynell Hunt, and its name ran through their mouths whenever they mentioned the Meynell Hounds.

Lord Scarsdale asked if Mr. Pole's note was in answer to any suggestion, and, if so, who made the offer.

The Chairman said there had been no official offer made to Mr. Pole. If such had been made, it would have gone through him, he supposed.

Captain Duncombe said it would disembarrass gentlemen in their choice if he left the room. But, before he went, he wished to say that he saw from the statements made that the committee would not be in a position to

guarantee more than two thousand pounds. He was therefore prepared to do it for two thousand guarantee, and, if the subscriptions kept up, they could then, if they were able, give him something further.

Some discussion then ensued as to what should be the exact terms for the Master.

Mr. Henry Boden asked whether it was reasonable that any man should be expected to hunt the country four days a week for two thousand pounds. He held it to be impossible at the present rate of prices.

Lord Waterpark corroborated Mr. Boden in this respect, and said he had discovered the Mastership was a rich man's amusement, and that two thousand pounds a year was not sufficient.

After some further discussion it was unanimously decided that, whichever gentleman was chosen Master, a guarantee of two thousand pounds a year should be given, and as much beyond that sum, up to five hundred pounds, as was available should be handed over to the Master.

Sir William FitzHerbert then proposed Captain Duncombe as Master, and Colonel Levett, M.P., seconded.

Lord Scarsdale nominated Mr. Chandos-Pole, saying his election would be a thoroughly popular one. He (Lord Scarsdale) was not a hunting man himself, but he hoped they thought him a good preserver. (Hear, hear.) Of Mr. Chandos-Pole men spoke as of a thorough sportsman. He was, moreover, popular with the landowners and the farmers, which he deemed to be a most important qualification.

Mr. Meynell seconded.

Mr. R. Sale said he could quite corroborate Lord Scarsdale in what he said about Mr. Pole's popularity with the farmers. It was so on his side of the country.

On the show of hands being taken, Mr. Chandos-Pole was elected by nineteen votes to fourteen given for Captain Duncombe.

After dealing with the election of the new committee,

Lord Scarsdale.
From a photograph
by
W. W. Winter.

and leaving the question of adding two tenant farmers, such as Mr. Tomlinson, of Bradley Pastures, and Mr. Finney, to the newly elected committee to settle, Colonel Cavendish moved, and Lord Scarsdale seconded, a vote of thanks to Lord Waterpark for the manner in which he had hunted the country in the last three years, and spoke of the courtesy which had always characterized his lordship's Mastership.

Lord Vernon also bore high testimony to Lord Waterpark's services.

Lord Waterpark, who was received with cheers, returned thanks. He said he was very glad they appreciated his humble endeavour to show sport. He had endeavoured to hunt the country as fairly as he could, and as well as he could, and the way they had received the vote showed that he had not entirely failed. They would understand that, after nine years, he could not give up the Mastership without strong feelings of regret—in fact, he had never regretted anything so much in his life. But there were private reasons, which would not interest them, but which interested him excessively. (Laughter.) He should look back on those nine years as the most pleasant of his life. The duty of a Master was not altogether an easy one, particularly in the field, but he thought his lines had been cast in very pleasant places, and perhaps he had the pleasantest field to deal with. He had always said he had the best country and the best pack of hounds, although that was, perhaps, rather a bold thing to say. If he had ever offended them he hoped he had long since been forgiven. No doubt he had halloaed at them when they got a bit forward, but the words of a clever alphabet of the Meynell Hunt—if he might quote them—said,

> "W stands for Waterpark, master of hounds,
> Both his field and his temper he keeps within bounds."

(Laughter.) If ever he said a cross or disagreeable word, he was sure they would have forgiven him long ago.

Although he was retiring, he should continue to promote fox-hunting in the country. He had made a great many friends, and he hoped he might say not a single enemy. (Applause.)

It was afterwards proposed by Lord Waterpark, and seconded by Sir John Hardy, and resolved, that "the thanks of this meeting be presented to the landowners and occupiers of land for the kind manner in which the interests of the Hunt have been cared for by them during the past three years."

A vote of thanks to the Chairman terminated the proceedings.

MEYNELL HUNT ALPHABET.

By F. Cotton, 1881.

A is for Allsopp, a very hard man; he can hammer a turnpike as few people can.

B is for Berkeley, who's always in front. Boys, make him your mentor when learning to hunt.

C is for Clowes, with his beautiful seat. O'er the biggest of countries he's not to be beat.

D for the dangers some fancy they see in a fence that is really not up to the knee.

E for the elders, the core of the hunt; who delight in the sport, though not always in front.

F for the FitzHerbert family stands. They can all ride like blazes, and haven't they hands!

G is for Goodwin; the faintest of praise does bold Richard accord the most brilliant of days.

H is for Hardy of Dunstall, Sir John. "Pray, where are the hounds, sir? Which way have they gone?"

I is myself; though I'm hard up, of course, I don't care a jot while I've got a good horse.

K is for Kempson, who joined t'other day. He's a very nice horseman, and long may he stay!

L is for Lyon; right fitly he's named. Like his namesake, for courage he justly is famed.

M is for Meynell. Times many and oft have we all of us heard Godfrey's whisper so soft.

N is for Needwood, whose Forest resounds at autumn's grey morn with the music of hounds.

O is for Osmaston, staunch friend and true; when we draw Shirley Park we're nigh sure of a view.

P { is for Parker; come, gladden your eyes, like a bird o'er the fences her ladyship flies.
P { is for Pole, too, tho' welter his weight, he's a beautiful horseman and always goes straight.

Q the quandary we're in when we lie 'neath our horse in a ditch, ne'er a comrade is nigh.

R is the Rover; tho' many may smile, when we hunt him and kill him, we love him the while.

S is for Shrewsbury, young at the sport. But he really means business. He's quite the right sort.

T is for Tom Smith, when riding his roan, he's a rum un' to follow, we'll all of us own.

U for the 'Unters, as H-less ones call them; for the H's I'm sorry; by Gad! how they maul them.

V is for Vernon; of foxes no dearth shall we find at headquarters while he is on earth.

W { for Waterpark, Master of Hounds. His field and his temper he keeps within bounds.
W { for Worthington also, who sees most runs through, and enjoys them the best when his pals see them too.

X is the excitement we all of us know, when it's Hoic! Holloa! Forrard! Away! Tally-ho!

Y are the young ones, without whom the chace would soon cease to exist, for we grow old apace.

Z are the zealous true lovers of sport. Let us drink to their health in a bumper of port.

1881.

In January a very successful fancy-dress ball was given by the Friary Cricket Club. Mr. Walter Boden, J.P., Captain Lucas, Captain Parry, and Mr. J. Marriott were the active workers in the affair. The following description appeared at the time: "The guests were received at the foot of the stairs by a Chinese mandarin of high degree, and two or three friars of olden time with their cowls well pulled over their faces. Sturdy beefeaters guarded the staircase and marshalled the company into the ball-room. . . When we arrived the ball-room was about half filled, and very brilliant and interesting was the scene, but most difficult was the task of recognizing friends, especially the

policeman, for whom, as he marched up the room, all made way, supposing he was on a matter of duty. This was perhaps the best disguise of the evening, as the Chief Constable * discovered when, ordering him to do some commission, he found he was his brother Chief Constable of the Borough ! † Great amusement was caused by the various costumes, one of the best being a Parsee, whom some of the gentlemen of the Yeomanry might have recognized. It was very funny to see the cardinal of historic name ‡ tuck up *vestment*, and valse with a peasant girl from Normandy. Equally remarkable was it to notice the calm way in which a lady consigned herself to the arms of Mephistopheles, who, by-the-by, had made himself uglier 'than he is painted.' The dresses were, on the whole, handsome, fresh, and admirably represented the characters they were intended to portray. It would be impossible to mention all, but we cannot resist alluding to the 'Incroyable' and 'l'Inconnu.' . . . The gipsies were numerous and effective; they would have been dangerous as fortune-tellers. It was a happy thought, prettily carried out, that a daughter should be 'pearl' and a mother 'mother of pearl.'"

* Captain Parry. † Colonel Delacombe.
‡ The Rev. W. Chandos-Pole.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SQUIRE—MISS CHANDOS-POLE—GREAT RUN FROM ROLLESTON TO BAGOT'S PARK—PLANTAGENET AGAIN—MR. TOM SMITH OF WORCESTER—KENNEL LORE—THE FIRST TIME BODEN'S THORNS WAS DRAWN—THE INGESTRE ACCIDENT—MR. DUDLEY FOX.

1881–1882.

Colonel Chandos-Pole, or the "Squire," as he is more often called, was educated at Eton, and was in the Volunteers when the King was married in 1863. He joined the Grenadiers in October, 1871, as ensign and lieutenant, retiring as lieutenant in 1878. In 1868 he joined the Derbyshire Yeomanry, and has now commanded them for the last three years, taking the keenest interest in the corps and all that concerns it. He succeeded his father in 1873, and became Master of the Meynell Hounds in 1881. The letter which was read at the meeting is so characteristic of him that it is worth repeating: "In the event of Captain Duncombe not taking the hounds, I shall be very glad to do so. As regards the subscriptions, give me as much as you can. Wish that I could afford to do without any subscription." Previous to this, like many other famous Masters, such as Squire Osbaldeston, Mr. Meynell Ingram, and others, he had served his apprenticeship as huntsman with a pack of harriers, which he kept at Radburne. One day, when out hunting with the Meynell, he got a very bad fall, went home, had out the harriers without knowing in the least what he was doing, and never came to himself till the hounds had just found,

when, naturally, he went home promptly. Luckily, by keeping quiet, he suffered no ill effects. Not so, however, later on, for he injured his eye while engaged in cutting down a tree, and eventually lost the sight of it. It was when this eye was injured that he compiled his portion of the Hound List which accompanies this Work, Mr. Clowes having done the previous part. The Hon. George Allsopp added to it. At the end of the Squire's first season as Master of the Meynell, the following letter was received by all subscribers :—

Longford, February 15th, 1882.

Dear Sir,

Finding there is a very general feeling in the hunting-field that, on the occasion of Mr. Chandos-Pole's marriage with Miss Beckett-Denison, some appropriate acknowledgment would be very popular with the members of the Hunt, as well as with others who enjoy the sport, I feel sure I am acting in accordance with their wishes in asking if you are willing to subscribe towards a fund in order to purchase a suitable wedding present in recognition of Mr. Pole's great success as M.F.H. during his first season, and also as a mark of the kindly feeling existing between him and all those who hunt with the Meynell Hounds. Subscriptions may either be paid to Crompton and Evans, Union Bank, Derby, to credit of "The Chandos-Pole Wedding Fund," or they can be remitted to me, addressed to care of Mr. J. Smith, St. James's Chambers, Derby; and it is suggested that the amount of each subscription should be limited to a pound.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
W. Coke.

P.S.—It is proposed that the subscription list shall close on the 23rd instant.

The upshot of this appeal was the presentation of a large silver bowl and two beautiful silver cups.

Great was the rejoicing at Radburne and all over the county, where the young bride won all hearts, while in the hunting-field her riding elicited universal admiration, and even Charles was fain to admit that she was well versed in the craft. Well might the farmers of the Meynell country paraphrase the verse of their *confrère* in Cheshire, and exclaim—

"I seed the Squire of Radburne too, a loikly lad to roid,
I seed a soight worth aw the rest, his farencly young broid."

In November, 1882, Miss Dorothy Violet Chandos-Pole was born, and the prospect of many happy years lay fair

before them. But, alas! the handwriting was on the wall; only a few months later the young mother caught a chill, typhoid supervened, and it was with a deep sense of personal loss and intense sadness that each one followed her to the quiet resting-place in Radburne churchyard. It may have been some comfort to the Squire to feel that he had the sympathy of the whole countryside, more particularly perhaps of the farmers, with whom he was immensely popular.

"There is not a farmer in the Forest but would go through fire and water for him," a cheery Staffordshire yeoman once said to the writer, while his own tenants would do as much or more. And well they might, for he knows all their troubles, and their well-being is his, while the rents, which are low, have never been raised for generations on the estate. A ride home with him after hunting is a partial explanation of their affection for him, for he knows every one and all about them too, and never forgets to ask after whatever is of the most interest to them at the moment. Besides this, he never forgets a face. Charles used often to say that one day the Squire and he were riding home together when the former suddenly stopped to speak to a man who was breaking stones by the roadside.

"Who was that, sir?" Charles asked.

"Don't you remember? That good fellow who helped us dig a fox last year in the Brakenhurst?"

"I should not have known him from Adam," Charles used to say, "but Mr. Pole knew him in a minute. Gave him something too."

This is only a trifling incident, but little straws show which way the wind blows.

Charles was also fond of telling us about the late Mr. Jaggard, of Hamstall Ridware, as good a specimen of a yeoman as ever lived. His cart, with him and his daughter in it, used to be a familiar sight ploughing through the deep rides of Pipe Wood or Rough Park long after infirmity prevented him from riding. However, he

had got his back up about something, and the foxes in his coverts were doomed. It was some bother about a poultry claim. There was to be a hunt with some harriers after an outlying deer and a breakfast in his house preparatory thereto, and Charles dropped a hint to the Master that he would do well to go. This he did, and Mr. Jaggard's temporary resentment was not proof against the Squire's winning manner, and foxes were found in their accustomed haunts as before. Very likely the proposed destroyer was glad enough of an excuse to remit the sentence, for he dearly loved a hound.

Wonderful sport they had in these years (which will appear in due course later on) with the Meynell hounds, but any one who has once carried the horn has a yearning to handle it again, which no mere following of any hounds can satisfy. And so it is not to be wondered at that the Squire brought a pack from Limerick, bought from Mr. Gubbins of Galtee More renown, to hunt those portions of the Meynell territory which wanted it. A very good pack they were too, full of drive, remarkably stout and hard runners, with good noses and a rare cry. It was a great loss to the country when he resigned the mastership of the Meynell and went with these hounds to the Cattistock country, where he enjoyed ten happy years, and brought five hundred brace of those wild, strong foxes to hand. In 1897 he was back again at Radburne, bringing his dog pack with him, having sold the bitches to Lord Digby.

With these dog hounds he hunted the rough country lying to the north of Duffield, and a little bit of the old North Staffordshire district west of the Dove, drawing Cotton Wood (of which Mr. Wade of Mickleover, a good sportsman and staunch fox-preserver, had the shooting, together with the other Crakemarsh coverts), Chipperlee, Nott Hill, and the vast woodlands to the north-west of Croxden Abbey. This was the best part of a country which, roughly speaking, was bounded on the east by the Derwent, on the south by the road from Duffield by

Turnditch to Ashbourne, thence by the Dove as far as Uttoxeter, and then approximately by the road from there to Cheadle. The Dove Valley harriers also occupied part of this district, and hunt it all, so far as is possible, now.

But it was very up-hill work. The first season resulted in nineteen blank days, but still he persevered as persistently as ever did the Rev. John Russell, who met with a similar experience in pursuit of the otter. And in the next season he fared better, but in the last he had no fewer than *nine* blank days running!

In 1898 the bells rang out joyously at Radburne, and a great welcome was given to him when he brought home his bride, Inez, youngest daughter of Colonel Arent of the 2nd Brandenburg Uhlans, No. 11. The Derbyshire yeomanry, who were met on the boundary line of the estate by the tenantry, escorted them home.

In 1900 he sold his hounds to Mr. John Hargreaves, master of the Blackmoor Vale, where they gave a good account of themselves, and showed excellent sport. Old Wedlock, who is almost white, and a wonder in her work, remained at Radburne, where this year she had a litter of twelve puppies. This calls to mind the story of a sporting little boy, who translated "*stant litore puppes*," "a grand litter of puppies!"

To his mere riding such a thorough sportsman as the Squire would not value a compliment, yet Charles always maintained stoutly that he was the best welter weight in England; pish-ing and pshaw-ing if any of the usual noted ones was mentioned as being nearly his equal, only allowing that one "was pretty good for ten minutes," or another "could go for a bit on one horse." At one time he used to ride at the Derby shows, in the jumping competitions, on some of his wonderful weight-carriers, and they always won—on their merits, too. In fact, in the writer's humble opinion, he and the late Squire Drake (father of the present Squire) were the two most finished horsemen he ever saw, and their style in crossing a country was very similar, while both appeared to have the art of

making a horse take off exactly where they wanted him to. When it is borne in mind that the Squire of Radburne has not walked under sixteen stone for the last twenty years, and now probably can add another two stone to the burden his horse has to carry, it is a wonderful performance of both man and horse that they should be able to go where the hounds go. Of course such hunters as he rode could not be picked up for nothing, nor without a very substantial consideration. It is an open secret that Thunder (the horse on which he was painted in the picture which faces this chapter, and which was presented to him by the Hunt when he gave up the Meynell hounds) cost five hundred pounds. But he refused seven hundred pounds for him, and well he might, for there was but one Thunder. He was a big, quality, bay horse, rode like a pony, could jump anything, could really race, and could go all day. It would probably be difficult for his owner to say what was the best run he ever saw, but he delights in talking about a day with his own hounds in Mr. Coryton's country on Dartmoor, while a smile invariably lights up his features as he tells you of a gallop with Sir Watkin Wynn's hounds from Aldersey to the Peckforton Hills.

It is not altogether surprising that his daughter, who appears in the presentation picture as a little girl, should tread in his footsteps, for the Poles are "hunting bred." But it is surprising and a pleasure to see her going over a country without the least fuss or flurry, but simply following hounds wherever they may go. She resembles Miss Mildred FitzHerbert (now Hon. Mrs. Moncreiff) in her way of riding to hounds more than any one who has been here before or since, and it is doubtful if even she knew more about hunting. Miss Chandos-Pole, like her father, is particularly fond of jumping timber, so much so, in fact, that, when she was quite a little girl, she and Mr. John Hargreaves (who is such an extraordinarily hard man to hounds) used to amuse themselves by reckoning up how many of the low, but strong, gates of the Cattistock

country they had jumped in a day. It is not every one who has had the curious experience which fell to her lot on the last day with her father's hounds. While the Squire was digging out his fox near the Common Nurseries at Radburne, her horse, Rattler, was being dug out of a dyke.

A propos of the Squire's horses, people still talk of one, which they call "Townshend's grey," as being something quite extraordinary.

The writer well remembers a wonderful jump of Thunder's in the seventies. Mr. Henry Boden should remember it too, for "the Squire" asked him to get out of his way in a road near Brailsford to allow him to have a go at some double post-and-rails. Mr. Boden remonstrated, but Thunder solved the problem by breaking the top rail of both flights, and by landing without a fall. The rails were new and strong. There was barely room to go in and out, but they were very wide to fly, especially with only the width of a narrow road for a run at them.

This very inadequate account cannot perhaps be brought to a close better than with a few lines which ended the tale of his last day with his own hounds.

"Sutton Gorse, alas! held no fox, and thus, long after six o'clock, the musical notes of the Squire's horn, blowing hounds out of covert, fell with a saddening cadence on the still evening air.

"'And the labourers at work, and the lord in his hall,
Have a smile and a jest when they hear of the sport.
In ale or in claret he's toasted by all,
For they never expect to see more of the sort.
Then, long may it be ere he's forced to retire,
For we breed very few like the galloping squire.'

"So sang the fox-hunting poet of another squire in a distant shire, but the spirited lines apply with equal force nearer home. Would that the wish, which concludes them, were still possible, instead of the retirement of an out-and-out sportsman of the old school being an accomplished fact."

This was a year brimful of varied interest. In the first place Mr. (now Colonel) Chandos-Pole was a new Master; and, secondly, sport was of the highest order.

The committee appointed March 18th, 1881, was as follows: Lord Bagot, Hon. E. Coke, T. W. Evans, Esq., Capt. Duncombe, Colonel T. J. Levett, W. Boden, Esq., Lord Waterpark, Lord Vernon, R. W. Chandos-Pole, Esq., M.F.H.

The subscription came to £3670 14*s.* 0*d.*, while the amount paid in compensation was £195 0*s.* 9*d.*

Cub-hunting season was good; ground soft, and scent in the open fair generally. They had one good run from the Henhurst to the Brakenhurst, and another from Birchwood Park to Orange Hays Wood. They killed fifteen brace of cubs.

There were some good days in November, but one day in particular, when a lot of Meltonians came, is worth noting, for the fact that they met at Willington, and did not find till they got to Pennywaste!

In Colonel Chandos-Pole's diary, from which the above has been culled, there occurs the following entry:—

"Found in covert in Rolleston Park, ran a ring up to Stretton, back through Rolleston Park, over Rolleston and Tutbury road, by Tutbury to Castle Hays, to Fauld, to Coton, to Draycott, by Houndhill, Marchington, into Forest Banks at Buttermilk Hill, and ran him by High Trees up to Bagot's Woods, where we stopped hounds and went home, as we had three fresh foxes in front of us. Nearly twelve-mile point—the first part very fast. A very fine line. One hour up to Houndhill."

This was on November 19th. Colonel Chandos-Pole will remember it well, for, in addition to its being such a capital gallop, he jumped either into or out of the road near Anslow, over a great high, white gate, on one of his wonderful weight-carriers. It was the sort of jump that one does not easily forget. There was an account of this run in the *County Gentleman*, but it hardly gives a good idea of its excellence. However, any printed account

at the time is usually better than one from memory, so here it is.

County Gentleman, November 26th, 1881:—

THE MEYNELL HOUNDS.

Sir,—On Saturday last a large field met these hounds at Anslow. Hounds looked exceedingly well, and fully illustrated how much attention and breeding have to do with the appearance and condition of a pack, while the Hunt servants were as well mounted as any other in England. Many ladies had driven to the meet, and I noticed in the field, in addition to the Master, Lord Harrington, Lord and Lady Parker, Sir John Hardy, Hon. G. Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Allsopp, Mr. George Allsopp (who, like his brother, was on a wonderfully good weight-carrier), Messrs. Walter Boden, Buxton, Bird (2), Crossman (2), Clay and Son, C. Cumming, D'Arcy Clarke, Fox, Ludlam, Meynell, Firman, Kempson, Levett, Phillips, Smith, Wood (2), Worthington, Walker, and a goodly gathering of farmers, staunch and true, amongst the number being Mr. Gretton—not Mr. Isonomy. Much regret was expressed that Lord Waterpark, the late Master, owing to illness, was not able to be out to see the admirable working of the hounds, of which he had taken so much care. It was whispered in the field that Mr. Geo. Allsopp had collected between five hundred and six hundred pounds towards the Lord Waterpark testimonial fund, and that a piece of plate will be purchased and presented to his lordship at a breakfast given by Lord Vernon, at Sudbury, on December 20th. The sum is a large one, and shows the popularity of the late Master, as well as the respect felt for him by the country. But to proceed to the chase. The order was given for Dove Cliff, but that place being drawn blank, as were also the Osiers, a move was made for Rolleston, where quickly all were on the move, for the joyous and cheery note of Charles Leedham proclaimed that Sir T. Mosley had provided a fox, which proved to be a rare stout fellow. He ran a large ring, at one time nearly to Burton, as if to visit Messrs. Allsopp's large establishment. After being headed several times, he at last set his neck and old mask straight, and took us to Castle Hayes, past Walker's farm, Chapel House, and on past Coton to Marchington, all the time running over grass and keeping the forest banks to the left. Near Marchington hounds got a little further behind their fox, owing to scent failing, but they persevered and carried the line into Bagot's Park, where they changed on to a fresh one. In fact, there was at least a brace of foxes on foot, as hounds were whipped off, after an excellent run of one hour and thirty minutes. As we moved off home every one seemed much delighted, but no doubt there were many who were so unfortunate as not to get well away, and lost sight of Leedham, who hunted his hounds so admirably. No Meltonians were out as on Tuesday, and only one man on a kicking horse.

Black Cap.

From this time on good runs are as thick as blackberries, but it is only possible to pull out the plums from the pudding, of which this is one :—

"November 22nd, Bradley. Found at Ednaston, ran

fast by Yeldersley Rough to Bradley Bottoms, to Hulland, and lost. Found at Snelston, and ran fast towards Cinder Hills, and back to river. Over river below Mayfield Mills, by Calwich, over the top of Weaver Hills, to ground at Wootton Lodge. Severe run. Twelve horses left at Uttoxeter. Bird's horse nearly died. I rode Satan home, and got home at eight o'clock."

But then, again, on the 24th (Etwall), we have—

"Found again in Rough immediately. Could not run much at first, but, luckily, hounds got a good start, and got settled down well, through Parson's Gorse, by Burrows, by Brailsford, by Ednaston village, by Shirley village, to Shirley Mill, where I think we changed to a fresh fox, and raced back by Hollington, through Culland, by Burrows, to Parson's Gorse, to Rough, and away again, a ring by Parson's Gorse, Langley Common, Pildock, to the gardens, and lost. Found again in the Rough, and ran fast to the Long Lane, where Charles stopped them. The best day I ever saw. Over a very fine line."

The next day, Friday, the Master was hunting with the Bramham Moor, so, presumably, he travelled to Yorkshire on Thursday night, and back again to Radburne the night after, or possibly the next (Saturday) morning, in time to hunt with the Meynell that day at Bretby, for he mentions that he had to wear the wet, dirty clothes which he had worn in Yorkshire the day before.

Day after day, all through the season, they had run after run—in fact, they hardly went out without having one.

On January 23rd they had a real old-fashioned hunt of three hours and ten minutes. The diary says—

"Found an old dog fox in Chartley Park, and caught him at Park pales; coursed him to death. Found in the Shaw, and ran to Gratwich Wood, Grindley Wood, Moss, across the Park, through Handleasow Wood, Gratwich Wood, Gratwich village, Shaw, Birchwood Park, Gratwich Wood, and back, leaving Birchwood to the left, up to Leigh Station, and, turning back, ran him, by Checkley, nearly to

Philips' Gorse, and killed him at Fole Hall. A grand hunt, and for the time we were running, and the country, fast. A good many beaten horses."

On the next day the hounds went to Darley Moor, and again had a capital day—these days, be it understood, being nothing but fair samples.

"Ran a fine line by Osmaston from Holly Wood up towards Bradley, and lost near Snelston. Found a second in Holly Wood, and lost near Cinder Hills. Found in Lime Kiln, and ran tremendously fast towards Cubley, by Marston Park, back to Snelston, and killed an old dog fox. Very fine, fast run. Never saw hounds go so fast for forty-five minutes. Whole run, one hour."

Of this day after the ball (on February 2nd), "Plantagenet," in the *Field*, tells us, and discourses pleasantly of the Meynell country in general. He made his start from Burton, which did not strike him favourably, and arrived in due course at Radburne, where a huge field had assembled. Amongst others, there were present: "Squire" Chandos-Pole, M.F.H., Mr. John Chandos-Pole, Miss Chandos-Pole, Miss Beckett-Denison, the Hon. Mrs. Colvile, Miss Bagot, the Misses Leigh of Amington, Lord and Lady Parker, the Duke of Portland, Lord Harrington (Master-elect of the South Notts.), Lord Berkeley Paget, the Hon. E. Coke, Sir John Hardy, the Hon. E. Pierrepoint, and others from the Quorn; Mr. and Mrs. Firman, Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Clarke, Colonels Buller and Milligan, the Revs. R. FitzHerbert and A. Colvile, Mr. Arthur Holme Sumner (Master of the Cotswold), Messrs. Buller, Godfrey Meynell, J. Bird, Hamar Bass, Allsopp (2), J. B. Wood, H. Broadley Smith, R. Gladwyn, P. Cooper (ex-Master of the South Notts.), Roden, F. Rendall, West, R. Sale, Walker, Hodgson, Kempson, Cumming (2), Jervis-Smith, A. Eddie, John Smith, Pountain, A. Crossman, Waite, and Hall.

The Master drew several small places to get the crowd away from the Rough before drawing it. Charles took his time over it when he did get there, and, having apparently tried every inch of it, reluctantly took the hounds away.

No sooner were they out of sight than the fox slipped quietly out and stole off.

It is odd, in the annals of the Meynell, how often this has happened. In the time of the present Squire's grandfather, old Tom drew this very covert blank, and its owner insisted on its being tried again—much to the huntsman's disgust—and there proved to be a brace of foxes there. Again, as one amongst many instances, the Mavesyn Ridware osiers were drawn blank by Charles, when the present Squire, then Master, saw a fox steal out and go back. On drawing it again, it was discovered that there were several foxes there.

To return to "Plantagenet," and the day which he described. To quote his own words: "Thus our best chance of a good run was lost, and the dulness of a slightly frosty morning had by this time given place to bright sunshine, that gave little promise of conditions favourable to hunting as the day advanced. Parson's Gorse proved to be blank also, but from a narrow plantation, close at hand, scarcely wider than a hedgerow, Walter whipped a good fox up, and, if he could have halloaed loud enough, hounds might have got away close to his brush. Hoarse from a severe cold, however, the Whip could hardly utter a scream, and half the field never knew what had happened until they saw a score of pursuers in wild career disappearing down the valley towards Dalbury. The pace was merry enough for a time, hounds settling down and racing over the grass with a will. Run hard as they might, however, they could not get away from the leading division, in which were the Master, Miss Beckett-Denison, Miss Leigh,* Lord Harrington (who rode with his arms in straps, as if broken collar-bones or dislocated shoulders were nothing to him), Mr. Pierrepoint, the huntsman, and Mr. Tom Smith of Worcester, who soon made up for a bad start, and got to the front, as he always does, whatever he may be riding. This day he was on a recent purchase of Lord Harrington's, and, with a clever

* Now Mrs. Fort.

hunter under him, the fence must be big indeed that can baulk one of whom some ardent admirers say that he is 'the best man in England.' Jumping a stiff bit of timber into boggy ground, he nearly got stopped, and at least one, who followed there, found himself floundering up to his horse's girth, then up to his own boot-tops, in mire. Meanwhile hounds, having swung left, across a ridge, and swept down the next hill, had got into the osier-beds below Radburne. With a merry burst of music, they took up the line, through that, out at the far end, and on at speed to the middle of Mr. Chandos-Pole's Park. There, on ground foiled by hundreds of feet, they came to a long check. Leedham made a wide cast forward without avail, and, coming back to complete it, hit on the line, when our hunted one, turning short round, had retraced his steps towards the Rough. Through the covert they hunted it again, began to run a little harder on the hill beyond, checked once more on some freshly ploughed land, and could make nothing more of it, though they persevered in a way worthy of all praise to the last—these Meynell dog-hounds proving that they are as good in work as they are in looks, and that is saying a great deal.

"Drawing Sutton Gorse blank, they then went on towards Foston, while the loss of a shoe necessitated my return to Etwall. Here a tenant of the soil was good enough to enlighten me as to the reason for a recent scarcity of foxes in his neighbourhood. 'If thoi ride over ten or twelve pounds' worth of ship in wawn weäak, and doänt paiy no recompense, thoi can't expect to foind fawxes.'"

The remainder of the day was not of much interest.

On the Saturday they met at Bretby Mill, and had a rare good gallop at a great pace from Repton Shrubs, past Foremark, through Robin Wood to Stanton village, six miles as the crow flies, and the bitches ran clean away from every one except Mr. Frank Rendall, Lord Harrington, Mr. Henry Boden, Charles, and Lord Ferrers' first whipper-in. Lots of people never saw hounds again that day.

"Plantagenet" then goes on to talk about the hounds, saying, "No hound in past years did more good to the kennel than the Duke of Beaufort's Foreman, who got Facer, Flasher, Freeman, Fairy, and Fancy from Red Rose, daughter of Mr. Lumley's Render and Amulet, who was of Brocklesby Pirate blood through the famous Stormer. The Badminton badger-pye tells of this descent to this day, and none are better. The oldest hound in the present pack is Stella, who came with Leedham from Hoar Cross to Sudbury, and is the only one left of that generation. Now, in her ninth season, she works hard still, and does honour to the blood of Brocklesby Flasher, which she inherits through Ferdinand, Fairmaid, and her sire Miracle. The veteran among stud hounds is Charon by Draco out of Constance; Draco by Fairplay, son of Alfred, who was by Alaric, the best of that Falstaff and Agnes litter entered in 1852. . . .

"Charon is a hound of rare stamp, and his constitution is proclaimed by the way in which he shows work still. The six-year-old Conqueror, by Milton Sonnet out of Caroline, is a lengthy hound of more style than Charon, but not quite so powerful all over, perhaps. Guardian, by Guider out of Notable, is another of the old blood, with rare legs and feet, compact, and showing much quality. Marmaduke, of the same age, has great depth of ribs, though a little flat on the side, and a beautiful forehand. He can hunt a fox anywhere, and is great on a road, where the shrill notes of him and his sire, the celebrated Baronet, would often be heard alternately when all other tongues were silent. He is from Matchless, daughter of the Alfred already named, and thus distantly related to Charon. Baronet, who was so much used elsewhere, was by Bachelor, and Bachelor was by Druid, son of the Belvoir Druid. Watchman, by Melton Ransack, is a nice little dog of Fitzwilliam character all over. Benjamin, by Belvoir Whynot (five years old), is a trifle throaty, but does not lack quality for all his power and substance. Congress, by Contest out of Mischief; Granby, by Belvoir Gallant, a hound with rare

neck, shoulders, legs, and feet; Norval, by Sir Watkin's Random out of Notable, a short-legged dog of great power; Remus and Romulus, by Grove Reginald, are all good ones of the same year. Advocate, now in his fourth season, by Quorn Alfred out of Legacy, old Morgan used to say, was better than his sire. He is certainly a very handsome one, full of quality, with beautiful neck and shoulders, plenty of bone, and great length. The three-year-olds Boaster and Byron, by Baronet out of Willing, are very grand ones, and their excellence in work is attested by the fact that not one of this litter (two and a half couples in all) entered in 1879 has yet been drafted. Among younger ones that are likely to do much good hereafter are the two-year-old Convict, by Linkboy out of Claribel; Gallant, by Granby out of Liberty; Almoner, now in his first season, a big, light-coloured hound by Artist of Badminton Foreman and Fairplay descent out of Laudable, who was Lord Waterpark's great favourite; Florian, by Mr. Rolleston's Stormer out of Folly; Harper, by Belvoir Rockwood out of Mr. Rolleston's Honesty; Landlord and Latimer, by Granby out of Lawless. Almoner is the most deceptive dog imaginable. His deep ribs and great bone take off from his apparent height, so that he does not look above the average standard, though he exceeds it by nearly half an inch. Harper is the only draft. When with the South Notts. he would never leave Shepherd's horse; to give him a last chance, he was sent to Leedham, and entered the first day he was taken out."

On Monday, February 6th, they had an excellent day from Blithbury. Finding in Pipe Wood, they went away at a great pace towards Blythford and Cawarden Spring, catching their fox by Colton House, after a capital thirty-five minutes. There was no time for peering about for the best place. If a man meant to be with them he had to take whatever came in his way. Without losing any time, Charles threw his hounds into Laurence's Wood, and away they went as hard as they could go by Blythford, across Bromley Hurst and Sunnyside Farm, on to Hoar Cross,

losing their fox in the Brakenhurst after a fifty-five minutes, which settled most of the horses ; in fact, Charles's horse, and one belonging to Dr. Lionel Smith, of Uttoxeter, actually died from the effects of their exertions.

Tuesday, at Bradley, was quite as good, for they found their first fox at Bradley Wood, and ran very fast to Ravensdale Park, where they lost him after a good forty-five minutes. But a better run still was in store for them, for, finding at Shirley Park, they killed their fox between Kirk Ireton and Wirksworth, after a brilliant run of one hour and forty-five minutes, and had eighteen miles back to kennels on the top of it.

This does not quite tally with the dates in the Master's diary for 1881–1882, so it is probable there is a mistake in the year in my correspondent's account, which sometimes happens.

Blithbury and Bradley seemed to be a happy combination, for on February 27th they met at the former place, and finding at Black Flats, they ran by fits and starts for two hours and a half. As they ran over the Warren at Blithfield, two hounds were close at his brush, but he managed to give them the slip, and was lost close to Forge Coppice.

The next day at Bradley was better still, for, finding in Bradley bottoms, they ran very fast through Yeldersley Rough, nearly to Shirley Park, turned to the right through Bradley Wood, up Atlow to Tissington, by Bradbourne, up to Brassington Rocks. It was forty-five minutes up to the first check, and about two hours altogether. It was a very fine run indeed, and was much talked about at the time.

1882.

Saturday, March 4th, at East Lodge, Needwood Forest, brought to a conclusion as good a week's sport as has been seen by these hounds in this season, which will ever be remembered as one of the best (if not *the* best) on record. A large field assembled at Mr. Albert Worthington's breakfast, including Lord Berkeley Paget, Sir John and Lady Hardy, Hon. G. Vernon, the Hon. Mrs. Colvile, Mr. Bass, M.P., and Mrs. Bass, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. H. Bass, and, as representing the third generation, Miss Nellie and Master W. Bass, Miss A. Thornewill, Miss Mosley, Miss Leigh, Mrs. Bird, Colonels Buller and Milligan,

Mrs. Ratcliff, Messrs. Bird, Buxton, A. H. Colvile, Broadley Smith, Eddie, C. Cumming, Fox, G. H. Allsopp, Bateman, J. B. Wood, R. and L. Hardy, Crossman, Ludlam, H. Levett, Bladon, etc.

Good sport as has been generally shown with these hounds, the Saturdays on the Forest have been spoilt by fog, frost, rain, and all the elements combined. But on this particular Saturday, Nature smiled on the lawn meet, and we had a thoroughly enjoyable day's sport. Charles, for some reason, only drew the New Inn and the Duchy Coverts at Needwood, both of which were blank; but in the coverts by the ponds in Byrkley Park, a cheery halloa told us that Mr. Ratcliff had once more a fox for us, and he took us smartly to the left, through Yoxall Park, and through the Foxholes Covert. Leaving Slade's Coppy to the left, he bore for the New Church, smartly to the right, into the park again, where we checked. A brace of foxes being on foot, the body carried the line by Byrkley Lodge, two hounds, Satin and Nihilist, bearing to the left with the fresh fox. We then shaped our course for Rangemore; but ere we reached this a bend to the left takes us through Holly Bank Covert, and here the pace mends, and the bitches carry the line at a good pace across the Burton road, in front of East Lodge, and, at this point, none are going better than the huntsman, Lord Berkeley Paget, Messrs. Broadley Smith, E. J. Bird, Cumming, M. A. and H. Bass, and half a dozen others. Well across the road by Anslow church we go at a good pace, and here he probably meant the Needwood Covert, but, being headed, or changing his mind, he carries us on by Castle Hayes. Once more he changes, and turning short to the right, he runs us clean out of scent in the happy hunting pastures underlying the venerable ruins of Tutbury Castle, famed as the hunting resort of many of our English kings. Time was over fifty minutes, the extreme point was six miles, and two or three more as hounds ran. Nothing was wanted but blood, and we could well afford to spare this, as thirty-five brace of foxes have cried "capevi," as Mr. Jorrocks has it, and over thirty brace of those have been killed after good runs.

The Master was not with us, but we shall hope to see him back again ere the season closes, and congratulate him on all the cheery events which have occurred during the memorable season of 1881–1882.

The Hon. Mrs. Colvile had a most nasty-looking accident, which, however, happily resulted in no serious injury to this popular lady in the Meynell hunting-field.

NEEDWOOD.

March 7th was the Master's wedding-day, but he was back again at Radburne on the 13th, when he had a most enthusiastic welcome home. On the 15th he was out hunting at Sutton Mill, and this was an eventful day in more senses than one. It was the first time Boden's Thorns was ever drawn—only six weeks after its completion, and they found. It was a vixen, and got to ground. To wind up the day they found a brace of foxes in a tree in Sudbury Park, and ran one—a big dog fox—to ground near Church Broughton. He was bolted, and hounds ran very fast back towards Sudbury. At the very first fence—a big

drain—the "Squire" got a fall and put his shoulder out. It was soon put in again by Drs. Palmer and Livesay, and the fox was killed close to Mr. Statham's house at Oak's Green.

All hounds were having wonderful sport this season, and the North Stafford had a run on the 29th of March, which was so good that it seems to be worth mentioning on its own account, and also because it was the day before the Ingestre railway accident. Mr. Power, who is no bad judge, thinks it was the best run he ever saw, and it was severe enough to cause the death of Charles's mare. Fortunately "Red Coat" has left us an account which appeared in some paper at the time, though the present writer does not know the name of it.

"Meet, Bird-in-the-Hand. Time, twelve. *Dramatis personæ*, the noble and popular Master, the Marquis of Stafford, the Earl of Harrington, Lord Berkeley Paget, R. W. Chandos-Pole, Esq., Master of the Meynell, and his bride; Col. Buller, Major Buller, Capt. Duncombe, Messrs. Walker, Boote, Bowers, Blagg, Fox, Hall, Power, Peake, Smith, Wood, C. Leedham, huntsman of the Meynell, etc. We found a straight-necked old dog fox at three o'clock, in Brindley's covert, and raced away through Fradswell Heath, Birchwood Park, round by Chartley Castle, through Chartley Park, over the Stafford and Uttoxeter railway, by Anglesea Coppice, and over a nice country to Blithfield Hall, where Reynard ran close to the doors of Lord Bagot's mansion, and still on through the shrubberies and Park for the open country beyond. Blithbury was the next point gained, a good twelve-mile point from the find, in an hour and twenty minutes, and as nearly straight as possible. Here there was a check, which enabled some of the lucky ones to get their second horses; but after a brief respite the gallant pack hit it off again, and eventually, I hear, they pulled him down somewhere (as near as I can gather) between King's Bromley and Lichfield, after one of the grandest and straightest runs ever witnessed. No one went better than the two gallant Masters, and Mrs.

Chandos-Pole, who also went capitally, may be congratulated on so auspicious an introduction to the neighbouring pack. Not being in at the finish myself, I will not venture to distribute the honours nor to mention other names." "Red Coat" had a dinner engagement, and was nineteen miles from home, so he left off at Blithbury. Hounds had to travel twenty-three miles before they got back to kennel. Dickens, huntsman of the North Staffordshire hounds, wanted to train, but it was decided to go by road.

On the next day the Meynell hounds went by rail to Ingestre by special train, and just as it reached Chartley station, the third horse-box from the engine left the rails, dragging the succeeding ones with it; these ran into the down platform, smashing it all to pieces; in fact, there was a fearful crashing and smashing. Some of the horse-boxes, including the hounds' van, came into collision with the goods shed, and were upset. What with the howling of the hounds, and the snorting, plunging, and kicking of the horses, the scene was a regular Pandemonium. Poor Paddy, Charles's horse, was the only one killed outright; a bar ran in under his jaw and came out over his eye. As Charles stood looking ruefully at him, he said, "If I had been riding him yesterday, I should have had a good ride and he would be safe at home now. As it is, the one I rode yesterday is probably dead by now, and he's dead too!" Several horses, including one of Lord Harrington's, were more or less injured, and one hound, Dainty, was killed. Harris, one of the Hunt second horsemen, was the only person hurt. He was travelling in the horse-box which first left the rails, the front part of which was smashed all to pieces, and how he escaped being killed was a miracle. Mr. Dudley Fox, and Mr. Keates had a narrow escape. They were sitting in the first-class carriage next the horse-box, the front of which was completely knocked to pieces. Mr. Keates had had his back to it, but luckily reversed his position before the accident.

There were in the train Mr. Chandos-Pole (the Master),

Lord Harrington, Messrs. G. Meynell, R. Bott, and Miss Bott, W. and H. Boden, G. and A. West, D. Fox, T. S. Keates, A. A. Flint, and Miss Flint, Jack Bond, and others, about twenty in all.

Of course there was no hunting that day, and those who had come to the meet at Shugborough had to go home again.

Mr. Fox, who is mentioned here, has been quite one of the leading men with the Meynell for some years. He likes a horse that he knows, and when mounted on one of that kind, like Mrs. Gibbs, he is undefeatable. She was a queer-tempered one, inclined to have a will of her own, but one of the best that ever crossed the Meynell country. But though he does not often really sit down to ride to hounds in the front rank on a horse he knows nothing about, as his neighbour, Mr. Power, does, yet there is no better schoolmaster on a green one, or finer horseman. There is no line which he seems to enjoy riding better than that from Snelston to Cubley. The first year that Mr. Barnsley, who lives at Field House, Marchington, was here, he got away from the Holly Wood, Snelston, just behind Mr. Fox, and these two were nearest the hounds, but the former complained that, do what he would, he could never catch his leader. "Ah, he takes a bit of catching," was the listener's comment, when he had finished his tale; and the remark was a true one.

Mr. Redfern, in his "Antiquities of Uttoxeter," gives the following interesting story about Mr. Fox's father: "About this period there was a matter before the inhabitants of Uttoxeter in which they were deeply interested. Reference is made to the circumstances attending the birth of William John Fox, Esq., which, with his majority and marriage, have an historical importance in the estimation of the local chronicler. These circumstances were attendant upon a course of litigation which was instituted about 1835, and continued through several years, having issue to the question, who was the legal inheritor of considerable landed estates, and other property

which had belonged to Mr. Fox, an old and exceedingly wealthy inhabitant of Uttoxeter, then recently deceased. Amongst the legal proceedings arising out of this question, was the consignment of Mrs. Fox, who had been married to the deceased gentleman a very short time before his death, to the care of a jury of matrons of Uttoxeter, until the birth of a posthumous child of which she declared herself pregnant, and who, it was contended on her behalf, would be the heir or heiress of Mr. Fox's estates. The novelty of this proceeding, taken by direction of the court, excited considerable interest at the time, and has since been referred to in several works on Medical Jurisprudence. In due time the child (Mr. W. J. Fox) was born, and when, after protracted litigation, involving trials at *Nisi prius* at Stafford, Chester, and Gloucester Court of Appeal, the case was given in his favour, the joy of the people of Uttoxeter, who all along had been faithful to the cause of the widow and to the fatherless, knew no bounds."

CHAPTER VII.

MR. F. COTTON—HIS WALK TO PERTHSHIRE—HIS MATCH WITH THE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY—MERRYMAN—GREAT BRAILSFORD RUN—MAJOR F. W. PEACOCK—END OF THE SEASON 1882–1883.

THE MEYNELL HUNT.

Words and Music by Frederick Cotton.

I.

Friends, your patience I crave while I tip you a stave,
And whisper a word in your ear;
For I sing of the sound of the horn and the hound,
Which the saddest of hearts needs must cheer;
For I sing of the hounds of the Meynell; the world cannot boast such a kennel;
And a man must ride straight, if he'd not be too late
To see Reynard roll'd o'er by the Meynell.

Chorus—Then hurrah for the hounds of the Meynell;
The world cannot boast such a kennel;
And a man must ride straight, if he'd not be too late
To see Reynard roll'd o'er by the Meynell.

II.

These good hounds in the chase to the best won't give place,
For of good ones they're surely the pick;
When the scent is breast high, swift as pigeons they fly,
When 'tis cold to the line close they stick;
For they can both find, hunt, and kill, and the man who denies it knows nil.
If your mount is a hack, pray don't hunt with this pack,
Or get down you assuredly will.

Repeat Chorus.

III.

'Tis the first of November, the opening day,
At Sudbury Coppice they've met;
There's a scent in the cover, the knowing ones say,
There's a fox for a fiver, I'll bet;
For it's Tallyho! forrard away! his line is for Potter's, I'll lay;
If you're game for a lark, there are pales in the park
Take a good lot of jumping, they say.

Repeat Chorus.

IV.

O'er the pastures beyond they are racing like mad,
As though they were tied to his brush;
Though the fences are blind, the real good uns don't mind,
For a cropper they care not a rush.
'Twixt the best friends 'tis war to the knife, each vows he'll be first in the strife,
And the man that is in it, will swear that each minute
Was worth all the rest of his life.

Repeat Chorus.

V.

Now the good uns sit down, for I'll wager a crown
There'll be some wet jackets ere long;
From the brook they don't shrink, though it's up to the brink,
And the current runs deucedly strong.
Shake him up, catch him fast by the head, for it never shall truly be said,
That a Derbyshire man, when he's leading the van,
Of the biggest place ere had a dread.

Repeat Chorus.

VI.

Yonder's Potter's so snug, where we're sure of a jug
Of good beer and good bread and good cheese.
Throw the reins on his neck, for you've time, while we check,
To enjoy these good things at your ease.
But it's Tallyho! forrard away! a labourer's viewed him, they say.
Ere you reach Hilton Gorse, you'll know whether your horse
Can not only gallop, but stay.

Repeat Chorus.

VII.

"Moy oyes! e's a winder," the labourer said,
"And 'e's gone past 'ere ten minutes quoite;
'Is tag it were whoite and 'is coot it were red;
Yo'll non ketch Bowd Reynolds to-noight.

Moy oyes! bur yo' canna joomp theere, it's seven foot 'oigh very near;
There's a ditch at t'fur soide most tremenjously woide.
A's joomped it, boy goy, joomped it clear!"

Repeat Chorus.

VIII.

Now the front rank grows small, for full many's the fall
That their numbers has thinned since the find.
Some have bellows to mend, many pray for the end,
For they're getting most sadly behind.
But the customers sit down, and ride determined, whate'er may betide,
To be able to say of that glorious day,
I was there when that gallant fox died.

Repeat Chorus.

IX.

See, yonder he goes, you can see by the crows
That are circling and wheeling above him.
Though the moment is nigh when this good fox must die,
Though we all want to kill him, we love him.
See the fox and the hounds in one field, but he'll fight to the death ere he yield.
Ah! hark to that yell, 'tis poor Reynard's death knell;
The fate of the rover is sealed.

Repeat Chorus.

1882–1883.

One day, in August of this year, the following notice appeared in public print:—

"*For a piece of plucky endurance* (refreshing in these days of 'track-walking' for gate-money) commend us to Mr. Fred Cotton, the well-known Master of the Dove Valley Harriers, and author of the popular hunting song, 'The Meynell Hunt,' who—as we are informed in a letter from Scotland, which arrived on the eve of publication—started off from Ashbourne last week to walk as far as Auchlyne House, in Perthshire, Mr. Albert Worthington's shooting-box, in seven days, and has performed the distance (only three hundred and forty miles!)

with four hours in hand." He had, therefore, averaged over forty-eight miles a day for seven consecutive days—no mean feat. The original document setting forth the terms of the wager, still in the possession of Mr. A. O. Worthington, seems worth reproducing here.

"East Lodge, Needwood, Burton-on-Trent. I have this day, July the 19th, 1881, accepted a bet of fifty pounds to one shilling from Albert Worthington. I have accepted a similar bet from Charles Wadham, to the effect that I do not travel on foot from Burton, Tamworth, Ashbourne, Tutbury, or Derby, to Auchlyne, in Perthshire, in one week. The bet to be decided on or before the 31st of December, 1881.

"(Signed) Frederick Cotton.
Albert O. Worthington.
Charles Wadham.

"Witness and stakeholder, S. E. Worthington (Mrs. A. O. Worthington)."

When Mr. Cotton arrived at his journey's end, he had a couple of hours' sleep, and was then so little tired that he talked of going out grouse-shooting the next day.

He was the eldest son of the Rev. Henry Cotton of Dalbury. There was hardly anything this versatile man could not do. He could walk, dance, run, jump, box, shoot, or ride with any one, besides being able to sing a good song or act better than most amateurs. He also had no little literary ability, and is well known as the author of the most popular hunting song of the day. He began life in Her Majesty's 100th Regiment of the line, and was quartered, after serving in Canada, in Manchester. He, however, very soon married the eldest daughter of the late Charles Legh, Esq., of Adlington, near Macclesfield, and, retiring from the service, took the harriers given up by Mr. Hyde Smith, and lived at the Mill House, Rocester. For some years he hunted

with the harriers and the Meynell, and rode at most of the local race meetings with a fair amount of success.

When Mr. Crowder gave up the harriers which he had had at Ashbourne, Mr. Okeover built kennels at Mayfield, and Mr. Cotton, with Mr. Crowder's hounds, which the latter gave to the country, showed excellent sport, carrying the horn himself, and with Thirlby as whipper-in and kennel-huntsman. Towards the end of his time the latter's riding was of the very cautious order, and he would ride up and down a fence looking for a place easy enough for him. Mrs. Cotton used to call out—

"What is the matter, Thirlby?"

"Well, ma'am, I was thinking of my family," was the usual answer, to which she would reply—

"Well, they're not in that ditch, so it's no use looking for them. Go on!"

When Mr. Cotton was at Mayfield he brought a string of horses from Virginia. He put up a small schooling fence to jump them over, and a friend bet him half a crown that he would not get a fall with any of these horses. One of them went through it without attempting to rise. Whereupon he rode the horse at some strong palings, which the animal went crash through, rolled on to his rider, trapping his leg and putting out his thumb. "I've won your half-crown, old chap!" he called out cheerfully, as he lay on the ground, with the horse on his leg. Times being rather bad with him about this period, the bailiffs paid him frequent visits, but he utilized them in various ways. One he turned into a second horseman *pro tem.*, another into a whipper-in, while a third officiated as kennelman, the regular one being *hors de combat.*

Mr. Cotton was Master of the West Meath for six months, and while there, a farmer shut a high farmyard gate in his face, defying him to pass, and guarding the way with a pitchfork. The Master solved the problem by riding his black mare at the lot, and clearing gate, man, pitchfork and all. "Squire" Chandos-Pole, under similar

Colonel Levett.
From a photograph
by
W. W. Winter.

circumstances, jumped off his horse, knocked the man down, rubbed his face in the muck, and gave him half a crown to salve his injured feelings. The man swore the Squire was a trump, and might ride wherever he had a mind to.

Another of Mr. Cotton's feats was to jump every fence in the Grand National course on foot, but he left out the water-jump, as he had not got a change of clothes and did not want to get wet. People used to be fond of telling you of how he thrashed the noted bully of Bakewell at an agricultural show, but space does not admit of the fight being described here.

There is rather an amusing story, too, of how he was walking over the Ayr steeplechase course, just before the meeting, with Lord Eglinton and Captain Neil. As they got to the brook, which was a natural watercourse, with banks four or five feet above the water, they saw some one go at it with nothing on but his underclothes. In he went, splash! up to his neck.

"Who's that?" Mr. Cotton asked naturally.

"No one but Queensberry would be mad enough to jump that," was the answer.

"Is it so very big?" the first speaker asked; "because, if it isn't, I can jump it."

By this time Lord Queensberry had had another try and got another ducking. In the end Mr. Cotton proved as good as his word, clearing it with a foot to spare. This led to a match on foot over the four and a half miles of the Bogside steeplechase course. A great deal of money —over a thousand pounds—depended on the result. Lord Queensberry's backers let off the water where the brook was dammed up, and he just bobbed in and out. His antagonist got over somehow, and they came into the straight neck and neck. It looked as if it must end in a dead heat, and some one held out a carriage-whip to act as a tape. Six yards from it Lord Queensberry fell, absolutely dead beat. Mr. Cotton did the same a yard or

two farther on, but just managed to roll to the winning-post, when he fainted.

When he gave up the West Meath Hounds after his six months' mastership, he went to New Zealand, and hunted the Christ Church Hounds, raised a corps of Yeomanry, and walked another long distance for a wager, which he won, and all manner of other things.

Then he was off home again, went to New Guinea after birds, orchids, what not, and had adventures worthy of the pen of a Rider Haggard. But it is impossible to go any further into detail.

On October 12th, 1882, a fire broke out at Ingestre, and the Hall was completely destroyed by fire. Most of the artistic furniture was saved, but some of the family portraits, a few of them by Sir Joshua Reynolds, being let into the walls, were burned. The house was rebuilt and re-opened, with great festivities, in 1886.

The subscription was £4035 4*s.* 6*d.*; compensations were £354 1*s.*

The new names in the subscription list were—J. A. Clegg, Hollyhurst, Burton-on-Trent; J. W. Cooke, Loxley Hall, Uttoxeter; F. Cooper, Bulwell Hall, Notts.; Major Fawkes, Oak Cottage, Sudbury; J. Holden, Nuttall Temple, Notts.; T. Hyde, The Kirkstyles, Duffield; C. E. Lyon, Smallwood, Uttoxeter; A. Peat and Brothers; J. J. Porteous, The Hall, Uttoxeter; W. Richardson, Corn Market, Derby; Peveril Turnbull, Wyaston Grove, Ashbourne; A. Walkden, Wardwick Brewery, Derby; H. Wansborough, Little Eaton, Derby.

Rev. A. H. Colvile, Sutton-on-the-hill, left.

A. W. Lyon, Doveridge, and Major Pountain died.

Cub-hunting this year was only moderate, and they began the regular season at Sudbury village on October 30th, which was a pouring wet day. Every one went home wet through after a fair day's sport.

It rained nearly every day in November, but sport was good. On the 7th they ran from the slang below Mr. Tomlinson's house, very fast, by Hulland, Jarratt's

Gorse, Bradley Bottoms, to Ednaston, and killed after a capital half-hour. They found a second fox in the new covert by Shirley Park, and ran fast by Yeldersley Rough to Bradley Bottoms, back, by Hole-in-the-wall, to Bradley Wood, and lost him at Kniveton. Then they found several foxes in Shirley Park and ran one fast to Ednaston, when darkness compelled them to stop the hounds.

On November 11th they met at Wichnor, and killed two three-legged foxes, one in a field near Hollybank, which they ran by Lyon's Covert to White Wood. The other they found and killed in Scotch Hills.

The very last entry in the "Squire's" hunting diary, which is interesting on that account, if for no other, is November 23rd: "Found in Breward's Car, lost at Mugginton. Found in Ravensdale Park, and ran very fast to Breward's Car, to Farnah. Here hounds divided. I went with one lot, and hunted our beaten fox by Hazelhatch, nearly to Shottle, and lost at the Lilies. Up to Farnah they raced."

The entry this year is remarkable for a name which ought to be a household word with the Meynell, Merryman to wit, who goes back to the old Hoar Cross blood, and left his mark in the kennel in younger generations. Sport was quite as good as in the preceding season, and there were some remarkably good runs, such as the following, which is quite as fine as any one could wish for. The account appeared in some paper, but as the writer only possesses the bare cutting, he is unable to state its name.

"December 3rd, 1882. On Saturday last, they met at Walton village at eleven o'clock. A very large field put in an appearance,a great many who came from a distance no doubt being attracted by the splendid weather with which we were favoured, it being more like a splendid day early in September than within three weeks of Christmas. Several ladies graced the meet by their presence, amongst whom I noticed Lady Parker, Miss Bagot, Miss Thornewell, the Misses Wade, and Mrs. Ludlam. We had a long trot of six or seven miles from Walton to Lullington

Gorse, before hounds were thrown into cover. No sooner were they put in on the lower side of this beautiful gorse, so well looked after by Colonel Colvile, than a fox went away at the top end, bearing left-handed across the Park over the road, and close to the keeper's house, taking a pretty line of country in the direction of Coton-in-the-Elms. When within a few fields of the village he was headed, and turned short to the right, and set his head straight for Grange Wood. When within four fields of that large cover, he was either headed or altered his mind, and again made a short turn to the right, when it looked as if he meant going back to his old quarters at Lullington; but, bearing slightly to the left, he went close past Netherseal village and across the river Mease. Here two ardent sportsmen were floundering in the little river, but got out again all right, none the worse for their ducking. Up to this point the field had kept pretty well together, considering the heavy state of the ground; but they now showed a long tail, as hounds raced up the meadows, and across a piece of heavy ploughing. Still 'forrard' they go, on to Stretton, the residence of Sir Mills Cave, and over a good line of country to that famous Atherstone covert, Birdshill Gorse, where a slight check occurred, however. Our fox had crossed the Ashby and Tamworth road, and Leedham, lifting his hounds across, set us going again on past the white house, over some heavy meadows. Our fox, turning to the right, went to ground in Appleby Gorse, after standing before hounds for at least one hour and forty minutes over a stiff and heavy country. Nearly the whole of this good run was in the Atherstone country. So Reynard was left in peace. I hope this good fox may come in our way again, and may I be there to hear the who-hoop.

"Up to this time hounds had been showing the very best of sport, during November especially, as good, in fact, as any that had been seen since that month in 1872. They have had nothing but good days, of which the pick have been, a fine run from Culland to Radburne, with a kill in

front of the Hall; one from Snelston, by Mayfield and Calwich, across the river, and over the Weaver Hills to Wootton Park. Then there was a good day in the Forest on December 5th, when they had two good runs, and killed both their foxes. On December 6th they ran fast from Eaton Wood to the left of Marston-Montgomery, by Norbury, across the Dove, by Doveleys, nearly up to the River Churnet, and lost at Alton Towers. Forty minutes from the find to the first check."

From this it is evident what good sport they were having, but there was better still to come with the new year. Fortunately one account of the wonderfully good run of two hours and a half on January 25th appeared in the *Field* at the time.

The writer mentions the fact of there being many hard riders, but laments the want of a willing scribe. But this run was so excellent that he takes upon himself the duty of describing it. "Wednesday night was a rough one—snow, rain, and wind competed for the supremacy until about five a.m., when Jack Frost laid a firm grip on the land. But the sun arose most brilliantly as we jogged to the meet at Brailsford Hall; though the pools at the road side were coated with ice, and the distant hills northward were white with snow, it was evident there was nothing to stop hunting. Punctually, at eleven, Charles trotted up with his hounds. And here I will venture to say that a finer pack does not exist. What is more, they are as good as they look—riot is unknown. When there is anything like a scent, and one of the wild foxes, with which the country is well stocked, is in front of them, only the hardest and best-mounted riders can keep near them. In fact, I have more than once heard other Masters, when visiting us, say, 'They are the fastest hounds in England.' But they are equally good and persevering on a cold scent, as was amply demonstrated earlier in the season, when they ran an afternoon fox two hours and twenty minutes from Bentley Car, through Longford and Ednaston to Kedleston,

and were whipped off at dark at Mercaston. Our Master, the Squire, has his field well under command when at the covert side, but perhaps some are just a trifle too eager when scent is catchy. When it is good the Squire is always close to his hounds. Nothing stops him, and there is no need to restrain any one, except from riding over wheat and seeds. But to return to Thursday. At eleven minutes past eleven the word was given, and Charles threw the hounds into a little circular spinny standing in the Park close to the Hall. In a moment Jim tallied him away; time, 11.13. This was not the first find we have had from the same little spot, many thanks to Mr. Cox, who, though he does not hunt, strictly preserves for us. Most of the field were ready. Pug's first point was for Wild Park, and it was soon evident scent was everything that could be desired. Several spills occurred in the first five minutes. Notably a grand black horse, a few minutes previously ridden by the noble M.F.H. of a neighbouring pack, was observed making the best of his way, with an empty saddle and no bridle, to his usual place—the front, but, fortunately for his owner, he was stopped, when and where I do not know, but I saw them up—the horse well baked before the end of the run. The pace for the first twenty-two minutes, towards Langley and bending round to the west towards Dalbury Lees, was very fast. Here there was a slight and welcome check of about a minute, enabling many, who were apparently out of it, to nick in. Charles soon had them right again, and away past Dalbury Lees, across the dreaded Trusley brook, where the width was nothing particular; in fact, this brook is nowhere very wide until it flows through Etwall—but how many have had reason to remember its rotten banks and soft bottom! I saw no grief at this spot to-day, and we were taken at best pace towards Osliston. Here he swung to the right and sunk the hill nearly to the Culland Covert. But, before reaching it, he turned to the left by the brook side, and ran due west till within a field of Longford inn.

Disdaining to take shelter in its well-stocked coverts, he kept on by Crop-o'-Top, within two fields of Sutton church, through Mr. Wooddiss's farm, close by Sutton Gorse—if he entered it he did not dwell a moment. The pace was now faster than ever up to Highfield, over Mr. Finney's land—who was not out to-day—and on to the Squire's Radburne covert close to the Great Northern Railway; time, one hour and forty minutes. Here we had a minute or two to turn our horses' heads to the wind, and very much it was needed. Those who had ridden the line found their steeds jumping dangerously short, and hanging out unmistakable signs of distress. Few were so fortunate as to find their second horses, but the Master and Charles were among the lucky ones. It was soon found that our fox had run the whole length of the covert and out at the northern end. The hounds had to pick it out slowly through the wood, and for a few fields beyond towards Mickleover, giving a little much-needed relief to our pumped-out horses. But the respite was of short duration. We were now going due east, towards Markeaton, and were soon within a mile of Derby, when he again swung sharp to the left, past Mackworth school—it used to be a school—to Radburne Common on the right of the village, hounds again running as fast as ever, to near Langley Gorse, and, for the second time, towards Dalbury Lees. But the end was at hand. Poor Pug was now barely a field in front, and the eager pack racing for blood. Just managing to reach a little spinny, not twenty yards square, between the Lees and Radburne, he lay down in the ditch in sight of the Field, but, as the hounds dashed up, he made one last effort, coming straight towards us. In a moment horses, fox, and hounds were 'all of a heap,' and, in another fifty yards, one of the stoutest of old dog foxes that ever ran before hounds was pulled down in the open, at 1.42 p.m., being two hours and twenty minutes from the start. It was not a straight run, but we were never over the same ground twice. I cannot attempt to calculate the distance, but it must have

considerably exceeded twenty miles, and this over the cream of the country, nearly all grass, but very heavy going after the recent rains. Everybody had enough; in fact, I never remember seeing horses so 'bottomed' since the famous four hours' run in February, 1868, when old Tom Leedham's horse came to grief. There was once a longer run than this with the Meynell, when they found, I think, at Foston, ran through Duffield and Belper, and killed at Ambergate, several miles north of the country, and had to jog thirty miles home to the kennels at Hoar Cross."

The writer prefers mentioning no names, only stating that "the Squire's nineteen stone was always in the front rank. Charles, Jem, and Walter, the latter embellished with about half a yard of *diachylon* plaster, closely attended their beauties, but assistance was seldom needed, as it is the rule, when at fault, to let the hounds spread out and make their own effort before they are taken in hand for a cast. Writing now, four days after our treat, I hear of several horses which will require yet a full week's rest before they will recover from the effects of the run I have so imperfectly described, and which we all—riders, horses, hounds, and, I may add, fox—so thoroughly enjoyed.—DIALLUS."

In January of the year 1882, Major F. W. Peacock came to learn farming with Mr. Clamp at Somersal Herbert, and had three horses, on which he used to get six days a week. These were the grey, St Patrick, as good-looking a horse and as good a hunter as ever looked through a bridle; a roan, the Badger, which afterwards carried Mrs. Peacock so well in a great gallop, when the Squire gave her the brush, and a little hot brown mare, Shamrock.

In 1884, Mr. Peacock married Rose, fourth daughter of Col. FitzHerbert, and they came to live at Vernon's Oak, so famous for its hospitality on every Monday in the hunting season. No matter where the hounds may be, luncheon is on the table all day, in case

any member of the field may pass that way and need refreshment. The Hunt has made many a heavy demand on the resources of cellar and kitchen, but has never found the supply unequal to it yet. In all local matters the master of Vernon's Oak takes the keenest interest. He is a J.P. and a County Councillor, besides having been for years in the Derbyshire Yeomanry, in which he is now Major and Adjutant. In the latter capacity, especially, he has proved a great success. He farms about four hundred acres under Lord Vernon, and is a successful breeder of shire horses. He would, probably, like the Hon. George Allsopp, claim the proud title of "the farmers' friend."

Ever since 1884, he has served the Hunt by paying the poultry claims in a wide district extending from Sudbury to Snelston, while since 1899 he has been a member of the Hunt Committee. He always rides the very best of cattle, and often when some peculiarly blind, forbidding place has set the field gaping and peeping for an egress, he shoots out from the ruck on one of these noted performers, and shows us how to do it.

Mrs. Peacock, who used to ride so well, has not been on a horse for years now, and only comes out on wheels; more's the pity, as she is one of those who know all about it, having hunted from her childhood.

To finish up this season and chapter, "Plantagenet's" account of two or three good days seems to be appropriate.

Field, March, 1883:—

The fixture was Anslow, near Burton-on-Trent; in fact, so near that the heavy odour of beer and fragrance of hops might have overpowered the more subtle essence emanating from the red rascals, and accounted for the entire absence of anything that hound noses could revel in. Heavy rain up to nearly noon did not prevent a good number of followers from presenting themselves. . . .

Henhurst, which has proved one of the best holding coverts on Trent side throughout the season, did not fail this day. Hounds got away quickly, and a little too silently for some followers, at the Burton end, crossed into a narrow belt

down which a narrow stream winds into a deep ravine, then up the hill northward, over plough and grass. Through another wooded dell, and then skirting the deep ridge—known as a bank in these parts—parallel with the Grank Trunk Canal, swung round towards Tatenhill. The pace, fast enough at first, gradually slackened to very slow hunting, and then died away altogether as they came back over plough towards Henhurst. Evidently it was a vixen before them, so Leedham gave up, and trotted off to try for a fresh fox. In Sir T. Mosley's gorse, hounds found at once, and, almost before they could open, Mr. Chandos-Pole viewed the rascal away. In vain did Leedham plead, "Hounds, gentlemen, please. Let them get over the road!" Knowing what Meynell bitches are when, close to the brush of their fox, they settle down to race over grass, impetuous pursuers would thrust forward, galloping and jumping wherever there was room to get out of the throng. Thereby they got a merry scurry of five minutes at the best pace, and spoilt all chance of a good run. The fox had turned short left. The hounds, being over-ridden, flashed over the line, and, with a scent so catchy, they could never get on again faster than a good trot. Hunting slowly into and through Henhurst, they ran the same line as at first, to within a field of Tatenhill bottom, and then all was over again. Thence we drew by Mr. Michael Bass's, at Rangemore, away through all Needwood coverts, back by the osier-beds at Kingstanding into the picturesquely wooded park of Byrkley Lodge, and on to its farthest limits without finding another fox, though the Master looked for them where the hounds could not draw, high up among the forked boughs of those grand old oaks that might have sheltered many a grey-bearded Druid or dark-eyed Celtic maiden.

On Tuesday the fixture was Sudbury Coppice, close to the kennels. The nearest way was across Lord Vernon's Park, where the gates are courteously left open for an hour or more for those who care to avail themselves of the privilege. Ample law was allowed, yet some late comers found themselves on the wrong side of a locked barrier, just as hounds found in the coppice. By the time they had discovered another exit, the field, in hot pursuit, were disappearing in the dim distance. Away over fields of sticky stubble, across Oak Lane, down to the meadows, some newly drained, and all having a boggy ditch on one side or the other of the blind fences, they sped merrily up the next hill for Cubley, and then swinging to the right, into Eaton Wood. In these thirty minutes nearly a score of good men and true must have come to grief, and all found the going heavy enough. The hunted fox went straight through Eaton Wood, and was viewed away by Jim on the far side. Hounds, however, unluckily divided, and at last, coming together again, brought a fresh fox slowly back by Somersal to Sudbury Coppice. Thence they went out on the western side, across the bottoms, and ran a wide ring the reverse way, and over a much better line of country, very fast, round by Cubley into the coppice once more. For the last three or four fields Leedham could view his fox just ahead, apparently dead beat. By this time half the horses showed unmistakable signs of distress, and when hounds, breaking covert again, began to run once more over the low-lying meadows towards Somersal, the ranks of pursuers were considerably thinned. Probably this was another fresh fox, for, after taking his pursuers up to Marston-Montgomery, he led them back towards Sudbury Coppice a third time, and ran them clean out of scent before they got there. The Meynell have had many straighter and better runs this season, but scarcely a harder day for horses. From a quarter before twelve till nearly three they had been constantly going, and most of the time at a good pace through deep ground, up hill and down. Among the many out, besides Mr. Chandos-Pole,

were the late Masters, Lord Waterpark and Mr. Clowes; Sir William Fitz-Herbert, the oldest member of the Hunt; Sir John Hardy, of Dunstall; Mr. Charles Allsopp, from Doveridge, and his brother; Lord Berkeley Paget; Messrs. Cumming, of Foston; Mr. Firman, Mr. Hamar Bass, Mr. Broadly Smith, Mr. Bird, Mr. Sale, and Messrs. Boden.

PLANTAGENET.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME MEN AND OTHER THINGS—"BILL" POWER—DEATHS OF LORD VERNON AND MR. BASS—REMINISCENCES OF FORTY YEARS WITH THE MEYNELL.

1883–1884.

Mr. W. S. Power began hunting with the Meynell as a boy, on a pony, living at Mavesyn Ridware with his parents. Mr. W. Mynors of Little Ingestre took the greatest interest in him, as is only natural in the case of an old sportsman and a young one—let him ride his horses at exercise, and, later on, in their gallops on the flat and over a country, besides giving him many a mount with hounds. Then other people took notice of him, and mounted him, till by degrees he blossomed out into one of the leading spirits with the Meynell about 1879, hunting two days a week, and generally giving a good account of himself.

About this time he bought the famous Jessie—a rather plain Knight of Kars mare, with a rare back and loins, and her hind legs well under her, and with just a bit of a temper, like most of that wonderful jumping breed. Never was there a better one than Jessie—a mare that people talk of to this day. Frank Beers always said that Destitute, dam of the famous Drake Duster, was the making of him as a huntsman—and there never was a better—and in like manner Jessie may have been the making of "Bill" Power. He rode her in the wonderful run with the North Stafford, on March 29th, 1882—the best run, he said, he had ever seen in his life. Next to it he put the great run of two hours and a half with the Meynell

from Brailsford in the same year. She was up to sixteen stone, he said; she could gallop all day, jump anything, and could come out two days a week—a rare poor man's horse. Could there be higher praise? For, mind you, to jump anything and gallop all day twice a week with her owner up meant doing something. She won three steeplechases to boot, at Derby and Uttoxeter, and was never parted with. Grayling, a son of hers, bought by Sir Peter Walker, won the Cheshire point-to-point steeplechase.

Mr. Power is a welter weight, but being a very strong, resolute horseman, he goes the shortest way, and he and his horse can crash through lots of places which would turn over a lighter pair. He once reduced his weight by twenty-three pounds in ten days for a considerable wager to ride his horse Monte, in the first of Sir Peter Walker's point-to-point races at Bradley, and won it. On another occasion he got off fourteen pounds in a very short time, having actually fasted for twenty-four hours before the race, to ride his Faro in the point-to-point at Ednaston, and again won Sir Peter's heavy-weight race.

In 1883, like a great many other people, he went ranching in Wyoming, but the love of hunting was too strong in him to admit a rival, and every winter saw him at home. So ranching and money-making had to go to the wall. But no man worked harder while he was at it, and no one more thoroughly enjoyed a day after black-tail deer in the foot hills on a bright September morning. He roughed it, too, with the best of them—so much so, that, when he went to fight in South Africa in 1900 with the Derbyshire Yeomanry—in which regiment he was granted a lieutenant's commission—he found the hardships of a campaign mere child's play. In the campaign he got his chance, and, with the same rapid promptitude which marked him in the hunting-field, took advantage of it, distinguishing himself, and earning the soubriquet of "No Surrender Power."* On his return home, invalided with a bullet-wound in his head, he met with an enthusiastic

* Since this was written he has been presented with the D.S.O.

reception, and was escorted to Sir Peter Walker's hospitable mansion at Osmaston, where one of the children, of whom he is always so fond, gave him the warmest welcome. All the young ones love "Bill," as they call him, and so do most of the old ones, too, for, whatever his faults may be—and, like the rest of us, he is but human—he is a good specimen of British pluck and physique. He is equally ready to lead a forlorn hope, to charge the most hopeless-looking place on any sort of a horse, or to go to the aid of a friend in distress.

"So we'll fill him a bumper as deep as you please,
And we'll give him a cheer; for, deny it who can,
Where the country is roughest he's most at his ease;
When the run is severest, he rides like a man;
And the pace cannot stop, nor the fences defeat,
This rum one to follow, this bad one to beat."

There was a considerable difference (£500) between the subscriptions for this year and the last—this season's being £3562 4*s.* 4*d.*, while the compensations came to £346 18*s.* 6*d.* The new subscribers are: H. S. Allen, H. C. Bentley, poet and penman; H. W. Boome, J. Cadman, J. R. Eastwood, and Captain Hore.

For the changes in the committee, see the Appendix.

The Hunt lost two good friends in Lord Vernon and Mr. Bass. The latter died at the great age of eighty-four, but the former was only fifty-four. His was a busy life. As a boy, he was in the Navy, which he left to go to Oxford. After that he served as lieutenant and captain in the Scots Fusilier Guards. In 1851, at the early age of twenty-two, he retired from the Guards and married a sister of the Earl of Lichfield, by whom he had ten children. In 1866 he succeeded his father in the title and estates of Sudbury, Derbyshire, Poynton, near Stockport, and Widdrington, near Morpeth. In 1859 he opposed Mr. Mundy as candidate for South Derbyshire, being defeated by one vote—his opponent's. He was a model landlord, spending most of his time on the estates, and started the butter factory at Sudbury for the benefit of his tenants and their

neighbours. There never was a more conscientious nor fairer-minded man, and if his motto had been, "*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*," instead of "*Vernon semper viret*," every one would have recognized the appropriateness of it. When the Duke of Richmond and Gordon took the chair at a meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, immediately after Lord Vernon's death, he said of the latter: "All his colleagues appreciated his great virtue, his excellent habits of business, and his great courtesy of demeanour on all occasions. He had always found Lord Vernon the most fervent, honest, straightforward friend that anybody could wish to meet, and, active as he had always been in matters connected with the welfare of agriculture, the sudden termination of his useful career was no less than a national loss. He believed that the energy in the subject which he had recently taken up was the cause of his sudden decease; the Bill which he had drawn up, and which only on Tuesday he was to have brought before the House of Lords, was too great a strain upon his brain."

The Bill referred to was the Agricultural Tenancy Bill. Lord Vernon was, apparently, in his usual health on the Tuesday referred to, but he died that night from the rupture of a blood-vessel on the brain.

The Vernon family is a very ancient one, the title being derived from the town of Vernon in Normandy, of which William de Vernon was proprietor in 1052. Two of his sons came over with the Conqueror. One of the descendants, who lived at Harlaston in the county of Stafford, became Lord of Haddon by marriage with the daughter and co-heiress of William de Avenel. Sir George Vernon, King of the Peak, and father of the celebrated Dorothy, who carried Haddon to the Manners family, was nephew of Sir George Vernon of Sudbury, and of Humphrey, ancestor of the late Lord Vernon. The first Baron was George Vernon of Sudbury, who assumed the additional name of Venables on succeeding to the maternal estates in 1728, and was raised to the Peerage as Lord Vernon, Baron of Kinderton, in 1762. It was his son, the

second Baron, who was known as the hunting lord, and who started the Sudbury Hounds mentioned in the beginning of the first volume of this work.

To return to the sport of the season. It was not very good in November, about the best day being on November 22nd. They had a good gallop from Foston, just touching Sudbury Park, and killing their fox by Church Broughton Brickyard. In the afternoon they had a good ring from Potter's.

On December 6th poor old Tom Leedham died, respected and regretted by every one, and on the 10th, when hounds were advertised to meet at Chartley, they, of course, remained in kennel, as it was the day of his funeral. The following gentlemen followed him to his grave: Sir M. A. Bass, Bart., M.P.; Mr. L. K. Hall, Hollybush; Messrs. T. Keats and Flint, Uttoxeter; Armson, Yoxall; Turnor, Bagot's Park; Whiteley, representing Mr. M. T. Bass; Shore, Rangemore; Statham, Sudbury, etc.

On Tuesday, December 11th, they met at Mercaston Stoop, and had a nice gallop in the afternoon from Meynell-Langley Gorse, by Derby Workhouse, left Mickleover Asylum on the right, ran nearly to Hell Meadows, then right-handed, past Burnaston House, almost down to Etwall station, where they lost their fox.

On December 19th, the Squire carried the horn, and they had a capital day from Shirley Mill, on a Wednesday, and ran well from Hell Meadows to Radburne the next day, and killed.

Reminiscences of Forty Years with the Meynell.

"My very first day with the Meynell hounds was at Bretby, on October 20th, 1856. There were present Lords Chesterfield and Stanhope, Lady Evelyn Stanhope, Tom and Jack Leedham, Hugo Meynell Ingram, Tom Beale, Lord Chesterfield's stud groom, and Mason, huntsman to Lord Stanhope's harriers, which were kenneled in

Kedleston.
Seat of Lord Scarsdale.
From a photograph
by
Keene, Derby.

the Park. In the second week in November hounds were again at Bretby, when they ran to Carver's Rocks, on to Calke, turned to the left, entering Robin Wood on the Melbourne side, and killed their fox on the edge of the lake at Foremark. I noticed a young man in scarlet leading a grey horse about while hounds were breaking up their fox. The man was Walter Boden, and the horse was Grayling, bought from Will Haslow.

"In those days the hounds came to the Donington side of the Trent one day a week, and sometimes two days, meeting at Catton, Drakelowe, Foremark, and Bretby. The farmers then were all staunch fox-preservers, riding well to hounds, and giving us a hearty welcome. Capital sportsmen they all were. Two days a week with the Meynell was not enough for them, but they must needs have Lord Stanhope's harriers over their land as well, with their followers, to knock down what little of the fences the Meynell had left. Nothing gave them more fun than to find a hare by the river side and to run her along the meadows, over the big ditches, up to Robin Wood, and hares always did make that way. There were two or three brooks in the line, and the farmers would gallop to them to see what disasters would ensue. There were two families of yeomen, in particular—the Newbolds and—for the life of me I cannot remember the other. I wonder if any representatives of them are hunting still, who have sat and listened to their fathers' stories of the sport they had, and of how they showed us the way, as they did often enough.

"In the sixties the supporters of the Meynell Hunt, who not only provided foxes for us, but also participated in the sport, were Lords Chesterfield and Stanhope (from Bretby), the late Lord Bagot, Mr. Michael Bass, the Marquis of Hartington, Mr. H. Evans, of Allestree; E. S. Chandos-Pole, the present Squire's grandfather; Mr. H. Boden, of Ednaston; Sir Thomas Gresley, Peter Colvile, of Lullington, a most amusing man, with a ready tongue; Sir Henry de Vœux, Sir Francis Crewe, of

Calke ; occasionally Lords Vernon and Scarsdale, Captain Tennant, of Needwood ; Mr. Gisborne, of Yoxall ; Sir W. FitzHerbert, of Tissington, from Somersal ; Lord Shrewsbury, Hon. E. Coke, of Longford ; Colonel Newdigate, William Cox, of Brailsford ; Harrison, of Snelston ; Broadhurst, of Foston ; Duncombe, of Calwich ; Colonel Levett, Lords Berkeley and Alexander Paget, from Beaudesert ; Bird, from Barton ; C. Clay, living at Foremark ; Walter Lyon, of Silver Hill, who was killed by a fall from his horse close to his own gate, and G. Mitchell. The sport on this side of the country was always good—wild foxes and good points the rule. From Drakelowe to Seal Wood, up the narrow valley, all grass, was a common line. I remember their running it such a pace one day, Lord Stanhope, Sir Matthew Blakiston, and Walter Boden, on Grayling, leading, and all the horses dead beat. Catton, too, was excellently preserved. One note of Tom's horn and a wild fox was away and over the Atherstone border. Colvile's Gorse, on the boundary line, was a favourite meet, bringing hard-riding men from the Atherstone to show us the road into their country, as Lullington foxes usually crossed the Mease and made that way. From Bretby they generally went for Foremark, and occasionally thence to Donington Park, close by the Trent. The meet at Bretby would bring Quornites, and Jack Story, father and son, were always out. My first impressions of riding men were that Lord Stanhope, very quick at a start, was, especially on Betsy Baker, as good a man as one often sees. But he was a very jealous rider, and would drop out of a run into a road, and give it up if people passed him. So long as he was going in front there was no one better, but if he was once collared he would shut up and take no further interest. My recollection of the Meynell field in those days is that it was a very well-conducted one, and not over large. Of the heavy weights, I should say Walter Boden was the best, and Dick Fitz-Herbert and Berkeley Paget of the lighter men, with Bird, perhaps, as good as any of the others. As to the

Leedhams, they were all natural horsemen. Tom was very fine indeed, only excelled by Jack, who was one of the prettiest I ever saw. The Derbyshire country, up to 1872, was hunted only one week in each month. The kennels were at Kedleston inn, now a residence. On Tuesday hounds were on the north side, on Thursday in the Radburne, and on Saturday in the Tutbury district.

"Foxes were nothing like so well preserved then as now. In the spring you might draw from Brailsford to Egginton Old Gorse, where the sewage farm is now, before they found. There never was such a country for foxes lying out in hedgerows. When the late Hugo Meynell Ingram died, and Lord Waterpark and William Clowes took them, we had three years' wonderful sport—no day without a run. During the seventies and eighties the fields began to increase, especially in Derbyshire, and the standard-bearers were the Bodens, Clowes, Edward Coke, Dick FitzHerbert, Legard, and Bird. Arthur Lyon, of Clownholme, and the two elder FitzHerberts, were wonderful amongst the older ones. I am not sure if Miss Mildred FitzHerbert was not even better than her father. She was wonderfully good.

"When Lord Waterpark gave up, 'Squire' Chandos-Pole took them, and we had capital sport. It is difficult to say whether that of the three years of the Waterpark and Clowes's Mastership, or the first three years of the Squire's, was the best; but, in my long period with the Meynell, these stand out pre-eminent. Just take a few runs in the later one—from Rolleston to Radburne, for instance. They found in a tiny little spinny, and away they went across the river by Dove Cliff. We had all to go round. I think Bird was the first man to catch them, and that was not till they got to Bearwardcote. From there they went through the Potlucks to Radburne Rough, where Charles stopped them, only Bird and Crossman being with him. Another time they ran from Rolleston to High Trees, Bagot's Park. But there were no end of good runs.

"When Hamar Bass took the hounds, he, in my opinion, improved them very much, but sport was not so good. This may be accounted for from their being, on the Derbyshire side especially, hampered by large fields. Then, from the great numbers of foxes, hounds kept chopping and changing all day, and foxes took to running short, so that hounds never got a chance to get clear of the horses, and I think, too, that these short bursts led to much jealous riding and over-riding of hounds. In a long, straight, continuous run, good men are not so anxious at first; they know they will soon work their way to the front if hounds really run, and they do not get in a flurry at the start. But, in the little scurries, if you do not shove along at once you see nothing, for they are over before men have time to settle down in their places and enjoy themselves quietly.

"In regard to the Meynell huntsmen, I have known—Tom and Charles—both, at their best, were very hard to beat. Charles has been said, in the last part of his time, not to have ridden up to his hounds. As a young man no one could go quicker than he could, and those who tried to compete with him often found it hard to live with him at all. It is not fair to judge his ability by his later years, when he was suffering from a malady which caused him great pain when in the saddle, and which really ought to have stopped him riding at all. But, whether galloping over the pastures of Longford, or spluttering along the deep rides in the woods, he had very few equals. All those who remember him in his prime will, I am sure, agree with me, and it is as he was then that we old men like to remember him. The men I have met out hunting have been many and various. Some would ride up to the tail of hounds without the tremor of an eyelid, such as Sir Matthew Blakiston (a man of iron nerve), Tom Smith (of Clifton), and Michael Bass. The present Lord Burton never cared much about pushing along when hounds were running, but for larking home, after hunting, he was a champion. If he could only get some one to start across

country nothing gave him more pleasure than to follow them, and no one ever saw him pounded. Perhaps he and other people may open their eyes when I tell you of his jumping the big open ditch below Hell Meadows in cold blood. But he did it all the same.

"Tom, like most of the Leedhams, had a sharp tongue, and did not much mind on whom he used it. Like all huntsmen, he hated having his hounds pressed upon. For some reason or another he always thought Stepney rather given to this. One day the latter, near Hoar Cross, happened to jump into a pond, souse overhead. At the first check some one asked, 'Tom, have you heard Captain Stepney is in a pond?' 'No, I have na; but it's t' best place for him.' (Laughter.) 'Nay, but I'm sure it is,' Tom added dryly, without moving a muscle. Stepney was a very neat, dapper sort of man, and used to go well on a famous cream-coloured cob, which he sold to Mr. Arthur Lyon.

"The best of friends may fall out in the excitement of the chase, and I remember a case in point, though which was in fault I do not recollect. Either Colonel Levett jumped on Colonel Buller, or *vice versâ*, and in a moment they were on their feet, with eyes blazing and strong language flying about. Hugo Meynell Ingram got off his horse to pacify them, and, what with his stammering and their swearing, it really was very comical. At last they patched it up. Another great swearing match was between Crowder and Walter Boden. It was a tremendously good run from Sapperton. These two were the first to jump the brook, but they interfered with one another—I do not know which was to blame—and kept hammering away at one another all the way to Longford, when Crowder's horse stopped dead beat, and that—and nothing else—brought the quarrel to an end. That was a grand run—up to Brailsford Old Gorse—a good ten-mile point, and all the horses dead beat.

"I remember Charles jumping on Tom, galloping from Radburne to Sutton. It was only a small fence, but

Tom's horse pecked, and Charles was on him in a minute. It was only discovered a day or two afterwards that a rib had been broken. Tom's wrath—and it was great—was excusable and natural, but he should not have gone so far as to say, before every one, to Charles, 'You've been waiting for this chance for many a year, and now you've got it.'

"Talking of Tom being angry reminds me of something else. Towards the end of the season neighbouring Masters were sometimes asked to have a day in Bagot's Woods, and one year Anstruther Thompson brought his hounds. They found, and Tom said it was a vixen. Henry Turnor contradicted him, and, when the hounds killed, it was found to be a vixen with eleven cubs in her. Tom's rage was unbounded.

"I mentioned Walter Boden just now, which reminds me of Jacko. That was his best horse—a grey. He was very fast and quick over his fences, and away again directly. He was at his best when he had this horse. Then there was a black horse with a back like a dinner-table — an extraordinary jumper, but not very fast. Edward Coke used to ride a good class of horse—well-bred ones with bang tails. Walter Mynors, present Mayor of Stafford, then living at Eaton Wood, used to find a good many of them for him. When Mynors had ridden them for a year there was not much left for them to learn. Clowes had a wonderful chestnut horse, which he only gave sixty pounds for, but he made a lot of money at Tattersall's afterwards. I remember Clowes giving a great dinner at the Ship, at Greenwich, to about sixty of us when he gave up the hounds. He had a special boat to take them down, and did the whole thing splendidly.

The late Michael Bass was the prime mover in the dinner in honour of the present Lord Bagot's coming of age. He spoke of it as 'rallying round the Bagots.' It was given in a wooden building behind the inn at Abbots Bromley, which had been put up for a ball when the present Lord Bagot was born. All the hunt was there.

The speeches were very good, especially Colonel Levett's, who was never more eloquent.

"It is the custom to say that the Meynell Hunt is not hospitable, but I do not hold with it. We are always glad to see people from the neighbouring Hunts. It is a curious thing, though, that if ever a special came from Melton we had no sport, and, if we went elsewhere, the same thing happened. I remember a large party of us going to Cheshire, and, after chopping our fox, we never found another, though Mr. Corbet drew and drew till dark. Same sort of thing with the Quorn."

CHAPTER IX.

SPORT IN THE EIGHTIES—CAPTAIN HOLLAND—GOOD RUN FROM SHIRLEY PARK—MR. E. A. J. MAYNARD—GOOD DAY FROM WALTON—THE GREEN COVERT AT EGGINTON—MR. CHANDOS-POLE'S PRIVATE PACK—MR. HAMAR BASS BECOMES JOINT-MASTER.

1884–1885.

The subscriptions this year were £3410 18*s.*, and compensations for damage absorbed £519 16*s.* 9*d.*

There were no changes in the staff. Mr. Chandos-Pole brought Downpatrick into the country. The new names in the subscription list were Captain Ames (from Lichfield), R. H. Dalton, E. Devas, W. F. Felton, Lord Henry Nevill, F. W. Peacock, and Herbert Woltan.

Captain and Mrs. H. C. Holland came to Marchington Hall, where they stayed till 1895, with the exception of one year, 1887–88, when they were at Cross Hayes, Hoar Cross. From 1895–97 they lived at their own house, the Upwoods, Doveridge, a farm which was purchased from Lord Waterpark, and the house added to and improved. In 1897, Captain Holland having been appointed Chief Constable of Derbyshire, they moved to The Knoll, Findern, Captain Lloyd of the First Life Guards and Mrs. Lloyd coming to the Upwoods for two seasons.

Captain Holland was educated at Eton and at Radley, and began hunting as a boy with the North Cotswold, of which his father was at one time Master. But Lord Coventry was the first Master he remembers. He joined the 8th, and subsequently the 15th Hussars, seeing his

fair share of active service—in 1879–80 in the Afghan war, in 1881 against the Boers, and again in 1882 in the Egyptian campaign, in which he was severely wounded. He would have been a cavalry officer after the Duke of Wellington's own heart, for that great commander said that hunting men made the best, and Captain Holland has never let the grass grow under his feet in this respect. He has hunted with no end of different packs, including the Calpe and Pan hounds, but still the Meynell have never failed to hold his affections. Half a season or so in Yorkshire was enough for him in recent years, and back he came to his old love, to which he has remained constant ever since, with the exception of one year, 1891–92, when he and Mrs. Holland went round the world, having a turn at big game shooting in Assam, in company with Sir Peter Walker, the late Hon. Sidney Parker, and Mr. Firman—by no means the least enjoyable part of the trip.

Between the flags, too, and in point-to-point races he had a fair measure of success, winning the Meynell Hunt Point-to-Point, which finished at Sutton, on Grey Heron, in March, 1891. Nine started. The next year he was second on him over the severe course, which finished at Tomlinson's corner, when so many came to grief. Sir Peter Walker's mare, ridden by Mr. W. H. Walker, which he had beaten the year before, turned the tables on him this time, but it is a question whether it ought to have been so. He also won the Natal Grand Military Steeplechase on Sir Garnet, a Cape horse, beating the late Lord St. Vincent (afterwards killed in Egypt) by a short head, and he was riding a hot favourite, an English thoroughbred horse. There is no better heavy-weight in the Meynell country to-day than Captain Holland. *À propos* of horses, most people think that Jumbo, who carried him so well from 1887–91, and the above-mentioned Grey Heron, were his best. But the keen, hard-pulling chestnut, Bolivar, is also a champion amongst weight-carriers, while the dun horse, Don Juan, for which Mr. Fort gave something like two hundred and fifty guineas, was very bad to beat. *On*

dit Mr. Fort refused five hundred pounds for him. This was some years ago, and the horse was carrying Stephen magnificently at the beginning of last season. He could jump the Sutton brook as easily as common horses clear a water-furrow, and no timber was too high for him.

No lady ever had a better horse than Mercury by Jupiter, who has carried Mrs. Holland for eleven seasons, I believe, without a fall. And to have done this with her is no small feather in any horse's cap, for where the hounds go she goes. It is a treat to see this pair in a good run, and to them indeed Whyte Melville's lines apply—

> "O'er the open still careering,
> Fence and furrow freely clearing,
> Like the winds of heaven leaving little trace of where they pass."

Gallant old Mercury! If there is anywhere a temple of fame for horses, he deserves a niche in it.

Chance, too, was no bad one. Mr. Fort will remember seeing him, in a smart gallop near Brailsford, clear, *without touching a twig*, a clean-cut stake and bound fence set on a bank, the top of the hedge being a good six feet or more from the ground. It was an astonishing performance. Not that the place was so very strong, as Mr. Fort's little Pit-a-pat, coming next, cleared away most of it with her hind legs. Curiously enough Chance fell at the very next fence, some low, but strong, timber. Poor little horse! his end was a sad one. After running in the first of Sir Peter Walker's point-to-point races, the groom washed his mouth out with some water, drenching him out of a soda-water bottle. The horse had not got his wind after the gallop, and the water, going down his wind-pipe, choked him.

Mr. Holden, of Aston (which he sold to Mr. Winterbottom two or three years ago), is hunting-bred to the backbone. The name of Holden has been for generations a household word, where hunting is concerned, in Derbyshire, and the present bearer of it is no "degenerate scion of a noble race." He is not a man whose nerves are easily shaken, and so perhaps hunting and steeplechasing did not afford sufficient excitement for him, and he was fain to

make one of Dr. Jameson's force in the famous Raid, and he was also in the South African War, all through the siege of Mafeking.

In November sport was fair, and the Master hunted the hounds himself once or twice on a bye-day. Hunting was stopped for a few days at the end of November and beginning of December. On the afternoon of December 9th hounds ran very fast from Potter's by Alkmonton Bottoms, leaving Longford to the right, through Hollington village, past Culland, to ground at Hulland Ward. This was a capital gallop up to Longford, and a nice hunting pace afterwards.

But they did better still on Thursday 11th, when they met at Bradley, for they found at Shirley Park a fox who was some time in making up his mind to go—very wisely too, for there was a rare scent outside. Once away, they simply raced down to Longford and just to the left of Reeve's Moor, where they checked, but hit it off and ran hard to the big field by Culland Hall, where they checked again. People had been tumbling about a bit, and Mr. Newton alone, on one of Mr. Forman's horses, will own to no less than three falls by the time they ran their fox to ground at Buckhazels. From Culland they ran on fast nearly to Parson's Gorse, and checked in the outskirts of Langley. This probably saved the fox's life, for they never ran fast afterwards. It was the best run of the season so far. An hour and ten minutes altogether, forty-five minutes of it very fast.

January 20th, at Etwall, was the next gala day. They began by finding in the Sandpit Wood, and ran very fast down to the Rough, when the field over-rode the hounds and spoiled the run. Then they found in Newton's osiers, and an unruly field headed the fox till he sought refuge in a drain under the railway. But Pildock Wood held a good, straight-necked fox, and a rare gallop he gave them. First he set his head for Langley Common, passed Parson's Gorse without touching it, on by Burrows, by Long Lane, and, leaving Boden's Thorns on his right, to Reeve's Moor.

But he was too hardly pressed to enter it, and was bowled over in the open five fields farther on, pointing for Shirley Park, after a capital thirty-five minutes, a five-and-a-half-mile point, and seven as hounds ran.

March 18th, at Brailsford, was a good day ; luckily so, too, for no end of strangers, amongst whom were Count Kinsky, and Messrs. Fletcher, and Arthur Pryor, from Melton, attracted by the excellent reports of sport, had come to see for themselves. What they saw was a cracker from Reeve's Moor, down the meadows to Barton Fields, across Barton Park nearly to Church Broughton, back left-handed, leaving Sutton church just on the right, all over the best of our country, to Barton Hall, thence, by Barton Fields, on towards Trusley, then right-handed nearly to the Ash, round to the left of Sutton, to ground, after one hour and twenty-five minutes. Charles had sent the first horses home early, and his second, like almost every one else's, was fairly cooked. For the rest of his life he kept the first horses out all day for fear of this happening again. Mr. Fort, whose horses are usually rather fitter than most people's, could not get to the end, and most of the others were in worse plight, some not even getting home that night at all. It must be understood that this run was in the afternoon, as Culland, several small spinnies, Cox's coverts, White's Wood, Brailsford Gorse, Bradley Bottoms, and Ednaston had all been drawn blank, while a fox had been found and run to ground in Shirley Park before they went to Reeve's Moor.

In January, but for Charles's care and the Master's prompt measures, the famous Meynell pack might have come to an end. When the puppies came in from walk, the huntsman noticed that one was not well. He was at once put by himself, but soon symptoms of the most dreaded of all diseases showed themselves, and it was decided to destroy the whole entry. This saved the pack, but left a scar. It is impossible to experience such a loss as that, and not to feel it.

1885–1886.

In this year, the name of "E. A. J. Maynard," of cricketing repute, appears in the subscription list. He played for Harrow, and also for Derbyshire, and is a good all round sportsman. That he ought to know something about hunting is certain, for the love of it is in the blood. His father was to the fore with the Meynell as far back as the forties, and hunted with his pack of harriers what was then a wild country round Chesterfield and Clay Cross, whilst his uncle, of Horlsey Hall, Yorkshire, hunted what is now the Hurworth district. His son, again an Anthony, was for many years Master of the North Durham; but it is another Anthony, of shorthorn renown, uncle to the last-named, who is best known to fame, having been immortalized by "The Druid" in "Saddle and Sirloin." "For twenty years," the latter tells us, "he kept the Boro' Bridge Harriers, and showed excellent sport. The Raby country then extended as far as Boro' Bridge, and the duke always charged him, '*If you find an outlying fox do your best to handle him before he reaches a cover.*' He hunted both with the Bedale and the Raby, and when either of the Masters appealed to him at a check, '*Which way, Anthony?*' the general reply was, '*Overridden by those young officers—cast behind them.*' On hunting days he was up at five, and rode over his six hundred acres before breakfast, and then fifteen or sixteen miles to covert; and no man told better Yorkshire hunting tales over a bottle of '20 port."

What an example to our modern youths, with their fast trotters and indiarubber tyres, and breakfast so late that nothing under twelve miles an hour can get them to covert in time. The late Mr. Hamar Bass, with his galloping pair and brougham swaying about behind it, must have almost established a record in this respect. He would leave Byrkley Lodge at nine-thirty, to get to Ednaston—thirteen miles as the crow flies, and a bad

road at that—by eleven. On one of these occasions he was going so fast that his brougham knocked a trap, with a lady and gentleman in it, right into the ditch, to their no small indignation.

But to return to the subject in hand. Mr. Maynard married, in 1887, the eldest daughter of Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, of Stainsby, and came to Rolleston Cottage, in 1890, moving thence to Egginton Hall, where he now lives, in 1898. His great delight is to instil the rudiments of the game, which he himself plays so well, into "ingenuous youth," and they say that he looks after the juvenile eleven, which stays each year at his house for an annual cricket match, as if he were the father of them all.

Not but what he is just as much at home

> "on some dull, shivery morning,
> When our fingers feel numb and our faces are blue,
> When the fences look blind and the ditches are yawning,"

as he is in the cricket field; and when hounds run, and the good ones settle down in their places, you may be quite sure "Jeff" Maynard will be one of them.

The season opened with abnormally warm weather; in fact, November 2nd, the opening day, was like a May morning indeed. A capital one it was, too, for they ran fast from Sudbury Coppice by Cubley Bottom and Yeaveley to Shirley Park. The fact of Mr. Wallroth's staking and killing his good old horse, was the only drawback.

From the *Field*, 1885 :—

On Saturday, December 5th, they had a capital day from Walton. At five minutes past eleven, a nod from the Master (Mr. Chandos-Pole) to Charles Leedham starts us for Walton Wood, a covert which, to the honour of all concerned never disappoints us. A whimper proclaims a find, but Reynard circles the covert two or three times, and here there is no scent; but, scent or no scent, it is dangerous to trifle too long with the Meynell bitches, and our fox wisely breaks on the village side, across a heavy plough, and points for Borough Fields. Swinging round to the right, hounds take us fast in the direction of Homestall Wood; but the heavy plough tells on us, and we can but envy such light weights as Mr. R. Fort and the new-comer, Mr. A. de Trafford (who galloped past us as though dirt mattered nought to them). Turning now for Catton, hounds race their fox through Catton Wood, and kill him in Dryden's Walk, after fifteen

minutes without a check. Mr. Levett-Princep tells us that he has plenty more foxes, and all honour to him as a non-hunting man for his goodness! So we trot to the snug osier-bed, on Mr. Gorman's farm, at Edingale. Here three are soon afoot—one pays the penalty of dwelling too long; of the others, one bears to the right, one to the left. We followed the latter, but unfortunately lost him in Edingale village, so Catton Wood alone remains on that side the water, as Drakelowe is not even yet shot, and at 1.30, at Catton, we find a fox destined to stand before hounds for over two hours. Breaking covert on Dryden's Walk side, this good fox passes the spot where so recently the funeral dirges of his relatives were sung, and takes us to the left for Edingale; but, leaving Edingale on our right, we fly across the Pessale Brook, and the River Mease, for Haunton. Here we check for the first time, and the brook has thinned our numbers, the master and huntsman, Mr. Gerald Hardy (going as pluckily as he did in the Burton contest), Mr. R. Fort, Mr. A. Crossman, Fox, Col. Webb, Mr. F. Smith, and half a dozen others are all that are visible. But the check is over, hounds have hit it off by themselves; past Biddle Farm and Dunimere we go again at a rattling pace, and, being well into the Atherstone country, both master and huntsman look as if blood would be doubly welcome, though twice tasted to-day. With a holding, but not a racing scent, we now carry the line to Hogshill Farm, and to Syrescote, and hopes are entertained that we may kill, as was the case fifteen seasons back, at Amington, when Mr. Leigh entertained all the hunt; but no, it is not so to be; our fox, evidently out of his latitude, misses every covert at Statford, runs by the new farm buildings as if for Clifton Rough. Leaving this untouched, this gallant fox passes Highfield Farm, and the hope comes o'er us that in Clifton churchyard he will meet his doom; but his bolt is not yet shot. Our pace has, fortunately for tired horses, settled into a trot, and, leaving Clifton, our fox heads for the Meynell country once more, and, crossing the Mease, gets to Lullington. Here, evidently beaten, he threads every little spinny; but inquiry tells us that the keeper, Hudson, viewed him ten minutes in front, and the words of Fred Cotton rise to our minds, "Yo'll non ketch bowd Reynolds to-noight." On he goes for Coton, and thence to Rosliston, in and out of nearly every cottage and pigsty; but patiently hounds work every inch out, and at 3.40, when pointing for Caldwell, it is given up; though hounds were running true as ever, "the shades of night were falling fast," and we may have changed; where it is difficult indeed to say, as we were never in a covert worthy the name, and what adds to the glories of the day is that hounds were never once in the two hours lifted, nor was huntsman's or master's horn once drawn from its case.

NEEDWOOD.

On Saturday, January 2nd, 1886, there was as good a run as any one would wish to see, and one which those who were in it talk of to this day. Capt. and Mrs. Holland did not get back to Marchington till about 9.30.

"Needwood" sent the following account to the *Field*:—

. . . Though we could do no good with Mr. Gretton's foxes (at Drakelowe), it was destined for Sir George Wilmot Horton to find as stout and straight a varmint as ever stood before hounds. The hunting-cap of the Master, Mr.

Chandos-Pole, lifted high in the air near Homestall Wood, was the first intimation that bold Reynard was a-foot. Charles Leedham quickly got his ladies on the line, but, strange to say, at first, scent was catchy, and it appeared that the soft breezes of the south-west were not to be conducive to sport, so at a moderate pace only we start (on what proved to be a long journey) for Lady Leys farm, which leaving to our right, we ran at an improved pace for Lullington. Hounds carried the line at a good pace for Clifton, and crossing the treacherous banks of the River Mease, we find ourselves comfortably landed in the Atherstone country, but little do we dream that, ere the sun sets, we shall have crossed right over the Wednesday and well into the Monday country of that far-famed pack. But we are leaving the line, though the bitches are not. They carry it on beautifully to Chilcote, over Stretton Heath for No Man's Heath (where four counties join); heading through to the right, they point for Austrey, and we believe that the point of this gallant fox was Newton Gorse, he having come almost field for field the reverse line of that excellent gallop of the Atherstone after Mr. Oakeley's ball a fortnight back. Be this as it may, he either changed his mind or was headed, for he swings round to the left for Norton, and the big woods of Gopsall appear close to us. Into Gopsall Wood he ran, and in those hundreds of acres of covert we expect to see the finish of this great run. But no! The bitches race across the Park in magnificent form, picking the line up through a herd of red deer, and into the Racecourse Covert. Here many riders, who had been going well and boldly, cried, "Hold, enough!" The field consequently dwindled down to some score of sturdy followers, who watched the hounds sticking to their fox, who had gone past Twycross and into the gardens, almost into the front door of Mr. Oakeley's house at Cliff. Here the hounds were quite close to his brush, and the set face of the huntsman shows us how keen he is to draw our fox's blood on this spot, sacred to the Atherstone. A last dying effort enables this good fox to hold on his course past Temple Mill, by Harris bridge, into Sibson Wolds. Here no doubt he transferred the pack to a brother, as learning from a rustic that the fox was running fresh into Lady Byron's Covert, the Master stopped the hounds, which in two hours had brought us thirteen miles as the crow flies, and nearly eighteen as we came. At the finish we noted two ladies who had gone gallantly throughout—Mrs. Harry Townshend and Mrs. Holland—whilst of mankind, in addition to the huntsman, both whips (J. Tasker and W. Scorey) were in their places. The Master of course was there, and also, of those we knew, the Hon. W. Bagot, Messrs. G. and L. Hardy, W. F. Inge, H. Bass, M.P., R. Fort, A. O. Worthington, J. Bagnall, J. and W. Walker, W. C. Salt, Charles Moore, Peter Smith, Holland, J. Gretton, Fellowes, Capt. H. L. Townshend, and Col. Milligan. In matter of point to find a compeer we have to go back to the great run of old Tom Leedham (the present huntsman's grandfather), when he was bitten through his boot by a moribund fox which he had run from Radburne to Ambergate, or, in more modern times, the fine gallop from Radburne Rough to Biggin, in 1870, when a single hound, Ringlet, killed the fox, and the late Tom Leedham's horse died under him.

They had another good day on the 4th, and then there was frost and snow practically for a month, though they did squeeze a day or two in between. And then came a first-rate run. People were rather chaffing Mr. Fort at the meet about his grey horse, which looked like a bag of

bones, but was a very good hunter, as they had to own before the day was over.

"He carries more flesh than he appears to do," his owner said.

"Then it must be under the saddle," was the answer; "for none of us can see it!"

The run was on February 2nd, from the Green Covert, between Egginton and Willington, and took place on a very doubtful day, the roads were covered with ice, and the landing on the north side of the fences like iron. Horses' legs told a tale the next day. First they crossed the North Stafford railway, and the clever division made straight for the bridge, which the men with the hounds had to come to in the end. Then they ran by Burnaston, Bearwardcote, Dalbury, to the left of Radburne Rough and Kirk Langley, to the right of Kedleston Park, to ground at Allestree. The first check was by Mrs. Curzon's house at Weston-Underwood, nine miles as the crow flies, and at least twelve as hounds ran, and the fox was only just in front of hounds when he got to ground, having covered a good seventeen miles in two hours.

Three days afterwards, after the Hunt Ball, on a very doubtful morning, they found in Parson's Gorse, and divided at Meynell-Langley Gorse, the body of the pack running hard by Mackworth, up to Radburne Rough, with only Mr. R. FitzHerbert and the Hon. E. Pierrepoint really with them.

On the 16th, again, there was a capital day from Radburne. Finding at the Rough, they ran at a great pace across the Trusley brook, where there was no end of grief, and hounds ran pretty well away from every one, treating their followers to a stern chase to Boden's Thorns. Hence they ran to Reeve's Moor and lost, after a capital twenty-five minutes. Then they ran hard from Longford Car to Eaton Wood, nine miles, in an hour, and were stopped, as there were several fresh foxes on foot. Every one was talking about it at Mrs. John Evans's ball that night.

Many people will remember the excellent gallop from Wichnor, on February 20th, when they ran by Yoxall Lodge, through the Brakenhurst (when half the field got left behind), over the Hoar Cross deer park, and the brook, where Charles, who had been going splendidly on a black four-year-old, cut a clean voluntary on landing. From Hoar Cross they ran to within one hundred yards or so of Blithe Moor (Blithfield), turned sharp back left-handed, to ground at the foot of St. Stephen's Hill, hard by, after a capital hour and three-quarters.

But it is quite impossible to mention half the good runs of this extraordinary season. Only a few specimens of the sport can be given briefly, or this volume would never come to an end.

The 24th of March deserves to be mentioned as being the first day that "Squire" Chandos-Pole hunted the hounds he had just brought from Ireland. There had been close on a month's frost, and every one was hungry for hunting. The meet was at Radburne, and they had a fair day, the critics differing, as usually is the case, some saying the hounds worked very well, others that they were a bit wild. All agreed that they were as keen as mustard.

The Master, who knew as much about a fox as the fox knew about himself, hit on a novel contrivance for ousting foxes from the trees which they frequented in Sudbury Park, viz. fastening a bell to a long pole, and ringing it in the hollow trees and branches.

In the evening of April 1st, those who had not gone home were rewarded by a splitting ring with an outlying fox on Mr. Charles Cumming's farm at Foston, nearly to Marston-Montgomery, and back to Sudbury Coppice.

The last day of the season was at Bretby, on April 22nd, which was late, to make up for all the stoppages.

A special meeting of the subscribers was held at the St. James's Hotel, on Friday, April 16th, 1886, under the presidency of the Hon. E. Coke, for the purpose of hearing a proposal from the Master of the Hunt as to the future hunting of the country. There was a large attendance,

including Lord Scarsdale, Mr. R. W. Chandos-Pole, Master of the Hunt, Colonel the Hon. W. Coke, Hon. W. Bagot, Mr. G. F. Meynell, Captain Cumming, Mr. F. O. F. Bateman, Mr. R. H. Cotton, Mr. R. Sale, Lieut.-Colonel Pountain, Mr. T. W. Evans, Mr. G. Duncombe, Captain Duncombe, Mr. Cecil Salt, Mr. R. Forman, Mr. W. Boden, Mr. G. D'Arcy Clarke, Mr. John Shaw, junr., Mr. G. Gascoyne, Mr. J. Smith, Mr. R. Waite, Mr. J. Coleman, Mr. R. Fort, Mr. Finney, Mr. Hanson, Mr. S. Wade, Mr. Keats, Mr. W. Burkett, Mr. R. Bott, Mr. Travis, Mr. Kempson, etc.

The Chairman first called upon the Master to make his communication with reference to the future hunting of the country.

Mr. Chandos-Pole said he wished to hunt an extra day a week, and he thought the country certainly required it. There were woodlands that they did not go into more than three times a year after cub-hunting. Complaints had come from all parts of the country as to foxes, and that they had not been hunted, and he wanted an extra hunting-day a week, and a bye day if necessary. There was certainly some misunderstanding with regard to his having purchased a private pack of hounds. What he had done he had done for the best. He had a chance of purchasing these hounds; he was recommended to buy them, and he did not wish to miss them. It had certainly been done on his own responsibility, and if they decided he was not to hunt the hounds in the country, he should be the loser. He particularly wished to impress upon them that he did not wish to press the hounds down their throats.

The Chairman said that when he received a communication from Mr. Chandos-Pole, stating that he wished a general meeting called for the purpose of informing the subscribers that he had purchased another pack of hounds, and consult as to the hunting of the Meynell country, he thought it desirable to draw up certain resolutions which he thought would meet the case. Before submitting these resolutions, he would first read one or two letters he had

received in reference to these resolutions. He might tell them no one in the county had had anything to do with drawing up these resolutions but himself, and any person was perfectly at liberty to criticize them. There were three gentlemen connected with the Hunt who, he knew, would not be able to attend the meeting—therefore, he thought it desirable to have their views on the resolutions. The first and foremost was Lord Bagot, almost the father of the Hunt. (Hear, hear.) He was unable to attend the meeting in consequence of being confined to his room in London, and the other two were both prominently connected with the Hunt, and were now in the south of France—Lord Waterpark and Mr. S. W. Clowes. The resolutions were as follows: That the landlords, tenant farmers, and members of the Meynell Hunt fully appreciate the desire of the Master of the Hunt, Mr. Chandos-Pole, to show increased sport, and are of opinion that the following resolutions should be agreed to: (1) That all covers in Derbyshire, north of the Trent, except Elvaston, Chellaston, and Aston, shall be retained for the sole use of the Meynell hounds, either for hunting or cub-hunting. (2) That Mr. Chandos-Pole have the privilege to hunt his private pack in any other part of the Meynell country that may need or will bear additional hunting. (3) That the hunting days of the Meynell hounds will in future be Monday and Friday in Staffordshire, Tuesday and Thursday in Derbyshire; Wednesday and Saturday will be at Mr. Chandos-Pole's disposal—but, in any case, hunting on Saturday is not to be discontinued. (4) That the hunting in Derbyshire, north of the Trent, shall be discontinued on March 31st in each year, except Elvaston, Chellaston, and Aston. The Chairman then went on to read the replies he had received from the gentlemen above referred to. Lord Bagot wrote that he was quite of the Chairman's opinion that his (the Chairman's) part of Derbyshire would not stand more than two days a week, and if more were attempted, it would rather tend to spoil than to increase sport. He agreed with the resolution. Lord

Waterpark and Mr. Clowes also agreed with the resolution in the main.

A discussion followed on the resolutions, in which the question as to when hunting should cease was raised by Mr. Wade, who thought the season was too long from a farmer's point of view. He did not wish them to hunt out of season.

It was, however, pointed out by the Master that this was an exceptional year, owing to the frost and snow; but if the question was left to him, he should endeavour to suit all parties concerned.

Lord Scarsdale expressed a similar opinion.

The first and second resolutions having been passed, the third was slightly amended, to the effect that Mr. Chandos-Pole's pack should hunt one day, and have a bye day when the Master considered it necessary.

An amendment to the fourth was proposed by Lord Scarsdale, and seconded by Mr. R. Waite, that the date when the season should be concluded should be left to Mr. Chandos-Pole; and this was carried almost unanimously.

Mr. Chandos-Pole mentioned that he had an opportunity of getting Mr. Hamar Bass to become joint-Master of the pack with himself (applause), and he asked the consent of the Hunt to that arrangement.

Mr. Sale thought it would be advantageous to the Hunt in every way, and proposed a motion to that effect.

Mr. A. C. Duncombe seconded the motion, which was unanimously agreed to.

The Chairman then read letters of apology for non-attendance from Mr. Charles Allsopp and Mr. Wood (Somersal), the latter offering to increase his subscription by ten pounds per year. (Applause.) A letter was also read from Mr. John Smith, increasing his subscription from twenty pounds to twenty-five pounds.

The Master, in thanking the meeting, said he had fully expected a severe "wigging" (laughter); but they had let him off very nicely. He should like to mention, in regard to his keeping a private pack of hounds, one

thing a good many people did not remember—that was their having madness among young hounds, so that they could not mix the packs; therefore, but for his pack, they could not have had a bye day at the end of the season.

A vote of thanks having been accorded to the Chairman, on the motion of Lord Scarsdale, seconded by Mr. T. W. Evans, the proceedings concluded.

CHAPTER X.

THE JOINT MASTERSHIP OF THE "SQUIRE" AND MR. HAMAR BASS, M.P.—G. S. L. ON THE HOUNDS—WONDERFUL RUN OF FIVE HOURS—DEATH OF THE THIRD LORD BAGOT.

1886–1887.

G. S. L. writes in the *Field*, of April, 1886 :—

The opportunities to breed hounds were of the very best from the very outset of Mr. Meynell Ingram's career, as he could walk them in three counties—on his extensive Yorkshire estates, on some property in Lincolnshire, and in Staffordshire. He sent out at one time a hundred couples of puppies, and, as may be supposed, the pack rose to a very high state of excellence. It was the fashion years ago to talk of Meynell Ingram's blood, and Mr. Assheton Smith, Mr. Farquharson, Mr. John Bulteel, Mr. Parry, and, at times, no less celebrated kennels than the Belvoir and the Fitzwilliam, have dipped into the sort. At one time they were thought to have been bred a bit close, but down to very recent times indeed, their stud hounds have been in request, such as Manager, Baronet, and Linkboy. I can remember being at a puppy show at the Worcester kennels (I think it was in 1872), when the recently deceased Lord Hindlip, then Mr. Allsopp, was the Master, and the Meynell Manager had just arrived as a loan for stud duties, it being then said that he was one of the oldest of Mr. Meynell Ingram's blood. Manager, entered in 1865, was by Merimac (son of Reginald, son of Lord Scarborough's Reginald)—Tuneful by Ravager—Thetis. Harmony, the dam of Merimac, was by Falstaff, who was by the Brocklesby Flasher—Hyacinth by Roman (son of Belvoir Rasselas and Nightshade) by Nathan (son of Bertram by the Pytchley Abelard)—Bridesmaid by Bachelor, son of Bachelor and Wilful, two hounds that Mr. Meynell had when he started the country in 1816, and they were old hounds then, and presumably bred from the drafts he had been having from Quorndon. I can trace two direct lines from Manager to Bachelor and Wilful, and consequently I expect it was this descent that was attributed to Manager on the day alluded to. Since then, a lot of kennels have obtained the strain, as Manager had a son called Linkboy, and the latter was quite a fashionable sire of the day. Old Jack Morgan used him freely at the Grove, and in 1878 Lord Galway's entry contained three couples by him, and, as I showed in my last hound paper, Lord Stafford patronized him. Charles Leedham has Linkboy's skin thrown over a

chair in his parlour. He thought there was no better foxhound, for he was as hard as nails, would draw the thickest gorse, or run hard to head, but he was the most quarrelsome hound he had ever had anything to do with. He lent him to Mr. Corbet once, and that gentleman sent him back with a note to say that he had so many hounds that he could not accommodate Linkboy with a kennel to himself. There is no end of Linkboy's blood in the Meynell now, as I will presently show. Baronet was another hound that good judges used to perpetuate Mr. Meynell's old sort. He goes back to Nightshade, the common ancestress of him and Linkboy, and she, of course, to Bachelor and Wilful. Another one that Jack Morgan used, before the time of Linkboy and Baronet, was Fairplay by Alfred—Fancy, and his pedigree takes him right down in just the same way to the old sorts, touching a lot of the finest Belvoir blood on the way.

I had long wished to see the Meynell as a fine old pedigree pack, and, to tell the truth, if it had not been for circumstances for which I was prepared, I should have been rather disappointed, as there is a ragged, uneven look about the dog hounds that does not bring them to the eye altogether. This is easily to be accounted for by the fact that it was necessary to put on a most moderate entry last year, owing to a serious loss of better ones. Charles Leedham was priding himself last January twelve months, that his earliest puppies, then coming in from walk, were an exceptionally good lot, and ten couples of dog hounds and a couple of bitches had come in. Suddenly one showed fatal signs of the most dreaded of all maladies, and as he had been with all the other ones two nights, it was deemed prudent to put the whole lot underground. Leedham's care and promptitude probably saved the pack, as, though a sharp look-out was kept, no sign for alarm was ever seen afterwards, and it was doubtless an isolated case with regard to the puppy. However, losing twenty-two of the best puppies was, of course, a considerable drawback to the pack, and a moderate entry will always make a pack look shabby for a time, though, with such material as the Meynell possess, that can easily be righted in a season or two. Such an untoward circumstance as I have mentioned is a drawback in another way also, as the good feeling that exists among hound owners invariably deters favours being asked with regard to the loan of stud hounds, or taking bitches to other kennels, when anything suspicious has occurred, and therefore the Meynell last year kept entirely to its own sires. This may be a slight detriment to this season's entry; but Leedham thinks he has some nice puppies, and three or four couples that I saw have very promising looks about them. Last year's dog entry, such as it was, I looked over, the first drawn being Chanter, a black and white hound, of no great pretensions as to looks, but very good in his work, and by the Quorn Gamester—always such a favourite with Tom Firr; the next, Drummer, by Denmark, is a little below the standard; a better one by far being Fireman, the cup puppy, and boasting capital legs and feet, and he is by General, a hound no longer in orders, but a very fine bred one. Gilbert, by the South Notts. Somerset, is a good-coloured, good-shaped hound; and Glancer, a light, flat-sided little hound, is another that does credit to the Quorn Gamester for work, but he is not very handsome. Pluto and Pedlar, being nearer twenty-four inches than twenty-three and a half, are over standard, but a useful couple of hounds, and their growth may be due to the capital quarters a noble lord gave them. Stainless, by the Belvoir Stainless, is not much to look at, but Leedham says he is an extraordinary good one in his work; and here is another instance to cite, in addition to the many I have given, that the get of the Belvoir Stainless are workmen. Leedham says he likes them better than the Belvoir Proctors, as they have more fire.

The bitch entry happened to be no very extraordinary one, although there were no losses in their cases of much consequence. The cup bitch was deservedly Beatrice, a very perfectly shaped young lady, by the Belvoir Spartan, a hound that many good judges are very fond of, but dam Bellicent by Conqueror, out of Bosnia, by the above-mentioned Baronet. There could be no better breeding than this; and Faithful, the second prize cup winner, can boast of very good looks, with the nice legs and feet which are such a setting off to her own brother, Fireman, the cup winner in the dog puppy class. A good bitch, called Bertha, one of the best, so Leedham thinks, was lost some weeks ago out hunting, and has not been heard of since, so, if a good-looking young bitch joins into a neighbouring pack, and stray ones do sometimes, it may be known where she comes from. A very pretty bitch is Dewdrop, by Dorimont—Mindful; and Denmark, of whom I shall have to say something presently, is answerable for a neat one in Dorothy. Lapwing, by Bushman, a hound the Marquis of Worcester has marked down to use, is very good-looking and full of use, and there are several others of an order to prove very useful to the pack.

The stallion hounds are headed by the now six-season hunter, Bushman, a red-pied hound of a long, low, useful order, with plenty of depth and good back ribs, and he has been an excellent workman, and bred to suit any breeder, who may have a fancy for Mr. Meynell Ingram's old strain; his sire Conjuror being by the Fitzwilliam Somerset—Caroline, by Conqueror, son of the Bramham Moor Carver—Pamela, by Rifleman, son of Hotspur, a brother to Hyacinth, who will be found in the pedigree I have given of Manager; and thereby easily traced down to 1816. Landlord, of the same year as Bushman, I like quite as well, as he is so full of foxhound character, and grandly bred, as he is by Granby, a son of the Belvoir Gallant—Lawless, by Miracle—Lavish, the dam of Linkboy, and she was by Chorister—Laura, by Lord Henry Bentinck's Larkspur, Dorimont, by the Grove Dorimont—Willing, by the Fitzwilliam Ransack—Watchful, her dam Wilful by Wanderer, son of Lord Henry Bentinck's Wanderer, is very useful looking, and, as will be seen, he inherits the most telling blood. Random is nothing much for looks, as he is hardly straight, and a bit flat-sided, but he is to be used for his extraordinary nose and goodness. He is a red-pied, determined-looking hound by the Brocklesby Racer—Antidote, by the Quorn Alfred, and, on one occasion, he kept the pack right when no other hound could own the line, and he fairly killed the fox. Fisherman is a bit odd in his colour, but shapely, and so good in his work that he has been used this season very freely. He is by Romulus, a son of the Grove Reginald—Fragment, by the Duke of Beaufort's Freshman—Resolute, by Rummager, a son of Fairplay. Merryman, a nice, little, twenty-three inch hound, so often running in the bitch pack, is as good, Leedham thinks, as a foxhound can be; he can always race to the head of affairs, and wherever there is work to be done, he is there to do it. His breeding is all in the direction of the old sorts, as he is by Marmaduke, a son of Baronet; his dam Merciful, by the Bramham Mountebank, by old Bob Ward's favourite, Merryman. What a capital hound for blood the Meynell Merryman would be for the Hertfordshire to use—their own sort, dashed with Mr. Lane Fox's and Mr. Meynell Ingram's. The best-looking hound, I think, in the pack is Denmark, by the Grafton Denmark—Laughter, by Baronet, her dam Ladybird, a daughter of Lavish, the dam of Linkboy. Beautiful, in his Belvoir tan colouring, is Denmark, and he looks a high-bred foxhound. Leedham tells me that their bitches did not hit at all with the Oakley, but they did with the Grafton, and I told him that the last-named kennel is in such good form now as to suggest that their dog hounds should be used freely, and I hoped he would go there. Pillager, who, like

Denmark, was the cup puppy of his year, is a good-looking hound with plenty of bone and nice legs and feet, but he is not so blood-like as Denmark. He is a son of the above-named Dorimont; and there is another young sire much thought of by Leedham, namely, Chanticleer, the winner of the cup in his year, and got by General out of Charity, by the Grove, Reginald.

The Meynell bitch pack has a look of work and smartness about it, and the ladies give evidence of having done some racing this season. Some of them are as neat as one can wish to find. Mindful I thought the handsomest old bitch of all, and she is by Marmaduke, the sire of Merryman, and, like her relative, she has been such a good one. Languish and Lavish are two charming third season bitches, by Landlord, the stallion hound I like; and Bonny Lass, by the Oakley Stormer, is a grand bitch, built much after Mr. Arkwright's order; whilst Artful, a red-pied bitch, and Syren, a second season hunter, are as neat as their descent from the ducal kennel should make them. Of course, a good many of the matrons were away on family duties, but the bitch pack, as I saw it, looks more sorty than the dogs, and it doubtless comprises plenty of the right material to keep up the great prestige of the Meynell. Charles Leedham says he feels sure the two packs were never more killing and smarter than they are now, and as for steadiness, it has been their characteristic since the days when the great Mr. Hugo Meynell prided himself on the discipline of his hounds.

The season of 1886–1887 began well with a very useful day for cub-hunting, which occurred on September 16th, when they found in the Greaves, ran the full length of the Forest Banks, then across Bagot's Park through Lord's Coppice, away and out round Abbots Bromley, back again to Lord's Coppice, whence they went away again, and lost between there and Abbots Bromley.

There was hunting every day in the week, four days with the Meynell and two days with the Master's private pack, and sport was of a high order. It is impossible to mention all the good runs, but sometimes little incidents are equally interesting. There are still a good many of us who will remember how hounds slipped every one, one day in November, from the Bath Covert at Hoar Cross, and how Mr. Fort was the only man with them up to Bagot's Woods. Only a few days afterwards, in the Radburne country, Mr. R. FitzHerbert * and Mr. Porteous had it all to *themselves* for a bit.

From December 14th there was frost and snow for the best part of six weeks, and no one, who experienced it, is

* Mr. R., Mr. Richard, or Mr. "Dick" FitzHerbert always signify the present Sir Richard.

likely to forget the two hours they spent at Egginton Gorse, almost frozen, while Charles tried in vain to induce his fox to quit his quarters.

February 1st, from Mercaston Stoop, was a grand hound day, but hardly any one could boast of being really with them up and down the hills in the latter part. Briefly, they found in the new gorse at Mugginton, and ran a nice ring through Ravensdale Park, and Weston village, through Wild Park nearly to White's Wood, Brailsford, and then, leaving Mercaston Stoop to the right, back to Ravensdale Park. Time, about half an hour, without a check, and people looked anxiously for their second horses, which were not forthcoming. Here they probably changed, going away again best pace by Windley, in front of the Lilies, over the top of Windley Hill, which the greater part of the field declined to descend, but jogged along the top, nicking in with hounds by Hulland Ward. They meanwhile ran out by Shottle Hall, and swung back by Hulland to Ravensdale Park, and bowled their fox over close to the brickyard at Weston-Underwood.

Though it was not two o'clock, every one had had enough after going fast for two hours and a half, and covering not less than twenty miles, all up and down hill, and hounds went home.

The Master is never likely to forget March 30th, when hounds went to Goat Lodge and ran for about five hours, and all the horses were done to a turn. Very few saw it out, but he was one of them. Hounds found in Lord's Coppice, and ran with a burning scent as if for Blithfield, back to the Woods, round and about them, out and over the Warren at Blithfield, back again to the Woods and killed a good stout fox, who had stood up before the Master's Irish pack for an hour and three-quarters, all at a strong pace.

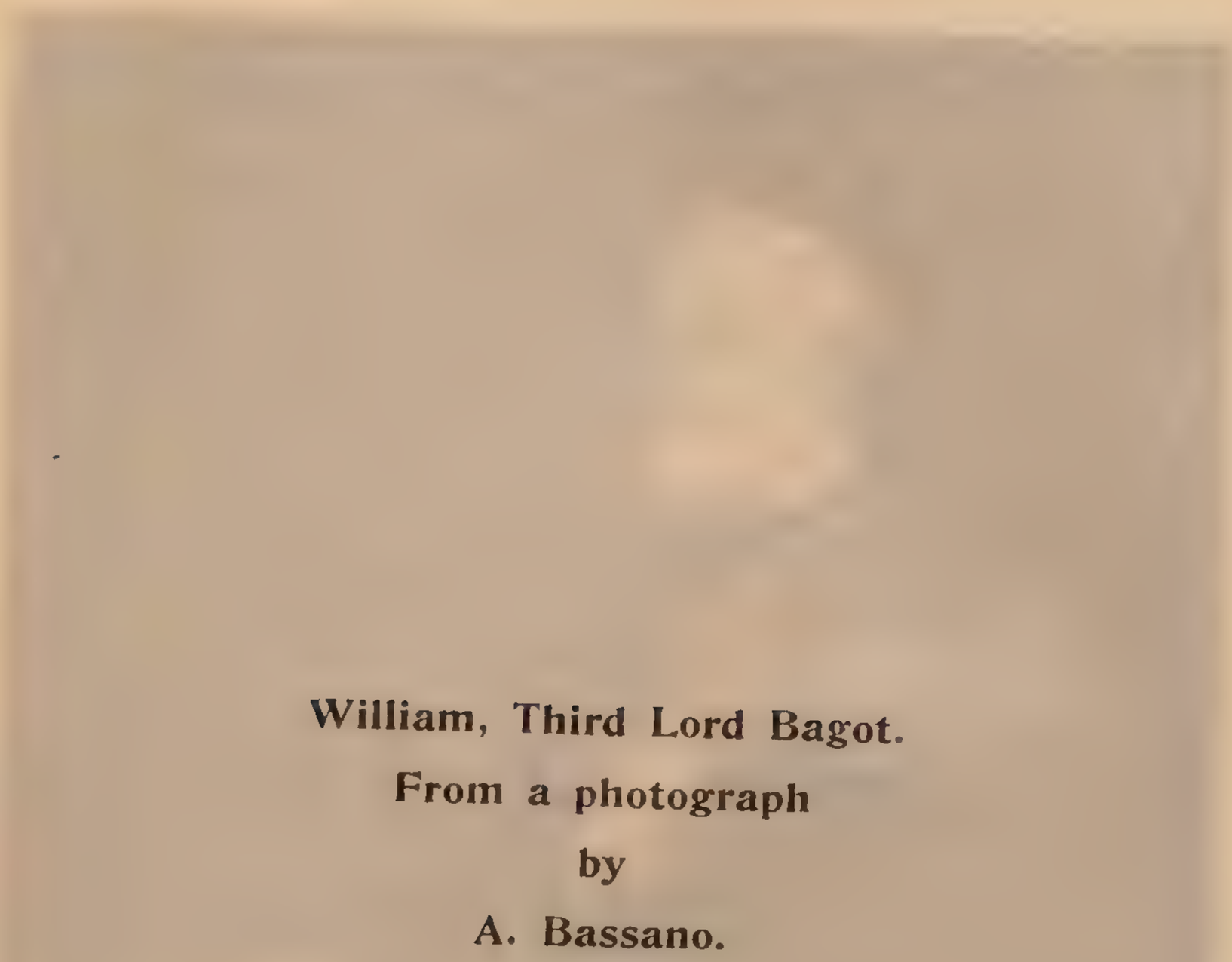
They found again by the High Trees, Bagot's Park, and ran to ground. Found a third fox by Buttermilk Hill, came away through Tomlinson's corner, as if for Birchwood, but turned sharply first to the right, and then to the left down to the Bath Wood, Hoar Cross, and then

on to Rough Park, past Hamstall Ridware, back to Abbots Bromley.

There was a rare scent all day, and the hounds' voices made the old woods fairly ring.

In January of this year (1887), a great loss befell the country in the death of Lord Bagot, one of the very stanchest supporters of the hunt. He was born in 1811, and was educated at the Charterhouse, at Eton, and Magdalen College, Cambridge. He succeeded to the title as third baron in 1856. He was at one time a Lord of the Bedchamber to Prince Consort, and held the office of a Lord in Waiting to the Queen for some years. Moreover, he sat in Parliament for the county of Denbigh, where he owns large estates, as a Conservative, from 1835 to 1852, and was a deputy-lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for the counties of Stafford and Derby. In 1851 he married the Hon. Lucia Caroline Elizabeth Agar-Ellis, the eldest daughter of the late Lord Dover, by whom he had two sons and four daughters. One of the latter married the late Mr. Hamar Bass. There was no better landlord than the late Lord Bagot, and the estates are in wonderful order—every hunting man can bear testimony to the well-hung gates, and wire is a thing unknown. His tenants still speak of him in a way that is pleasant to hear in this democratic age.

For nearly sixty years he had been connected with the Staffordshire Yeomanry, which corps he joined in 1827 and was at once given a captain's commission in the Uttoxeter troop. The yeomanry was frequently called out in those days to quell riots of one kind and another, and in 1831 especially there were great disturbances over the rejection of the Reform Bill. On October 10th the Riot Act was read, and the yeomanry was called out—the Staffordshire body, with others, being summoned to Derby —where Lord Bagot commanded the Burton troop. All the troops were highly praised for their efficiency in keeping order during the week that they remained there. In November of the same year again there were serious



William, Third Lord Bagot.
From a photograph
by
A. Bassano.

troubles with the colliers, and Lord Bagot and his troop kept watch and ward over the county gaol. Once more during the Chartist riots he was put on active service. Finally, he commanded the regiment and was honorary colonel when he died.

His son, the present Lord Bagot, was captain of the Uttoxeter troop of the same yeomanry. He was also a Gentleman Usher of the Privy Chamber of her Majesty, the late Queen, from 1885. Owing to ill health he never comes out hunting now, though he is a beautiful horseman, but what would the Meynell Hunt do without Bagot's Woods, to say nothing of all the other Blithfield coverts in which foxes are so plentiful?

On April 2nd in this year (1887) the fox crossed the Trent twice down by Wichnor.

CHAPTER XI.

THE "SQUIRE'S" LAST SEASON—TWO *CANARDS*—WONDERFUL RUN FROM SNELSTON—RESIGNATION OF THE "SQUIRE"—REPORT OF THE SPECIAL COMMITTEE.

1887–1888.

THERE were a few new names in the subscription list this year, viz. W. Court and James Vernon, Uttoxeter; Captain W. B. Coney, the Barracks, Derby; W. D. Fane, H. C. Hartley, New Lodge, Needwood Forest; Miss Hartley, ditto; H. S. Hartman, Normanton, Derby; C. B. Jameson, Barton House, Barton-under-Needwood; E. McInnes, Derby; C. Palmer, E. Probyn, G. F. Royds, F. Tessier, A. T. Wright; H. J. Betterton, Woodville, Burton-on-Trent; A. K. Boswall; A. A. Cammell, Hulland Hall; C. E. Every Halsted, The Villa, Rolleston; Francis Ley, Manor House, Barrow; Herbert Peel, Somersal House; W. T. Roden, Church Broughton; Charles Schwind, Broomfield, Derby; Captain Taylor; E. J. Fraser Tytler, Bowbridge, Langley.

Of these Mr. Peel was a good sportsman, and nice quiet rider to hounds, and afterwards had hounds of his own in the hills in Cheshire, at Calverley, and in Radnorshire. He had only one arm, but could do everything exactly the same as if he had two; Mr. Roden was a capital gentleman jockey, and Mr. Fraser Tytler an intrepid man to hounds.

The season began with a very nice run for the time of year on October 3rd, from the small fir plantation at Cubley, by Marston-Montgomery, Wardley Coppice,

through the grounds at Doveridge, and killed on the bridge over the Dove. If the writer is not mistaken, this was the first time Mr. Fort rode that famous horse, Silver King, and very well he carried him.

Some consternation was caused about this time by a report, that, on account of mange amongst foxes and the consequent death of a great many, the Meynell hounds would only hunt twice a week. Of course it proved to be only a *canard*, like the famous telegram which Colonel Chandos-Pole was supposed to have sent years afterwards to say that he was going to draw his own coverts at Radburne with his own hounds, on the first Thursday in the season—the usual day for the Meynell to go there. In this case the telegram proved to be forged, though the forger has never yet been discovered, in spite of a reward of one hundred pounds being offered for his detection. It is quite true that mange did appear in this season of 1887–1888, having probably come from the other side of the Derwent, where several foxes had been turned down, but there was never any serious intention of reducing the number of hunting days. The first mangy fox actually seen in the Meynell country was on March 12th, 1888, when they met at Vernon's Oak. They found in a field not far from there, and ran a ring by Cubley into Sudbury Coppice. Charles viewed the fox away from there, and always said he could not make out what was the matter with him, for "he looked as if he had been shook out of a soot bag." He found out soon enough when they killed him in the Park. They killed another mangy one before night, which they found in Cubley Gorse. This one only got as far as the Car. The scourge then spread all over, not only the Meynell country, but all England.

Another hunting nuisance began to be in evidence this year—barbed wire, to wit. The very first wire, though not barbed, which the present writer saw in these parts, was in the dead thorn fence by the brook which runs out of the bottom of Shirley Park towards the Mill, late in the seventies.

Sport was very fair this year up to November 16th, when there was a week's frost, but the run of the season, or of many seasons, was on December 8th. It was one of those doubtful mornings, on which, somehow or other, many of the best runs have occurred. On this particular one there was a great deal of snow about, the ground was half frozen, and there was a fog. The place of meeting was Mercaston Stoop, but there was too much snow on the hills to hunt there, so they came to Meynell Langley Gorse, found there and went away at a great pace over the Ashbourne road, leaving Wheathills on the left. Then they turned to the right by the Common Nurseries, where hounds ran away from everybody, and went on by Silver-hill, across Radburne Park, by the church, straight through the Rough, on by Dalbury village to Sutton Gorse, where some of the field caught them. The Master was on his hack, having somehow missed his hunter, and Charles used to describe graphically how he came up at this juncture, sitting rather on one side, with one spur playing the devil's tattoo in the hack's side. If it started as a hack it finished as a hunter, for its rider was with them, and so was Mr. Fort for another, on Silver King, and Charles of course, as they ran on to the right of Sutton Gorse, through Arbour Field Plantation, across the Etwall and Sutton road, nearly to Hilton village. Here they turned to the right, ran to the left of Sutton village, on for Church Broughton, and checked by the gateway close to Hudson's house, near the top covert at Foston. Charles, having got a little behind here, when he came up cast for the top covert, but, not hitting it off, completed his circle, when they hit the line just behind where they checked and started running again all down the Foston meadows, and finally gave it up close to Sapperton. The long check by the top covert just saved the fox's life, but it was a splendid gallop, which people talk of to this day—an eleven-mile point, and nothing to call a check till they got to Foston.

On the 17th they ran very hard with a capital scent from the Greaves all along the Banks to High Trees,

Bagot's Park, all across the Park by Turnor's Lodge, across Bromley and Agardsley Parks, through Hollybush and Parson's Brake, back to the Greaves. Then away again the same line to High Trees, through Bagot's Woods, to ground in the Rhododendron Covert at Blithfield. Though it was not two o'clock, hounds went home. From which fact any one may conclude it was a good run, for the Master was not one for making short days.

1888.

On January 24th, with the Master's own pack at Swarkestone, there was a blank day, but on the 25th there was a good one to make up for it, there being three good runs, two from Jaggard's farm at Hamstall Ridware, and one from Blithe Moor. February 6th, however (the very day of the month, by-the-by, on which the great run of 1868 occurred), was destined to be always held in honour as a red-letter day in the Meynell calendar. They found in Shutt's dumble at Snelston and ran best pace across the corner of the Park, through the Holly Wood as if for Alkmonton Bottoms. Before reaching them, however, the fox turned back to the right, passed just to the left of Bentley Car, and then went between Alkmonton Bottoms and Potter's, to the right of Barton Fields and Lees Green, down to Radburne Rough. From here hounds ran him through the Potlucks, up to Mickleover Windmill, and sharp back to ground in a tree close to Mickleover station. This was a good twelve-mile point, all the way at a strong pace.

Mr. William Court will long remember this run, for, when he was going very well, he took a liberty with the Trusley brook by trying to ford it at a cattle-drinking place. The brook resented it and held his horse fast, while he had the mortification of seeing his friends jumping it in their stride to the right and left of him, and going on rejoicing, while he stayed perforce where he was.

Though he hunted very frequently with the Meynell

hounds, and married the eldest daughter of Sir Andrew Walker of Osmaston in this country, yet he belongs more properly to Cheshire. He is a wonderfully good man to hounds, and has won no end of point-to-point races into the bargain.

There was a frost from February 14th till March 6th. On the 8th there was a good gallop late in the evening from Egginton Gorse to the right of Etwall and Mickleover, to ground on the Great Northern Railway just below the Derby Workhouse, a five-and-a-half-mile point, in forty minutes. On the 15th there was an uncommon event for the Meynell—a blank day—though they drew from Langley Gorse to Sudbury Coppice.

Then, on March 20th, as a writer at the time observed: "The prosperous and popular Meynell Hunt—so famous in local sporting annals—sustained about as severe a blow as possibly could have befallen it, short of final disruption, or a dead set against it by the farmers, and signs even of those dire catastrophes are not entirely wanting. Mr. Reginald Chandos-Pole, the genial and manly squire of Radburne, who, for six years, was the popular Master of the Hunt—an honour which for the last year or two he has shared with Mr. Hamar Bass—has definitely decided to resign the joint-Mastership, to retire from its committee, and to transfer himself and his hounds to what, in sporting phraseology, is known as 'another country,' that other country being, we believe, so remote as Dorsetshire. Of course, there is more, probably, behind the scenes than the public or even the press are aware of, and Mr. Chandos-Pole, who is the very soul of honour himself, and an utter stranger to intrigues and cabals, was too much the gentleman to explain why he had come to the determination to resign, save only that he had done so after much forethought and consideration. But although Mr. Chandos-Pole said so little, those who know his almost paternal interest in the Meynell country during the last decade, and the affection with which 'Shandy' is regarded by the Hunt, can imagine something of what he felt in announcing

that decision, and of the overwhelming motives which must have impelled him, after much consideration, to cut off his connection with hunting in this country. We believe the real reason of Mr. Chandos-Pole's resignation is attributable to a seeming want of trust in his lead—for we are quite certain it was only a *seeming* one, and was shared by no large following—as Master of the Hunt. If the Squire of Radburne, in his anxiety to show sport, liked to have a pack of hounds of his own, and to hunt two days a week extra with them, *i.e.* six days a week altogether, we cannot, for the life of us, conceive what on earth there was in this to call for hostile comment, except, indeed, from the farmers whose lands were ridden over. [If a precedent was needed, it was set by Mr. Lort Philips, who did exactly the same thing in Pembrokeshire.] The fact is, no one is more popular among all the farmers of the Hunt than Mr. Chandos-Pole. *Their feeling* was pointedly expressed by Mr. White of Egginton, who said, if he liked to hunt six days a week, they would find him foxes, whilst another farmer, when Mr. Chandos-Pole definitely announced his resignation, observed, 'It's all up with the Meynell now—they'll get no more foxes.' Several farmers, with clenched teeth and angry looks, endorsed the threat, and those who know what hunting would be without the co-operation of farmers will scarcely relish the prospect. Had the fact of Mr. Chandos-Pole's resignation been more generally known, and had the meeting been held on a Friday, when all interested in the Hunt could have attended, the St. James's Hall would hardly have held the gathering, and their expression of feeling in his favour would have been as hearty as it would have been unmistakable. As it is, apart from the handsome presentation that will doubtless be made by the Hunt, we hear that an address of confidence and thanks from the leading tenant farmers of the district is contemplated. It is, unhappily, too late to affect the retiring Master's decision, but it will, at least, show the universal respect and esteem in which he is held by those without whose co-operation and good-will hunting would

be impossible. Candid criticisms and re-organized and representative committees, according to the latest theories of reform in county government, may be good so far as they go. But the Meynell has gone on very well without them for many a long year, and the moral of this unfortunate business—for *most unfortunate it is*—would seem to be that, when the Hunt has got a good Master, it should trust and follow and even humour him, if it can only keep him, and that it is better 'to bear those ills we have than fly to others we wot not of'—better, in fact, to have an almost autocratic M.F.H., if he is a good one, than to harass him and drive him away with threats of what may be told him as to four or six days' hunting by a 'representative committee,' whose first duty, apparently, will be, not to re-organize the Hunt, but to preserve it from threatened disruption and the openly expressed hostility of the farmers. Mr. Chandos-Pole leaves this country with the universal good wishes of all whose opinion is worth having, and we can only hope that a popular Master, and the dropping of all carping with the management, and tinkering with the constitution of the Hunt, will prevent further disasters—otherwise the reformed committee will have *only themselves to reorganize.* But we confidently hope that, by a little conciliation all round—a forgetting of differences, and a return to the good old traditions of the Hunt—the Meynell will once more be as popular as ever, and it is with that desire that we have pointed out weak places, and issued a warning note to any whom it may concern."

In another paper the following appeared: "Mr. Chandos-Pole's resignation of the Mastership of the Meynell hounds came as a surprise to many of the subscribers, who attended the meeting in Derby on Tuesday to elect a newly constituted committee. Of course, it is no secret that for some time past there has been a little friction between Mr. Chandos-Pole and some members of the Hunt, although very little of the dispute has been made public. Two years ago Mr. Chandos-Pole bought a pack of hounds in Ireland, and brought them into the

Meynell district. The Meynell hounds were then in the habit of hunting four days a week, but the Master filled up the remaining two leisure days, so that since that time there have been six days' hunting every week during the season, when the weather permitted. This arrangement pleased some of the hunting men, but others thought the thing was being overdone, apart from the inconveniences of a subscribers' pack and a private pack. Mr. Chandos-Pole appears to think that he has not been quite handsomely treated by some members of the Hunt, and he has taken the somewhat sudden resolve of transferring himself and his hounds to some other country. This determination will be regretted throughout the Meynell country. The Squire of Radburne is an enthusiastic fox-hunter, and if he has erred at all, it is from too much zeal. It is unfortunate that he and those who have differed from him could not effect an amicable compromise. Probably four days a week is sufficient for the Meynell country. For some little time past Mr. Hamar Bass, M.P., has been joint-Master of the Meynell hounds, and he has especially represented the Staffordshire side of the country. If it should be decided to continue the dual-Mastership, there ought not to be much difficulty in finding a suitable successor to Mr. Chandos-Pole before the opening of next season."

The above both appeared in the current publications of the time. The present writer does not know the names of the newspapers, and is therefore unable to give them. They give an outline of what was a much-vexed question, all mention of which cannot well be omitted. But Mr. Chandos-Pole's conduct at that time cannot be too highly appreciated. He had the welfare of his native country so much at heart, that, sooner than create a civil war, he expatriated himself. There have been splits in other countries, and breaches, which seemed irreparable, but from these evils "the squire" saved the Meynell by his dignified, manly, and straightforward conduct. And this ought never to be forgotten.

Field, March 24th, 1888 :—

MEETING OF THE MEYNELL HUNT.

Resignation of Mr. Chandos-Pole.

A general meeting of the subscribers of the Meynell Hunt was held at the St. James's Hotel, Derby, on Tuesday afternoon. Lord Bagot presided, and there were also present Lord Scarsdale, Lord Waterpark, Mr. R. W. Chandos-Pole, and Mr. H. Bass, M.P. (the joint masters of the hunt), Colonel J. C. Cavendish, and a number of other gentlemen.

The noble Chairman, in opening the proceedings, said that at Sudbury the other day a meeting of the committee of the Hunt should have been held; but as all the members of that committee, with the exception of Mr. Walter Boden, Mr. Finney, and himself, were abroad, they considered it would not have been right for them to hold a meeting, and to settle the business of the Hunt; consequently they had resolved to resign *pro tem.* to enable the Hunt to elect a new committee, whose names he proposed.

Mr. Walter Boden seconded the motion, and in doing so explained that the committee would then consist of five landowners out of Derbyshire, and five out of Staffordshire, together with a representation of subscribers from the country. The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. Chandos-Pole said the announcement that he had to make was, that he intended to transfer himself and his hounds to another country. He was not doing that without great forethought. He should retire from the position that he had occupied as joint-master of the Meynell hounds during the present year, and he should be glad if Mr. Sowter would erase his name from the committee of the Meynell hounds. He also wished before retiring to thank both landowners and farmers of the country which he had hunted, for their courtesy to him during the time that he had held the joint-mastership of the Meynell hounds, and he especially desired to thank those over whose land he had hunted with his own hounds, and from whom he had received on every occasion the greatest possible courtesy, both in Staffordshire and in Derbyshire.

Lord Waterpark said that, whatever difference of opinion might have arisen as to the desirability of hunting this country four or six days per week, there could be but one opinion as to Mr. Chandos-Pole's laudable endeavour to show sport, and to show a great deal of sport. (Cheers.) He thought the meeting would agree with him that the least they could do was to give Mr. Chandos-Pole a hearty vote of thanks for the time, the trouble, and the additional expense that he had incurred in his endeavour to obtain sport, and there could be no doubt if a man kept a pack of hounds himself, and hunted two days a week extra, that he deserved the greatest thanks for what he had done. (Cheers.) They would part with Mr. Chandos-Pole with regret, and would hope to see him many times in the future, trusting that his withdrawal from them would be but temporary. (Hear, hear.) While their thanks were due to Mr. Chandos-Pole for his services during the whole six years that he was sole Master of the Hunt, they were more especially due for the services he had rendered to them during the past two years whilst hunting his own hounds. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Waite suggested that Mr. Chandos-Pole should be asked to continue his services to the Hunt. He (Mr. Waite) had hunted for twenty years with the Meynell Hounds, and the present was the saddest intimation that he had ever received regarding the Hunt.

Mr. White (Egginton) also asked Mr. Chandos-Pole to reconsider his decision.

The farmers, on whose behalf he spoke, would be very sorry indeed if he left to hunt another country.

Mr. Henry Boden seconded the vote of thanks. Every word that Lord Waterpark had said he was quite sure they all endorsed, and, whatever differences of opinion had arisen, they had not been so wide apart as some people thought they might have been. There would always be differences of opinion in a country like this, but he thought that, if matters had been tackled in a business-like way, perhaps the present difficulty might have been tided over. As regarded Mr. Chandos-Pole's hunting of this country, there could be no objection to the very laudable ambition of Mr. Chandos-Pole hunting his own hounds two days per week. Personally speaking, it had been a very great convenience, and he had hunted with those hounds with very great pleasure. While he had pleasure in seconding the motion of Lord Waterpark, he did it also with great regret, seeing that it was coupled with the resignation of Mr. Chandos-Pole. (Hear, hear.)

Lord Bagot said he could but add to the observations already made his thanks, and those of Staffordshire, to Mr. Chandos-Pole for the way in which he had hunted the country, and say that they would be very sorry to lose him in the field. (Cheers.)

Mr. Chandos-Pole said he ought to thank the meeting for the very kind expressions made use of as to his hunting the country while he had the hounds. He could only add that nothing would deter him from carrying out his intention, notwithstanding that he felt all their kindness in wishing him to remain joint-master of the Meynell Hunt.

The proceedings then terminated.

Meynell Hunt.

REPORT

On the business transacted by the special committee appointed at a general meeting of the Hunt, held in Derby, on March 20th, 1888, to take into consideration the appointment of a fresh committee on a more extended scale, certain rules for the guidance of such committee, and other matters.

Your committee have met five times, and passed the following resolutions, which they submit for your acceptance.

That Mr. Bass continue the Mastership for the next two years. That in Mr. Bass's absence at any time, Lord Bagot in Staffordshire, and Mr. Clowes in Derbyshire, act as deputy field masters; further, that if neither of the above-named gentlemen happens to be present, one or more of the members of the committee have power to direct proceedings.

The days of hunting to be Monday and Thursday in Derbyshire, and Tuesday and Saturday in Staffordshire, and that any bye day be duly advertised.

That for the future the general meetings be held alternately at Derby and Uttoxeter.

That the following names form the Hunt Committee: The Hon. E. Coke, Lord Vernon, Lord Scarsdale, Lord Waterpark, Mr. Clowes, Mr. H. J. Cumming, Mr. Walter Boden, Lord Bagot, Sir Reginald Hardy, Colonel Levett, Mr. A. C. Duncombe, Mr. Kempson, Mr. Crossman, Mr. P. C. Walker; the Trustees of the Hounds (Lord Bagot, Lord Burton, Hon. E. Coke, and Sir William Evans), and the Master (*ex-officio*), and further, that the farmers of Derbyshire and Staffordshire shall each be invited to appoint two *bonâ fide* tenant farmers residing within the limits of the Hunt to serve on the committee.

The purchase of the freehold of the kennels has been completed, and the buildings generally put in a thorough state of repair. It is deemed advisable to set aside the sum of a hundred pounds yearly from the subscriptions towards the maintenance of the Hunt buildings. This will obviate the necessity, as in former years, of appealing to the subscribers for special funds for this purpose.

The different coverts rented by the Hunt, viz. Hilton, Sutton, and Egginton Gorses, have been put in good order during the summer.

Mr. F. C. Newton has kindly undertaken the duties of honorary secretary, Mr. Sowter having resigned the secretaryship.

WATERPARK, *Chairman.*

CHAPTER XII.

MR. HAMAR BASS, M.F.H., M.P.—DEATH OF MR. R. SALE—A GOOD OPENING DAY—THREE GOOD GALLOPS—A DERBYSHIRE SCURRY—THE ANNUAL MEETING—DERBYSHIRE HUNTING SONG.

1888-1889.

From the *Burton Chronicle*:—

Dear Mr. Editor,—You asked me to write you something about Mr. Bass that would contribute to the desire which is expressed by your readers at this moment for information about him. In a weak and generous moment I promised, and I am not going back from my word, but while shock and the sorrow are so fresh and so keen, my mind is so chaotic, and ideas and memories are whirling round and round; so you must be satisfied with a rambling, fragmentary, gossipy contribution. Perhaps when the calm comes I can send you something more. Mr. Hamar Bass's death has caused, and will cause for some time to come, a great sensation. People of all grades are talking of him. With one it is, "Dear old Hamar;" with another, "Poor old Hamar; we've lost a good friend;" while a typical farmer says, "Eh, mister, we shall miss Mr. Hamar in this country; hey was a good friend to farmers." There must be a warm side somewhere in a man when so many people speak of him by his Christian name. In his constituency all alike, supporters and opponents, will admit the loss the division has sustained. Few people realize how many sides there were to Mr. Bass except his family and intimate friends. Very few have the least idea of the many engagements, responsibilities, and undertakings, imposed on a man of wealth, who enters into politics and sport. Mr. Bass was generally regarded as a lazy man, and he once said to the writer, in a fit of self-reproach, "I am one of the laziest men alive," and yet how much he had to do and think about, and after all, how much he achieved! Think of it. A member of Parliament for nearly twenty years, latterly for a large county constituency, with all that it means in the way of meetings, deputations, correspondence, etc.; a master of hounds for eleven years, with horses to buy, hounds to be reared and walked, servants to pay, and meets to be arranged to try and please every one; a colonel of militia, after a twenty-eight years' connection with the regiment; an owner and breeder of racehorses, an owner and breeder of greyhounds, with houses and servants in London, Byrkley, Scotland, Newmarket, and occasional houses for Ascot, Goodwood, and Doncaster. All this entailed a large correspondence and constant care, and yet in a great measure he kept a grip of everything in his own hands. He had great

determination of character when necessity arose, and indomitable pluck which enabled him to triumph over physical weakness. His position of Master of Hounds and Member of Parliament was only maintained at considerable sacrifice. I have known him hunt all day, catch the train for London in the evening to attend at the House of Commons for some important division to which he had been summoned, and return next morning by the 5.15 newspaper train to hunt with the Meynell. It is difficult to adequately convey to the general public the extent of business, chiefly correspondence, forced upon a man of wealth, and with such varied pursuits and interests; but apart from the legitimate correspondence consequent upon his position, the name of "Bass" was sufficient to bring down on him every professional begging-letter writer—and they are a numerous army of late years—to say nothing of many a genuine needy applicant besides from far and near, most of them with no claim of any kind, direct or indirect. Mr. Bass was a generous giver, but showed always great sagacity and discrimination in the wide distribution of his gifts. He always proceeded on a system, and endeavoured to confine himself to defined areas, such as his constituency, the Burton and Meynell Hunt country, the immediate district of his London residence, Newmarket, and Scotland. He had fixed methods of inquiring into individual cases, and into the circumstances of chapels, churches, schools, etc. His standing question was, "How much are you raising yourselves?" and he gave accordingly. I never thought Mr. Bass fond of public life; he was naturally a retiring, diffident man, reflective and introspective, but he accepted it, and went through with it as a duty incumbent on a gentleman of leisure and wealth. He, however, revelled in sport, and derived keen pleasure from it, especially when success attended him. A good day's stalking, or a lucky day's salmon fishing, would send him home with the spirits of a schoolboy. He liked success, yet kept a calm stoicism when luck was against him. Though his public life was not so congenial,and he was often disposed to shirk it, what he did he did well. No deputations ever waited upon him (even if they had to wait a bit) but went away gratified and pleased. A well-known miners' representative, one of a large deputation which waited on Mr. Bass some years ago to secure, if possible, his adhesion to the Eight Hours Miners' Bill, told me afterwards how nice he was with them, and how much they were struck with the information he possessed on the subject. As a speaker he had quite a manner of his own. He was ready, self-confident, rarely hesitating for a word, and always making his points clear and effective. He was not an orator, he never pretended to be; but his speeches were marked by practical, common-sense views of public affairs, and those who differed with his conclusions always recognized his honesty and sincerity. Had he taken trouble to prepare, and got together data for longer speeches, with application and practice he had the natural capacity for making a really good speaker. He was both apt and resourceful when it came to "heckling" and questions at an election. Let me give you an instance of which I was a witness.

His Election Campaign.

It was early in the 1885 campaign (Mr. Bass had not long been selected as the Liberal candidate), at an open-air meeting at Cannock, when Mr. Duignan, of Walsall, came with a long list of written questions to ask the candidate, and of which no notice had been given. Now, Mr. Duignan was an astute, experienced politician; he came in a spirit of opposition, but Mr. Bass stood the ordeal, was quite equal to the occasion, evaded difficult points with skill, and won great applause by his frank responses of "Yes" and "No." He won the day, and

Mr. Hamar Bass, M.F.H.
From a lithograph.

more, he won over Mr. Duignan, who was so pleased with the frank, honest replies of Mr. Bass that he said he would vote for him, and did. I have spoken of the many sides of Mr. Bass's character, of his interesting personality, so little understood by outsiders and to but a few of his intimate friends. Often and often have I remarked what natural capacity he had—how shrewd and sagacious, what a sound judgment he invariably displayed, and how much more he could have achieved had he not lacked application. He had a marvellous memory for dates and events. His recollection of racing and coursing matters made him an authority. If a discussion was started as to who somebody was, to what family or branch of a family he belonged, and you could draw Mr. Bass, he became a "Burke's Peerage and Landed Gentry," and he was invariably right. It was never safe to bet with him as to the year any public man was born, or as to what horse won the Derby in a certain year, for he was sure to win. He had a memory, too, for old stories and early reminiscences of well-known people. He was, I should say, a first-class story-teller, and he had a choice store of tales; he excelled in dialect stories—the North Staffordshire and Derbyshire dialects he knew well—he had a keen sense of humour, and loved a "character" wherever he met one. He was very fond of children, he was amused with and could amuse them—young children especially; and they came to him with that strange, childish instinct which recognizes a friend, just as animals recognize friends by some mental process or instinct which is undefinable. I don't think Mr. Bass was ever happier in his life than when his children were quite young. They might climb over his table and disturb his papers, but he was never irritable with them. He loved to have them about him—they entertained and amused him, and he would laugh till the tears rolled down his face at the drollery of them, and their mischief too. But, dear Mr. Editor, I am treading now on delicate ground, and I grow fearful and tearful too; for, in my desire to show the varied sides of my subject, I must not intrude too much on the privacy of family life. Yet my tale would be imperfectly told, and my rough sketch imcomplete, if I did not say something of this love of children.

ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

So the season started under a new *régime*—the Master, Mr. H. Bass, M.P., Charles Leedham, James Tasker, Albert Martin. Walter Scorey, who had been such an efficient second whipper-in, had gone to Lord Zetland.

On the whole, sport was good during this season. There was nothing extraordinary, but still there were several good runs. On October 20th there was a capital one from Rough Park; in fact, the honours of the year rested with that covert, for there were no less than three good runs from it. The above was the first. The second was on December 4th, when they ran at a great pace, as if for the Bath at Hoar Cross; then they turned sharp to the left, as if for Hamstall Ridware, then to the right, up the long meadow towards Blithbury, over the hill, leaving Wyatt's farm on the left, to ground close to Blithfield Gorse.

This was a five-and-a-half-mile point in forty minutes, very fast all the way, and at the end were Captain "Bertie" Philips, Messrs. Roden, Fort, Gwynne, Fox of Elmhurst, Dudley Fox, Ames, Hamar Bass, and Sir Charles Nugent. The latter was one of the best riders and fairest sportsmen that ever rode over the Meynell country.

On the afternoon of the 8th they were thinking of going home, as there was nothing else to draw, when Mr. Bird, who was riding a four-year-old, suggested that they should try Rough Park. He was rather jeered at for his pains, and Mr. Kempson said that he, for one, should go home. What chance was there of finding, when they had been there only four days previously? They did find, though, and a rare gallop they had, the four-year-old taking his part manfully. Finding in exactly the same place where they had found on the Tuesday, away they went by Yoxall village, through the Brakenhurst, to the right of Byrkley Lodge, through Kingstanding, past Parson's Brake, New Lodge, Hanbury, down the hill, to ground at Coton. Mr. Kempson will never forget how astonished he was, when he arrived home, to find a group of people, with red faces and steaming horses, discussing the run and his port at the same time.

From December 30th to January 9th there was a frost. On February 7th, when hounds came to Elvaston, the fox was run over by a luggage train, which, it will be readily acknowledged, was an unusual event.

On March 2nd there was a good run in the afternoon over some of the best of the Staffordshire country, from Yoxall Lodge, by Hollyhurst, right-handed by Longcroft Hall, by Yoxall village, through Rough Park, nearly to Hamstall Ridware. Then they ran up the brook side, crossed the Hoar Cross and Abbots Bromley road, through Birchwood and Chantry Wood, into the Brakenhurst, where a good many people got left behind, out again for Byrkley, back into the Brakenhurst. Going away again, they were still running over by Bromley Hurst, when Charles stopped them, as all the horses were tired. Lord

Harrington had a good run the same day, so it looked as if there was a scent in more places than one.

On the 18th, at Foston, a dead, mangy fox was found in a tree, and later on they ran from the old Dove osier-bed, across the river by Fauld up to Tutbury, where some one halloaed them on to a hare.

Next day most people were at Derby races; but those (of whom Mr. Crossman was one) who went to Woodroffe's Cliff with the hounds were rewarded by a real good gallop from the Greaves to Loxley, ending with a kill in the open. Foxes were all for going that day, as the first one went from Draycott Cliff, to ground at Houndhill.

On the 23rd there was a really good old-fashioned run in the afternoon from the Brakenhurst. They ran very fast below Moat Hall, through Chantry Wood, up the brook side to Field House Coppice. From here they went away best pace close to their fox to Hart's Coppice, where Mr. Power, who had been sailing along in front hitherto, found that his horse had had enough, and had to stop. Over Bagot's Park they ran, as they always do, into the Woods, and out again as far as Duckley Wood, when they came to slower hunting, and ran their fox to ground at Abbots Bromley.

The season ended on April 6th in the woods.

On April 27th one of the oldest members of the Meynell Hunt, Mr. Richard Sale of Burrows, passed over to the great majority. He had a bad fall with the Quorn, after which he caught a chill which proved fatal. For nearly fifty years he had been hunting with the Meynell hounds, and was a capital sportsman—one of those who know what they are about, and, though not quite ready to cut out the work, he was always in a good place. As a practical agriculturist he had few superiors, and he farmed his own land at Barrow, which his forbears had owned for many generations.

The principal event in the summer was the presentation to Mr. (now Colonel) Chandos-Pole, of which the following account appeared at the time.

Field, August 31st, 1889 :—

THE MEYNELL HUNT.

When Mr. R. W. Chandos-Pole retired from the Mastership of the Meynell Hunt, it was decided by the members thereof that he should be presented with an address, together with a portrait of himself and his daughter. The presentation was made on Friday week at a public luncheon at the Royal Hotel, Derby. Mr. Jaggard presided, and Mr. Tomlinson occupied the vice-chair. In the picture Mr. Pole is mounted on an old favourite, with his daughter, equally well mounted, by his side. Some of the best hounds of the Meynell pack are also introduced. Mr. Pole, in expressing his thanks for the presentation made to him, said the hounds in the picture were all old favourites, and one, he was sorry to say, had recently died. He was very pleased to have that hound in the painting. During his Mastership he had been cordially supported by the farmers of Staffordshire and Derbyshire. He felt grateful for their support, and he trusted that it would be continued to his successor, since without it fox-hunting could not be carried on successfully. He had made many friends in his new country in Dorsetshire, and one thing which had contributed to his enjoyment was the fact that his new pack hunted four days a week instead of two. He trusted, however, that the Meynell Hunt would long flourish. Other toasts followed. There were two hundred and fifty-five subscribers to the testimonial, and the subscription was limited to a guinea to tenant farmers.

ENTERED IN 1888.

Names.	Sires.	Dams.
Actress	Bushman	Arnica
Dryden	Denmark	Confidence
Demon	Denmark	Milliner
Danger, Dagmar	South Notts. Dashwood	Languish
Desperate	Grafton Desperate	Mindful
Foreman, Fairstar, Fractious	Fisherman	Dowager
Ferryman, Forester, Faithless	Grafton Ferryman	Syren
Godfrey, Goblin	South Notts. Dashwood	Gipsy
Genuine	Dorimont	Garnish
Lumen, Landscape, Lavender	Duke of Beaufort's Lumen ...	Songstress
Lenity, Lively, Lady, Ladyblush, Laura	Duke of Beaufort's Lumen ...	Lovely
Marksman, Monitor, Marmion, Mandrake, Major	Merryman	Garland

Colonel R. W. Chandos-Pole (on Thunder)
and Miss Chandos-Pole.
From the presentation picture
by
Tom Sextie, 1886,
at Radburne.

ENTERED IN 1888—*continued.*

Names.	Sires.	Dams.
Marchioness	Duke of Beaufort's Lumen ...	Mira
Perfect Parody	Chanticleer	Phyllis
Proxy	Merryman	Patty
Seaman Sentiment Sensitive	Merryman	Sempstress
Sampson	Grafton Dealer	Bicester Symbol

The new names in the subscription list were: F. A. Brace, Streethay Lodge, Lichfield; Mark Firth, old Park House, Radburne; Sir Charles Nugent, Bart., Colton, Rugely; W. S. Power, Longdon, Lichfield; and Captain Sankey.

The opening day was on November 4th, and was rather a good one. They found their second fox (having done nothing with their first in the Lake Banks) in the Coppice, went away on the Somersal side, swung round to the right up to Cubley Stoop, and then, turning back through the Coppice, killed their fox beyond the Aldermoor. They found another in the osier-bed at Foston, ran fast down to Church Broughton, back by Sapperton, over Sudbury Park, crossed the turnpike road, on down to the river, over it, and killed their fox at Castle Hayes.

On November 11th they had a nice little scurry from the Lime Kilns at Bradley, over Atlow Whin down to Kniveton and back, and lost him. Nobody thought much of this except Messrs. R. Fort, F. Newton, and L. Frank, for no one else saw a yard of it. After that they had another fair run with a mangy fox, which they killed, and wound up with running fast from Bradley Bottoms, straight to Hulland Ward, where they turned sharp to the left nearly to Ednaston, and gave it up at Brailsford Gorse after a hard day.

There was a frost from November 26th to the 9th of December, then one day's hunting at Blithbury, and not much sport on the 10th, then frost again till the 16th.

The best day before Christmas was on December 23rd from Cubley. A good fox went away from the new gorse on the Snelston side, and they ran him to ground, almost in view, after fifty-five minutes over the cream of the country. This and some other days were described in the *Field*.

Field, January 4th, 1890:—

THE MEYNELL.

Wednesday, December 19th, Brailsford. There was a good attendance at this favourite fixture. All who would were hospitably entertained by Mr. Cox. His coverts were first drawn, and for a wonder we did not find. White's and the Old Gorse were also blank. Culland held at least two—if not more; one was soon away at the top end, hounds had a fair start, scent was good, and seemed to improve. After going about a mile in the direction for Long Lane, he turned left, and pointed for Brailsford; the first fifteen minutes to the ploughs outside Brailsford Car were very good, but scent here was cold, a few eager ones among the field pressed upon hounds, and the fun was over. A mangy fox escaped. Reeve's Moor (Longford) was the next draw, two foxes were found, one was driven out on the Hollington side, and went at best pace close to Hollington village, where he turned to the right for Thurvaston Stoop, and straight on across good sound grass and stiff fences, as hard as we could go, to Boden's Sticks, reached in thirty-five minutes; he just entered the covert, but did not dwell, and continued forward towards Sutton. He was now running very short, with many twists and turns, but hounds stuck to their work, until they were again too much pressed by the "eager-to-be-first" brigade, who were deaf to the entreaties of the master to give hounds more room, and there is little doubt pug owes his life to these thrusters, as Charles had to give it up after passing the Long Covert at Sutton. Another fox was soon found in Sutton Gorse, and away for Dalbury. At first it seemed as if Radburne Rough was his point, but, if so, he changed his mind, and turned left above the Hollow. In crossing the meadows between the Lees and Trusley, he was coursed by a colley dog, and was left for another occasion. It would have been a real good day if hounds had been given fair play.

Monday, 23rd, Cubley. Judging by the reports which have already appeared from other districts in this week's *Field*, this appears to have been an extraordinary day for scent throughout the Midlands, and it would be a safe bet that the followers of the Meynell then enjoyed the run of the season. The gorse was first drawn, but without sign; from the (almost) adjoining covert a fine, bold fox went away at 11.30 towards Snelston. After the first two fields hounds raced; heavy rain had made the going, though all grass, very sticky, and empty saddles were numerous. From Snelston he held us to Wyaston, Rodsley, and Longford, reached in thirty-five minutes. Here the field was very select, and several who had kept a good place to this point were compelled to stop, but still there was no check, though hounds did not run quite so fast through Alkmonton Bottoms towards Potter's. Before reaching this he swung to the right, and succeeded in getting into a big rabbit-hole in Bentley Car just in front of the hounds. Time, fifty-five minutes, across the cream of the Meynell country.

There was no overriding hounds this time, and it seems to be generally agreed that the Doctor on his black horse took premier honours up to the finish of this splendid run.

Thursday, 26th, Stenson Lock. The prospect of a run from Hell Meadows, Christmas holidays, and the short distance (four miles) from Derby, drew together an immense field, who were gathered at the Stenson Fields corner, ready to charge down the lane if pug took our favourite line across the meadows; but one young gentleman, who ought to have known better, posted himself nearly at the bottom of the lane with about a score of pedestrians round him. The three other sides of the covert were surrounded by hundreds of foot people, who lustily greeted the fox each time he tried to get away. Our only hope was that he would face our friend at the bottom of the lane. More than once he inspected the group, but each time turned back; and seeing that if this continued he must be chopped, hounds were called away, and we sorrowfully trotted off to Mr. D'Arcy Clark's coverts at Burnaston. Here we quickly found, and ran fast to Egginton Gorse, where he apparently meant to stay with another of the species, but was forced out on the side next the Sewage Farm, which he crossed; but though no time was lost, hounds were unable to distinguish which of the many scents in the air had been left by the fox; they took it—or thought they did—slowly back to Burnaston, where it had to be given up. Hilton Gorse was untenanted, and most of the field went home, though Pennywaste was afterwards drawn. I did not hear the result.

Much has been written about mange among the Meynell foxes. I hope and believe it is dying out; and I think it would entirely disappear with the death of the diseased ones, if hounds were not so frequently overridden when scent is catchy.

RED ROAN.

It froze from December 29th to January 5th, but there were at least three good gallops in the first month of the new year, which is not bad. The first of these was from Radburne Rough, nearly to Trusley, where they turned to the right to within two fields of Parson's Gorse, past Nether Burrows, leaving Langley village on the right and Wild Park on the left, and Mugginton village on the same side. From here they ran through Ravensdale Park, losing their fox close to Mercaston Stoop after a very fine run of one hour.

Again, on the 20th, every one went home delighted with a splendid gallop of thirty-five minutes from Shirley Park. This fox, like many another good one, could not be induced to quit his quarters till he thought he had a little advantage over his pursuers. And he was right, for when he did go he found that they could go too. Very fast they went between Shirley village and Hollington, to

the right of Culland, over the Long Lane, close to Longford inn, passed Thurvaston Mount, to the right of Crop-o'-Top, and ran this fox to ground just before he got to the Spath, a four-and-a-half-mile point.

But a still better and faster thing was reserved for January 27th, when they ran from Sudbury Bottoms to ground in the main earths in Snelston Park, a six-mile point in forty-five minutes—some said twenty-five, but that seems a little too fast. More than half the horses were beaten before they got to Cubley, and falls came as thick as snowflakes. There was some discussion as to whether this run or the one mentioned before was the fastest, and Mr. Clowes said, all he knew was that he had come along the high road—the shortest way—as hard as he could gallop from Sudbury Coppice to Cubley Car, and could only just keep hounds in sight. There were but seven or eight people with them at the end—amongst them being the Messrs. Fraser Tytler, Mr. Fort and Mr. Dudley Fox, Mr. Turnbull and Mr. Wallroth.

This was something like a very sharp burst early in the sixties, late in March, when hounds came to Brailsford, and a special train full of strangers came to meet them. They could not run a yard all day till, as a last resource, Mr. Hugo Meynell Ingram gave the order for Sutton Gorse. "Scarce a hound cracked the thorn when away the rogue stole"; but Charles's eye was on him, and his halloa brought Tom and the pack round the covert, so hounds got away right on his back, and they fairly flew past the old gorse, over the road by Sutton church, their followers jumping out of it within two yards of the churchyard gate. Down the meadows for the Spath they absolutely raced. Some few will remember Mr. "Ned" Coke's cheery shout of "Ride on, Meynell men, ride on!" and Lord Berkeley Paget, the FitzHerberts, Lord Stanhope, Mr. Bird, and one or two others responded bravely to the cry, as hounds dashed on, passed the Spath without touching it, down the long meadows across the brook, with a whimpering cry as they struggled out of it and set

Meet at Sudbury, 1889.
From a photograph
by
G. S. Green.

their heads, running almost mute, for Barton and the Fishpond Covert by the house. But the pace was too hot for him to dwell a moment, and the fox was out at one end as they came in at the other and drove like a hail-storm straight to Potter's, over the lane nearly to Sapperton, where he was headed, and, turning short back, caused a check. Not for long, though. Their blood was up, and one swift cast on their own account recovered the line, and off they went at score, running hard for Longford and its open earths. The check just saved him, and he got in with nothing to spare. It was but a scurry, but surely it was very sweet, and the Meltonians pleaded for just one day more in Derbyshire. But the Master was stern, and only bade them come hunt with him in Bagot's woods, as the "Good nights" fell from half-reluctant lips. Was it any better, or half as good, as that Sudbury-Snelston gallop? Perhaps not, but what man of us is there who does not say the old wine is the best? The poet may say—

> "And life is short, and love is life,
> And so the tale is told,
> Though the new wine, the new wine,
> It tasteth like the old."

But does it?

However, when the old wine fails, we must turn to the new. If we cannot have Chateau Lafitte we must e'en make the best of *vin ordinaire*. And so the next good thing in this particular year was a good point on February 25th. This was from Chartley Gorse to beyond Moddershall Oaks, about ten miles, but towards the end there were two foxes in front of them and a dwindling scent. An hour and a quarter.

Two days afterwards, on the 27th, every one enjoyed a good hunting run of an hour and fifty minutes, except those who went to the Lilies to refresh the inner man, and lost it. This pandering to the cravings of Nature is rather a failing with the Meynell field. Tom, and his nephew Charles, took a delight in finding a fox quickly and getting

away, when they saw a lot of horsemen filing off to eat and drink. They succeeded sometimes, as in the present instance, for there happened to be an outlying fox in the bottom below the Lilies, and with him hounds went away, running slowly (so, at least, it seemed to those who were with them, though the others realized what a stern chase meant) by Breward's Car. Passing it, they went on, with Mugginton and Wild Park on the right, over the Ashbourne-Derby road between Langley and Brailsford, by Nether Burrows, with Dalbury Lees on the left. Then they crossed and recrossed the Trusley brook, left Rookhills on the right, and went on over the Sutton and Radburne lane and the Dalbury brook. Then they hunted nicely on to the right of Bearwardcote House to within one field of the Great Northern Railway, on through the sandpits and Newton's osiers, leaving Mickleover station on the right, and ran him to ground in a drain near Derby Workhouse after an hour and fifty minutes, a ten-mile point, and at least fifteen miles as hounds ran.

A very fair season's sport ended on April 5th, at New Inn.

The Meynell Hunt Point-to-Point Steeplechase was held at Marchington, on March 26th. It was ran over a grand line by Holt Hall and Agardsley Park.

1st, Psyche	Rider, Mr. W. H. Walker	Owner, Mr. P. C. Walker.
2nd, Grey Heron ...	Rider, Owner	Owner, Capt. H. C. Holland.
3rd, Donovan	Rider, Owner	Owner, Mr. Fiennes.

Mr. Harry Boden's horse put his foot through a newly made drain, turned a double somersault over his rider, breaking the latter's left collar-bone, and bruising his chest and arm.

In this year Sir Tonman Mosley, Bart., died, and was succeeded by his son, Sir Oswald, of whom there is a brief account in the succeeding chapter.

Field, April 19th, 1890 :—

THE MEYNELL HUNT.

The annual meeting of the members of this Hunt was held at Derby, on April 11th, Lord Bagot in the chair. Among those present were Lord Scarsdale, Lord Burton, Lord Hindlip, Sir W. Evans, Sir R. Hardy, Col. Coke, Mr. Hamar Bass, M.P., etc. The balance-sheet showed the expenditure of the year to have been £3193 16*s.* 3½*d.*, while the receipts of the year were £2940 16*s.* The accounts were passed, and Mr. Bird referred to the fact that only a few years since the subscriptions amounted to £4000.—Mr. Newton mentioned that, although there was the deficit of £253 0*s.* 3½*d.*, the actual expenditure had been £120 less than in the previous year. The subscriptions, however, had been £500 less, although they would be increased by £300 this year.—Mr. Bird moved that the committee be asked to consider whether they could not take steps to increase the subscriptions.—This was seconded by Mr. Peacock, and carried.—The Chairman moved the re-election of Mr. Hamar Bass as Master for the ensuing three years. This having been carried by acclamation, Mr. Bass expressed his acknowledgments. He alluded to the amicable and pleasant relations which had existed between the Hunt and all classes. He had never known foxes better in March than this year, and in some places they were really marvellous. As regarded the hounds, owing to the kindness of Lord Vernon, and some trifling efforts of his own, he thought that they were now better as a pack than they had ever been since their location at Sudbury. He always gave the strictest orders that all hay and straw should be bought in the Meynell country. He had obtained a thoroughbred stallion, Jupiter, to which local tenant farmers could put mares, free of charge, under certain conditions. He hoped next year to have another sire available.—The proceedings closed with sundry votes of thanks.

ENTERED IN 1889.

Names.	Sires.	Dams.
Alice, Absolute, Antelope	Lord Yarborough's Flasher ...	Adelaide
Donovan, Dawdle, Destiny	South Notts. Dreadnought ...	Ruby
Doubtful	Didler	Frolic
Drayman	Grafton, Desperate	Syren
Dutchman		
Darter	Denmark	Active
Fugleman	Fisherman	Gamesome
Forelock	Fisherman	Dowager
Gordon	South Notts. Dreadnought ...	Generous
Lancaster, Lawyer, Labourer, Lapidist, Lighthouse, Lilly	Lord Yarborough's Flasher ...	Languish

ENTERED IN 1889—*continued.*

Names.	Sires.	Dams.
Mentor	Merryman	Songstress
Miner	Milton / Romulus	Myra
Marigold		
Minister	Milton Maxwell	Dorothy
Pastor / Prattler / Positive	Merryman	Pastime
Pontiff / Promise / Paragon	Chanticleer	Phyllis
Rakish	Atherstone Regulus	Beeswing
Weathergauge	Milton Weathergauge	Charmer

Dogs, 8½ couples; bitches, 7 couples. Total, 15½ couples.

There were two rather famous hounds in this year's entry, viz. Mentor and Weathergauge. The former hunted till his ninth or tenth season, in fact, till Charles Leedham resigned. As he was then to go with the draft, Charles thought the old dog was his, and gave him to the present writer, who intended to send him to his friend, M. de Manduit, to improve his Brittany hounds. But the fates ruled it otherwise, and poor old Mentor was knocked on the head. Weathergauge by Milton Weathergauge did the pack a great deal of good service, both in the field and at the stud. For no hound could have been better in his work, and his daughters crossed so well with Colonel's sons. He broke his leg late in life, but it mended bravely, and he came out again. It was a very odd thing, but when Charles was unable to hunt on account of his sister's death, in 1896, he sent the old dog out with Stephen Burtenshaw, so that he might have one hound he could rely upon, and Weathergauge, for the first time in his life, *never did a bit of work the livelong day.*

DERBYSHIRE HUNTING SONG.

By F. Cotton.

Eh, surrey, oin bin 'untin', lad, boy Goy, bur it were grand,
  Oi rode owd Smoiler oop and daown till ā could 'ardly stand;
Eh! the closes as wa'an bin in and the pleezes wa'an joomped o'er;
  Oi tell yer what it is, moy lad, oi canna joomp no more.
    Chorus—Oi tell yer what it is, moy lad, oi canna joomp no more,

Meynill's 'ounds they met at Radbourne 'All, wheer Squoire Pole resides,
  There were lots o' victuals theer fur all and lots fur t'drink besoides,
And a many o' the gentlefolk got off and went insoide,
  And 'ad a soop o' summat short, joost fur ter mak' um roide.

Eh dear, theer wor a many folk, oi ne'er saad sooch a soight,
  Theer wur lots o' chaps we' red coots on, and breeches whoite as whoite;
Yer known that good owd seyin as foine fethers meks foine birds;
  Oi tell yer what it is, moy lad, theer's wisdom i' them words.

Wā trotted off to th' Birchwood which a many calls the Rough,
  Wā worena theer thrā minutes when wā fund one sur enough;
The fost-whip made a nation' noise joost loike as ā wur mad,
  Ā yelled and 'ollered out so laoud, oi thowt ā wor took bad.

Oi follers tou thre gents i' red, sez oi, "Oi mun be roight,
  Oi canna ba so fur beoind if oi kaaps thase i' soight;"
Bur when it coomed ter joompin', lad, they worner any use,
  They couldna joomp at au, boy Goy, they all med' some hexcuse.

One ses, "Moy 'oss ā wunna joomp;" another sez, "Young mon,
  Will your 'oss joomp? fur if ā will, oi wish as you'd go hon."
Sez oi, "Oin niver 'oss'd afore, bur louk oup, fur 'ere goos,"
  And Smoiler med a rood roight threough and landed on 'is nooze.

Oi'd loike ter er toombled off, boy Goy, bur someow didna quoite,
  So oi scrambles back i' th' saddle, and 'ollers out, "Aw roight!"
One gent got down and threoo the gap 'is 'oss ā gently led;
  Oi dunna think so much o' some o' thase 'ere chaps i' red.

Owd Smoiler canna gallop fast, ā isna mooch fur t'joomp,
  And tow thre toimes ā toombled and oi landed wi a boomp;
Oi dunna know 'ow many toimes wā joomped, bur twor a lot,
  And Smoiler got so tired out, ā couldna 'ardly trot.

Oi'd turned t'owd 'oss's yed for whoam, for oi thowt ā'd ad enough,
When Reynolds sloives across the rood and pops inter a sough;
And then oi eered um i' full croy, and then oi saad um, lad,
Joost loike a flock o' pigeons, and oi 'ollered out loike mad.

They worna long i' bowtin 'im, and ā very seun were jed,
And Charlie draw'd 'is knoife out and cutte off 'is teel and yed;
And then ā 'olled 'im teu the 'ounds, and they ate him oop so quick,
I' tou thre minnits, lad, theer worn't woun single boone fur t'pick.

Oi'll have owd Smoiler's jacket off afore ā goos agen,
Oi'll kaap 'im oop o' noights and all and dress 'im o'er and then;
Is teel's a bit teu long ai known, it daggles oop o' th' ground,
Bur when it's off oi'll gallantaa it mends 'im many a paound.

CHAPTER XIII.

ROLLESTON—THE GREAT FROST—END OF THE SEASON—MR. H. S. CHARRINGTON.

1890–1891.

THERE is probably no more popular man in Derbyshire, to-day, than Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart., of Rolleston Hall. The original home of the family was the little hamlet of Moseley near Wolverhampton, where Ernald de Moseley, a Saxon, was settled in the time of King John. Rolleston itself, with its mansion, was purchased by Sir Edward Mosley in 1614, from the representative of the Rolleston family, and subsequently he also acquired the Manor from the trustees of Lord Mandeville, to whom it had been granted by Charles I. The mansion was partially destroyed by fire in 1871, and was rebuilt by the father of the present baronet, Sir Tonman Mosley. He used to hunt in his younger days, but increasing weight—he finally weighed considerably over twenty stone—compelled him to give it up. There is an amusing story told of a tailor who put an advertisement in his window on some cloth, "Three guineas the suit." "Squire" Chandos-Pole, of Radburne, Sir Tonman Mosley, and another very large man, determined to have a joke at the tailor's expense, and went in one after another to give an order. When the third customer had departed the enterprising tradesman took his advertisement down.

Sir Oswald first went hunting with the Meynell Ingram hounds in the days of Joe Leedham, and as quite a young man used to be very fond of riding the young horses

which his father bred at Rolleston, but he has not been out with the hounds since he inherited his property, eleven years ago. He was educated at Eton, where the river proved more fascinating than the cricket-field. After Eton came three years of foreign travel, and it was not till after he came of age that he acquired his great proficiency with the single-sticks and the "gloves." His was, for some years, a familiar figure on the box of the coach with yellow wheels and a team of greys, but his hands have become so crippled with gout that he has had to abandon what was with him a favourite diversion. In his attire he, to some extent, resembles a typical "John Bull," so much so, in fact, that he laughingly said, it was impossible for him to go to the Paris Exhibition, because John Bull was not popular in France just then. Now, instead of hunting and coaching, he devotes himself to agriculture, farming extensively at Rolleston, and proving that, with proper management, it can be made to pay. His aim is to have everything of the best. "Shires" have taken the place of the light horses which he used to breed, pure Southdown sheep have been found not to do well on his heavy clay soil, while, with respect to shorthorns, his object is to develop their milking capacities. Not only does he aim at excellence himself, but he has lent a round dozen of good pedigree bulls to his tenants. He always does his best to encourage local shows, and is an exhibitor himself, especially at Tutbury, where his stock have been very successful.* Besides this, he, in co-operation with Professor MacFadyean, has been indefatigable in experiments with respect to the tuberculosis test. These costly investigations confer a great boon on the public, and it is to be hoped they will have a practical success. Sir Oswald is a Deputy Lieutenant, and J.P. for Staffordshire, and he married, in 1873, Elizabeth Constance, second daughter of Sir William White, who is quite as popular as he is. His son, who is so well known between the flags, does not hunt with the Meynell as much as he used to do, but the

* *Baily's Magazine.*

Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart.
From a painting
by
S. Melton Fisher. 1899.

three Misses Mosley are always with us, and with the hounds, for their equestrianism is an established fact with the Meynell. They can ride anything.

This season calls for but little remark, for sport was decidedly moderate. There was one good day's sport on November 18th, from Blithfield. To begin with, they ran very fast for twelve minutes from Coley Gorse, to ground close to Newton village, with the fox just in front of their noses. Then they found in Blithfield Gorse, and ran by Blithe Moor up along the meadows through Newton Gorse to Chartley Moss. Then back to the Blythe, where they turned sharp back, and killed their fox close to Newton Gorse, after a good forty-five minutes. Mr. Maynard got a fall into the road jumping the palings out of Blithfield Park near Newton village, and his horse's knees were badly cut.

Finding a third fox on the Warren, hounds ran a ring back again, and then started to run very hard with a breast-high scent, and carrying a wonderful head towards Abbots Bromley, but soon swung to the right, and fairly raced their fox down near Colton. Thirty-five minutes in all, the last twenty-five very fast.

There were some fair runs after this, but nothing in the least remarkable, and really the most noteworthy thing was the severe frost, which stopped hunting for twenty-five days, from December 12th to January 22nd. In other parts it lasted for sixty days, so the Meynell Hunt, and, as a matter of fact, the Midlands in general, were rather favoured.

Shirley Park, on January 26th, was the first meet after the frost, and they had a good day, though the ground was hard and slippery in places.

No one could complain of sport suffering from a plethora of foxes, especially on the Monday side, as the following will show. On Monday, February 16th, a fox was found in the Snipe Bog, at Foston, and after a short run got to ground under a tree. From this he was bolted and killed. They then drew Foston top coverts, Pennywaste,

Hilton Gorse, the Spath, Barton, Sapperton, Sudbury Coppice and Bottoms, Maresfield Gorse, and Sudbury Lake Banks blank! On the 24th they were at Loxley, and there was pretty much the same story to tell, as all the Loxley coverts and Philips' Gorse were drawn blank. On Thursday, 26th, a fox, who refused to go, was found in Brailsford Gorse, and then all the other Brailsford coverts, Culland, Langley Gorse, Parson's Gorse, and Boden's Thorns were blank. On Saturday, two or three foxes were at home at Drakelowe, but Caldwell, Homestall Wood, Calton, and Walton Wood were all tenantless. On the following Monday, for a change, they went to Croxden Abbey, found two foxes and chopped one, and then had a long jog indeed to Chartley! On Thursday, March 25th, they came to Egginton, found in the gorse, and killed at once. Then they drew Sutton Gorse and all the Radburne coverts blank. The hounds did not go out from Tuesday, March 10th, till Saturday, on account of the death of the Master's little boy.

There is nothing more to be said about the season, but "Needwood," in the *Field*, wrote an account of

THE LAST DAY OF THE MEYNELL.

Field, April 11th, 1891:—

It will be readily admitted by every old Meynellite, that there is no more staunch preserver of foxes throughout the whole of this country than the much-respected Squire of Wychnor. Indeed, with the sole exception of Blithfield, there are probably now more foxes there than in any part of the country. To afford, therefore, a real good day's sport, must be a matter of great satisfaction to him, and such was Saturday last. A strong contingent of yeomanry officers were the guests of Colonel and Lady Jane Levett, and the only question with them on the Friday, was not the point of finding a fox, but whether there would be a scent or no. The rain during the night satisfactorily settled the question, and a large field had assembled on the lawn when Charles Leedham trotted up with the bitch pack at twelve to the minute. The Master (Mr. H. Bass, M.P.) was unfortunately not with us, owing to a severe domestic calamity, in which he has the sincere sympathy of all the field. Lord Bagot is, therefore, Master to-day, and he gives the word to draw the coppice, where we find almost at once. Getting away on Hollyhurst side, our fox turned short to the left, and pointed as if for Yoxall; but again turning left-handed, we ran by the Twichells, and sank the hill into the meadows. Bearing now to the right, he ran the water meadows, pointing for King's Bromley; but here hounds were too close to him, and

catching a view, coursed him for two or three fields, three hounds running finally into him close by the river Trent, opposite Orgreave. Time, just thirty minutes.

Found again, a weakly fox in a new covert by the coppice, and it seemed as if every moment would be his last; but we changed and got on to a banging light-coloured fox, which crossed the Yoxall road, and ran by Hollybank Cottage to Hollyhurst, where he bore to the left, crossing the road leading to Yoxall Lodge, and on to Longcroft. Here we checked through false information, but recovering the line, we ran by Woodlane Bridge to Morrey. From this point our fox's line was for Rough Park, which he left at the right hand corner, and I here thought that he meant Blithe Moor, but he crossed the Bentilee and Gullets farms, and ran, leaving Hoar Cross to the right, for the Birch Wood. Here we most likely changed, as a few minutes later hounds marked a clean fox to ground in a watercourse near to Hoar Cross Hall, after we had been running two hours and ten minutes, part of it at a good pace. The run was a six to seven mile point, and twice that distance was covered by hounds. May next season bring us better sport and better weather than the past, and runs equal or superior to this, is the wish of your old correspondent

NEEDWOOD.

The new names in the subscription list were Capt. Dugdale, Park House, Radburne; W. E. Elwell, East Lodge; H. S. Hoare, The Ash, Etwall; Lord Magheramorne, Needwood; Capt. H. McBean, Ashbourne; F. Poyser, Sudbury, Derby; J. Stewart, Wyaston Grove; and Capt. the Hon. K. St. Lawrence.

Field, April 4th, 1891:—

THE MEYNELL HUNT.

The annual meeting of the Meynell Hunt was held in the Town Hall, Uttoxeter, on Wednesday last, at 3 p.m. The chair was occupied by Lord Bagot, and there was a large muster of the gentlemen of the Hunt and tenant farmers. In the absence of the secretary (Mr. Newton), through illness, the minutes of the previous meeting were read by Mr. Boden, and duly confirmed. The latter gentleman also proposed a vote of condolence to the Master of the Hunt (Mr. Hamar Bass), and to Mrs. Bass, in their bereavement through the loss of their son. This was seconded by Major Duncombe, and carried unanimously. The balance-sheet for the season ending October showed a deficiency of close on £400, but the subscriptions for the present season (amounting to £3060 16*s.*), being greatly in excess of the previous year, would help in a great measure to reduce the debt.

ENTERED IN 1890.

Names.	Sires.	Dams.
Abigail, Arrogant, Amiable	.....	Grove Rover	Active
Bouncer, Beautiful	.....	Merryman	Beeswing
Chieftain	.....	Chanticleer.....	Generous
Colonel, Cowslip	.....	Merryman	Crocus
Democrat	.....	Merryman	Dorothy
Forager, Friendly, Forecast	.....	Belvoir Gordon	Fractious
Freedom	.....	Grafton Donovan	Fairstar
Fallible, Founder	.....	Fisherman	Dowager
Fortitude	.....	Fisherman	Duchess
Glider	.....	Belvoir Glancer.....	Ruby
Maiden, Margery	.....	Blackmoor Vale Monarch.....	Laura
Magnate, Mimic	.....	Blackmoor Vale Monarch.....	Ladyblush
Messenger, Mercy	.....	Blackmoor Vale Monarch.....	Syren
Plaything	.....	Merryman	Portia
Petulant	.....	Grove Patron.....	Comedy
Preacher	.....	Blackmoor Vale Monarch.....	Pamela

Dogs, 5 couples; bitches, 8 couples. Total, 13 couples.

There was one hound in this entry who did good service, and this was Colonel, a great favourite with Charles, who walked him. His head had not got a great deal of foxhound character, and he was rather throaty, but, like most of that sort, he had a first-rate nose, and did not, as a rule, transmit his "neckcloth" to his descendants. Another great virtue of his was that he had plenty of tongue. He would always keep close to the huntsman's horse going out and coming home, or from covert to covert.

Magnate would sit up on his haunches and beg like a lap-dog, but was "a good hound nevertheless," as Summers said of one which was crossed with a pointer.

Mr. H. S. Charrington married, in 1885, at Mark Beech, Edenbridge, Miss Elinor Mary Baggallay, fifth daughter of

Sir Richard and Lady Baggallay, of Mapletreuse, Edenbridge, and 55, Queen's Gate, London. He was the younger son of Mr. Edward Charrington, Bury's Court, Reigate. They came, in 1891, to Dove Cliff, which was purchased from Mr. Smith, having previously been the home of the Thornewills. Mr. Charrington is a major in the Staffordshire Yeomanry, and was one of the first to volunteer for active service in South Africa, but could not pass the medical board. He enjoys a day's hunting to the full, and is always in a good place when hounds run; and so is Mrs. Charrington, whose good bay mare, Little Bessie, can honestly be described as well known with the Meynell, and a rare good one she is. She was one of Charles's cub-hunters, originally. Her owner is never very far from the hounds, let them go where they will. Mrs. Charrington is also a prime mover wherever ladies' or boys' cricket is on the *tapis*, and gets up a boys' match every year, now that the ladies' cricket-match has fallen into abeyance. In 1898 she had the misfortune to break her leg against a gate-post, near Radburne, and was very plucky about it. In fact, she told one man that she had quite enjoyed it! But this was some time afterwards, and probably referred to the sympathy which was expressed on all sides by a succession of callers. Her two little girls, who come out hunting, riding like boys, seem as fond of it as their mother is.

CHAPTER XIV.

FOSTON—MR. GERALD DUNCOMBE—CAPTAIN DUGDALE —MR. FRANK COOPER.

1891–1892.

As long ago as 1310 Foston belonged to the Agards, who held it, by virtue of a white hunting-horn, under the Duchy of Lancaster. The horn passed into the family of the Stanhopes of Elvaston by marriage with the heiress of the Agards. However, as regards Foston, John Agard sold it and Scropton to Richard Bate, whose descendant, Brownlow Bate, sold it to John Broadhurst in 1784. From the Broadhursts it passed to the Cummings, in 1879, Admiral Sir Arthur Cumming's sister having married Mr. Broadhurst.* In this year, 1901, Mr. John Cumming, eldest son of the late Admiral Sir Arthur Cumming, sold it to Mr. Gerald Hardy.

Mr. Cumming and his brother Charles, who farmed at Boylestone, were regular followers of the Meynell hounds in the eighties, and went very well. It was through his friendship with the elder brother, who was in the same regiment, that the present popular Master of the Meynell first came to the country. Mr. Charles Cumming can claim the distinction of being one of the few people who have jumped the Foston mill dam, though his horse, a brilliant screw, fell on landing. Miss Cumming married Mr. H. B. Firman, who used to hunt from New

* Mr. Broadhurst, dying without issue, left the property to his widow, who in turn left it to her sister, Lady Cumming.

Lodge. He went to serve in South Africa, when the war broke out, and distinguished himself.

In the thirties, Mr. Paul Walmsley, a friend of Mr. Meynell's, lived at Foston, and in 1889 the Hon. George Allsopp took it, the Cummings having left it previous to the Admiral's death, which occurred in 1894. Mr. Allsopp was a very staunch supporter of the Hunt, took the greatest interest in its concerns, and always had plenty of foxes in his coverts. Hounds have found as many as five times there in one day. He left Foston in 1900, and Mr. Cecil Leigh, Mrs. Fort's brother, hunted from it in 1900–1901. In the late Mr. Broadhurst's time the old house was burned down, and he lived where Mr. Fort is now while the present house was being built. Mr. Broadhurst died abroad in 1876, and on November 13th, the day on which his body was brought home to be buried, hounds were stopped just as they were running to Foston out of respect to the memory of a constant follower of them.

Mr. Gerald Hardy, the present owner, belongs just now more properly to the Atherstone, having left the Meynell country to become master of the neighbouring pack when Mr. Inge gave up the Mastership. Consequently his biography will be written when a history of that Hunt appears. Wherever he has hunted he has always been in the first flight; in fact, nothing in the shape of a fence can stop him. He has jumped some extraordinary places in his time, both here and elsewhere, and, as one would naturally expect from his style of going, he has had some very bad falls, nearly always injuring his head. He is also a very fine polo player, and his proficiency at whatever he undertakes is all the more remarkable from the fact of his having lost an eye. He is a very popular man with all classes in this country, and when he comes to take up his abode here for good he will have a very warm welcome. His brother, Sir Reginald, always has plenty of foxes at Dunstall, and, though he does not hunt much himself, his sons are all very keen.

The season of 1891–1892 began well with a good

gallop from Hell Meadows with an old fox on October 3rd. They ran very fast for fifteen minutes to ground in Parker's pit-hole at Burnaston. The fences were, of course, very blind, and no one was with hounds except Mr. Dudley Fox, Mr. "Bertie" Crompton, Mr. Fort—riding a four-year-old—Mr. Frank Newton, and Mr. "Chev" Bateman.

The latter was a capital, cheery comrade, went well, and had hosts of friends; in fact, he was one of those men whom every one liked. Though devoted to sport, he was a great lover of books, and was never happier than when poring over some deep volume in the solitude of his room. To every one's great regret he died, when still quite a young man, on October 26th, 1896.

Sport was only moderate up to Christmas, and there was very little frost. Of course they had a good day or two, but nothing worth recording. On December 10th they ran pretty well for two hours on the Kedleston side. Mr. Fort had a very bad fall, and had to go to Mr. Walter Boden's house to be attended to, and could not go out hunting again for some time.

In the new year, 1892, January 6th was a good day in one sense of the word, but not in another, for the weather was very bad, sleet, snow, and frost, and there were only about a dozen people out. Hounds came to Hampstall Ridware on this day (a Wednesday) because it had not been possible to hunt on the previous day. They found at once in a rough hedgerow on Mr. Jaggard's farm and ran to Rough Park, where they slipped everybody. It was supposed that they went straight through the lower end, and so on to Wichnor, where the field caught them. They did not go into Wichnor, but turned to the left and ran by Longcroft, by Yoxall Lodge, right through Brakenhurst, and then left-handed back by Woodmill near Yoxall Bridge, where all trace of the fox was lost. Then they went back to Rough Park, and drew it blank, but found another fox on Mr. Jaggard's farm, ran him into Rough Park, and down to the bridge over the Blythe into

Hamstall Ridware, when he disappeared most unaccountably. After that they found in the Brakenhurst, ran out across Hoar Cross and right-handed to Birch Wood, outside of which hounds were stopped. Every one thought this was a good day's sport; but probably if it had not been sandwiched in between two frosts in a bad season they would not have done so. It set in to freeze again that night, and went on doing so till January 22nd. On that day, though it was hardly fit to hunt and very few people were out, a good fox was found in Egginton Gorse, and hounds ran at a fair hunting pace by Burnaston, Findern, past the lower end of Hell Meadows, to near Stenson Lock, where they killed him in the open after a nice fifty minutes.

After this there was nothing of much interest till February 2nd, when in the papers the following notice appeared: "Serious accident with the Meynell Hounds. While hunting with the Meynell at Blithbury on Tuesday, Mr. Gerald Duncombe met with a serious accident. He was conveyed to Hoar Cross Hall, and attended to. During the same day's hunt Mr. R. Fort also had a spill, and broke his collar-bone. It appears that Mr. Duncombe's horse bolted, and trying to jump into the shrubberies at Hoar Cross over the iron gate, came down very heavily on his rider. The worst results were at one time feared, but we are informed that Mr. Duncombe is progressing favourably under the care of Mr. Armfield (? Armson), though he cannot be removed from the Hall at present." Though Mr. Duncombe, who was then living at Woodford near Uttoxeter, recovered, he was never able to go hunting again. Dr. Armson, mentioned here, is, like his brother, a capital sportsman. His father, now a very old man, set the bones of all the Leedham family. He and his sons live at Yoxall.

On February 4th they found a very mangy vixen in Hilton Gorse, ran her to ground, and dug her out. Charles sent her back to the kennels and had her dressed with the usual mange dressing, but she died.

After this there was a fair day or two, then frost from the 15th to the 22nd, when they met at Osmaston village. There was still a good deal of snow, and there were deep drifts all over the country, especially on the north side of the fences, so perhaps it was as well that they drew everything blank. The coverts drawn were the Holt, the Holly Wood, and all the other Snelston coverts, Eaton Wood, every-thing at Doveridge, Wardley Coppice, and the Wilderness at Somersal. It was rather a blow, all the same.

The next thing that any one is at all likely to remember was a burst from Brailsford Gorse, at first towards Mercaston, and then right-handed to Langley Gorse. It was not very far, but many people thought this was the fastest eighteen minutes they had ever seen. Amongst these was Mr. Fort, who must have found it difficult to go that pace with his arm still strapped up. It was a bad day for Mr. Maynard, for his good old horse, Musketeer, broke down. Captain Dugdale, who at this time was one of the best men with the Meynell, went below Wild Park, followed by several others, and got pounded by wire. He was then adjutant to the Derbyshire Yeomanry, and was living at Park House, Radburne. He was a very good all-round man, and a better neighbour no one need wish to have. No brother sportsman ever had to stay at home for want of a horse if Captain Dugdale had a spare one. His wife was sister to that first-rate sportsman, Mr. Lort Phillips, of Warwickshire and Pembrokeshire repute, and she did credit to her parentage, for there could not be a finer horse-woman or a better rider to hounds than she was. Their two daughters bid fair to tread in their father's and mother's footsteps.

The season ended at Coton, where Mr. Gerald Hardy was then living, on April 2nd. The weather was dry and hot, and it was no use hunting any later. It had been stopped twenty-seven days by frost and snow. Sport had been very moderate, and there was a good deal of grumbling as a natural consequence. Some found fault with the Master, and some with the men. It is a necessity

to lay blame on some one; but, in the writer's humble opinion, formed after the study of a century's diaries, it seems to be a pure matter of luck whether sport is good or bad. With the same hounds, huntsman, whippers-in, and Master, sport is good, bad, or indifferent, as the case may be. It seems as if, when it is good, no one wants anything altered, and, when it is bad, alterations will not make much difference. Only the staff have to bear the brunt of all the grumbling. Luckily for them they are the last people to hear it. Be it good or bad, Charles Leedham's favourite dictum seems to cover the whole matter, and we may be quite sure "It has happened before!"

ENTERED IN 1891.

Names.	Sires.	Dams.
Agnes	Alaric	Desperate
Byrkley, Blooming	Lancaster	Bertha
Dashaway	Denmark	Songstress
Factor	Lord Yarborough's Factor	Governess
Goldfinch	Alaric	Gadfly
Glowworm	Belvoir Gordon	Darling
Grappler	Gambler	Laura
Gimcrack, Grasper	Gambler	Generous
Lofty	Lancaster	Curious
Lucy	Lancaster	Dimity
Mainstay 1, Matchem	Merryman	Lively
Maximus 2	Alaric	Milliner
Marvel, Margaret	Merryman	Beeswing
Musical	Merryman	Lenity
Sunshine	Gambler	Sportive
Sovereign, Senator, Seclusion, Sophy	Gambler	Sentiment
Shamrock, Sepoy, Silence	Belvoir Shamrock	Frolic
Wonder, Woldsman, Whynot	Weathergauge	Fairstar
Waspish	Lord Yarborough's Wrangler	Lady

The numerals against hounds' names represent the prize winners.

Dogs, 7 couples; bitches, 8 couples. Total, 15 couples.

The pick of this year's entry in his work was Marvel, who remained in the pack till Charles Leedham resigned. He inherited his dam Beeswing's capacity for carrying the line down a road or over a dry fallow. She was a wonderfully good one, was entered in 1885, and hunted till her ninth season.

In this year Mr. Frank Cooper came to the old house at Barton Blount, which has seen so many changes of owners and occupants. It was originally called Barton Bakepuze, being held by William Bakepuze of Robert de Ferrers, who was overlord of this and of what not beside. There was not an acre on which the eye of Henry de Ferrers rested, when he looked out from his castle at Tutbury, which was not his, and in glancing at the history of any place for miles round, one always finds "which he held of Henry, or Robert, or some other Ferrers."

The old house at Barton was originally a castellated building and had a moat. It was besieged by the Parliamentarians, when in the possession of the Earls of Mountjoy. Long before this, however, the estate passed to Nicholas de Longford, about 1375, by his marriage with Helen, sister and heiress of the last William Bakepuze, who died without issue. From Nicholas de Longford it passed by purchase to the Blounts, in 1381, and became Barton Blount. The member of that family who owned it in 1464 was in that year created Lord Mountjoy. From the sixth earl it was purchased by John Merry, Gent., of London, whose family terminated in an heiress, who married a Simpson, who, in 1700, retired into a monastery. Of his trustees Sir Nathaniel Curzon bought it; from him it came to the Listers; from them to the Cromptons, from whom the Bradshaws bought it about the year 1800. This family, which was descended from Bradshaw, the Regicide, ended in the male line with seven brothers, who all died childless, and the estate now belongs to Miss Bradshaw.

Arthur Francis Thomas, always known as "Frank" Cooper, was born in 1857, and was very early sent to Eton —much earlier, in fact, than most boys. This was on

account of his strong sporting proclivities, which his schoolmaster thought more suitable to the Etonian than the private school age. They led him into no end of scrapes at this first school, but they developed later in life into that passion for sport, the trophies of which are justly considered the finest private collection in England.

His elder brother, Percy, afterwards Master of the South Notts. with Mr. Rolleston, was already at Eton, where the younger brother (at Snow's) chiefly distinguished himself as an athlete. The number of cups which he won go far to disprove the theory that a "cobby" build is incompatible with speed and jumping power.

He was for two years in the "twenty-two," though he never attained the dignity of being in the "eleven." From Eton, at the age of nineteen, he went straight out to the Red River and Winnipeg for the first of such hunting expeditions as fall to the lot only of the fortunate few who have the means and capacity to enjoy them, and this at an age when they have no cares to mitigate the delights of sport.

The expedition started from Pembina to the Rockies on the old Boundary Commission Trail in Red River carts, and back by Winnipeg, at this time merely a tented settlement. It was the year following the Custer massacre, and consequently their attendant halfbreeds and boys were panic-stricken at the news that Sitting Bull and his warriors were again active, and deserted *en masse*, leaving Mr. Cooper and one English friend to finish the trip alone. From this time onwards began his connection with the Meynell, which continued unbroken—excepting for five years when he lived in Wiltshire—until the present time, when he has just undertaken the duties of Secretary to the Hunt.

1880, 1881, and 1882 were all hunting years, divided between the Rocky Mountains—with his ranch at Larramie as the base of operations—and visits to his home at Bullwell (Notts.) for the cream of the hunting.

In 1881 he secured the "record" bear, roughly

estimated as weighing over a thousand pounds, the largest of the forty-three that fell to the rifles (four) of the party during this most successful expedition. The big *Ovis montana*, with horns measuring over nineteen inches round the base, also belongs to this year, and there are famous Wapiti heads (sixteen of them), as well as a few specially fine American buffalo—all to the credit of these three seasons. These—with the results of the years 1884, 1885, and 1886, also spent in the Rockies, and the African trophies secured during the year 1887 spent in Central Africe, in company with Selous, who was shooting for the British Museum—were exhibited at Earl's Court as the "Cooper collection," and were acknowledged to be the finest of their respective kinds hitherto shown in England.

Any notice of Mr. Frank Cooper would be incomplete without a reference to Philip Austin, "shikarri," cricketer, and most devoted adherent. Inseparable from boyhood, when as the son of Mr. Cooper's gamekeeper he had the charge of the boys Percy and Frank on many a fishing excursion, he has since accompanied him on most of his expeditions abroad, and it is to his excellent memory and devotion to "Mëster Cooper" that I am indebted for these few details, which the modesty and dislike of "advertisement" of the latter were inclined to deny me.

CHAPTER XV.

LOXLEY—THE FOX CROSSES THE TRENT TO DONINGTON PARK—MR. FRANK NEWTON—ELECTION OF THE DEPUTY-MASTER—MR. F. A. BRACE.

1892–1893.

In the twelfth century Loxley, like almost every other place of any note in these parts, was held by Robert de Ferrers, as a grant from the Crown. Joanna, a descendant of his, brought it to the Kynersleys by marriage with John de Kynnardsley in 1327, and it descended in unbroken succession from father to son (except when one brother succeeded another), till 1815, when Clement Kynersley, dying without issue, left it by will to his nephew Thomas Sneyd. He was the son of John Sneyd, Esq., of Belmont, and Penelope, sister of Clement Kynersley, and, under the conditions of his uncle's will, took the name of Kynersley.

The present representative of the family and owner of Loxley is now living abroad,* but Mrs. Kynersley, his mother, lives at Highfields, close by. Of late years there has been a succession of tenants—Joseph Mallaby, Esq.; Colonel the Hon. Thomas Stanley; Dr. Mould, of Cheadle, who had an establishment for dipsomaniacs; and Mr. Close, who was followed by Mr. Blount, the present tenant. There is no one more popular in the Meynell country than he is, and deservedly so, for, though he does not hunt himself, his coverts are never drawn blank. Perhaps the most notable run in his time was on December 12th, 1893, to Moddershall Oaks. Blount's Hall, which is

* He has returned to England since this was written.

On the 15th there was a capital fast gallop from Chartley Gorse up to Handleasow Wood, where they turned short back into Birchwood Park. Here they slipped everybody for a time and ran by Brindley Coppice as if for Leigh, round Philips' Gorse, up towards Carry Coppice, catching their fox in the deep ditch just before they got there. Charles, Sir Charles Nugent, Mr. Fort, and Mr. W. Fraser Tytler, by galloping along the road as hard as they could go, were just in time to see them kill him. Time, forty-five minutes, and very fast.

In the evening of November 21st a good fox went away from the Aldermoor, through Sudbury Coppice and the dingle below Vernon's Oak. Hounds ran very fast, and from this point up to Marston Park only the two Messrs. Fraser Tytler, Mr. Fort, Mr. Dudley Fox, and Mrs. Randall were with them. The last-named lady got a rattling fall behind Marston-Montgomery, and the Messrs. Fraser Tytler and Mr. Dudley Fox jumped the big bottom just beyond it. It is a very wide place indeed, and there was a bullfinch on the taking-off side, so it is surprising they got over. Mr. Fox was riding a bay horse, a very good one. From Marston Park hounds ran on down to Clownholm—a very good forty minutes. From there they ran slowly to Eaton Wood, whence they went away with a fresh one, and were stopped. The hunted fox was seen going on for Doveridge.

In the evening of the 29th they ran a good ring from Woodford Rough, which was chiefly remarkable for the fact that hounds slipped every one except Messrs. Gerald Hardy and Brace, and Captain Dugdale. It happened thus. When they found they ran by Taberner's Forge and the Vicarage at Marchington up to the Forest Banks, and on to Woodroffe's Cliff. Every one went into the Banks except the three above mentioned, and hounds, getting on a fresh fox, turned back to them, and they had a merry ride to Woodford, where the fox went to ground.

Of Thursday, December 22nd, a printed account is extant. The first part was a curious ride in a fog.

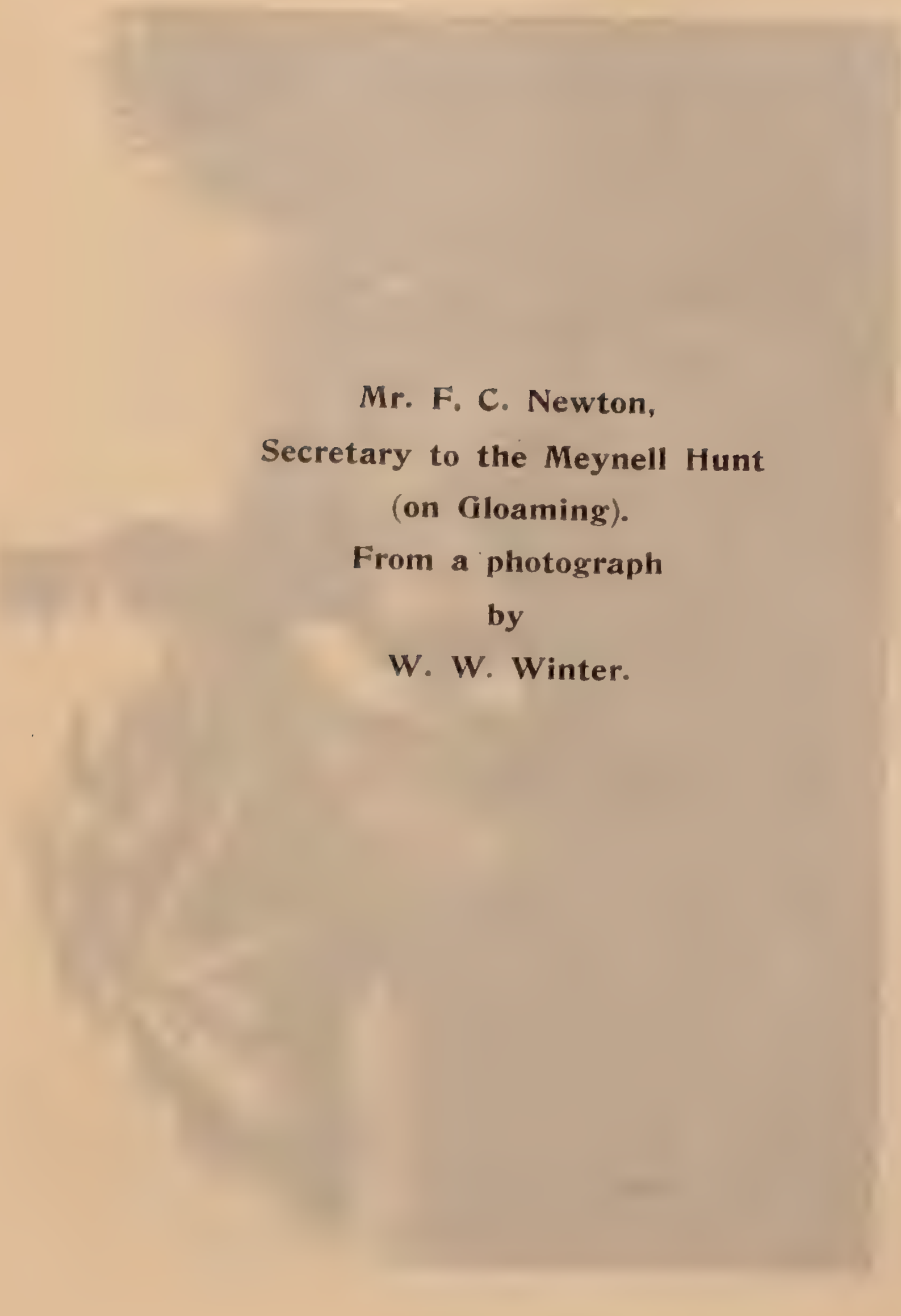
"Elvaston Castle. A thick fog prevented hounds throwing off at the usual hour, but at 11.45, as it had lifted slightly, Lord Harrington, in the Master's absence, gave the order for the withy bed, where a fox was found at once, and, skirting the gardens, he took us at a good pace across the polo-ground, and away over the Borrowash lane, as if for Billington Hall, but leaving this covert on the right, he crossed the Shardlow and Ambaston lane, and leaving Shardlow Hall just on the right, made straight for the river Derwent, and it looked as if we might be in for an invasion of the South Notts. country, but a drain, almost on the river bank, proved too tempting a hiding-place, and there we had to leave him after a very nice run of thirty-five minutes. The Aston coverts are proverbial for holding a great number of foxes early in the season, and then, later on, failing to keep up their reputation, but, if to-day is to be any criterion, they need fear no such reproach being put upon them, as no sooner were hounds away with a fox from the long plantation than there were three distinct lines in the direction of Chellaston. Hounds, however, were not allowed to divide, and ultimately, after a short check near the Plaster Pit Covert, ran back to the starting-point, and then away, over the Midland Railway, as if for Weston Cliff. Before reaching this point the fox swung sharp to the left, and, boldly facing the River Trent, swam across to the Whyggs at Donington Park, a proceeding which had the effect of considerably lessening the field, as the ford at King's Mill, except to those who know it well, is anything but enjoyable. Some thirty or forty horsemen followed Mr. Holden's lead across, to find hounds at fault in front of Lord Donington's house. Hitting it off up the carriage drive, they ran out on the Isley Watton side, and there this somewhat peculiar run ended. I believe I am right in saying that this was the first occasion that a fox has crossed the River Trent—at least, I could hear of no one recollecting a previous instance."

Then frost and snow stopped hunting from December

23rd to January 23rd. Some one was writing in the papers about the Meynell just then, for the following occurs: "Sport immediately after the frost was of the poorest description, and to make matters worse, foxes have been chopped day after day in coverts where they can ill be spared; and this, in most cases, without any one being to blame in the least so far as heading them is concerned. The first day the hounds managed to hunt was at Marston Montgomery, on January 23rd. It is close upon a three-miles' trot to Hope Wood, but report had it that foxes were fairly plentiful, and so it was fully expected that we should find at least one fox. But it was not to be, and, with Marston Park and Sedsall Rough following suit, the day's disappointment began, to be quickly followed by a fox from Eaton Wood being chopped at once, and with a similar accident in one of the Doveridge coverts, our cup was fairly full. Still, we had great hopes of an afternoon gallop from Sudbury, but when these good coverts and Sapperton—tried as a last resource—had all failed, there was nothing for it but to go home, and try to forget the day's work as soon as possible."

The spirit which animates this account was abroad throughout the Hunt. Rightly or wrongly, there was a feeling that matters were at a low ebb. Before the frost all was well, but (it seems ridiculous to say so) a month's frost had effaced all recollection of the good sport in the early part of the season. So is it on any day's hunting. Given a good run in the morning and a dragging afternoon, every one goes home dispirited, but reverse the medal, and how different are our sensations.

January 30th encouraged the despondency of the malcontents, and well it might, for this was the tale. The meet was at Brailsford Bridge. Some one was said to have viewed a fox in Shirley Park, otherwise the whole country from Brailsford to the kennels was drawn blank. The coverts drawn were Ednaston, Bradley Bottoms and Rough, Shirley Park, Longford Car, and Reeve's Moor, Potter's, Bentley Car, Sapperton, and Sudbury!



Mr. F. C. Newton,
Secretary to the Meynell Hunt
(on Gloaming).
From a photograph
by
W. W. Winter.

Sport improved afterwards, and there were some fair runs, by comparison, that is, of which the following may be taken as a fair sample.

February 9th. Found at Culland, and ran at a great pace by the Burrows nearly to Parson's Gorse, and back to Brailsford Hall, where the fox suddenly disappeared. Found in the afternoon at the Brick-kiln Nurseries, and ran very fast to Allestree with Charles and the main body —very few people with them—Jim and a few couples having gone elsewhere. The fox went to ground at Allestree and every one got wet through going home.

On the 11th, Mr. F. C. Newton was acting Master at Walton. He had been hon. secretary of the Hunt from March 20th, 1888, till July 1st, 1893. From that time till July 1st, 1901, when he resigned, he received a salary of a hundred pounds a year, which he more than earned. He was educated at Haileybury and Merton College, Oxford, and is a very good cricketer, as well as being a thorough sportsman and capital rider to hounds. He married, in August, 1881, the third daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Byron, of Kirkby Mallory, near Leicester, and is at the present time living at Bearwardcote, near Etwall, where he has resided since September, 1887.

Most of the fun at this time was in the evening, thus, on February 13th, there was a capital gallop of forty minutes, quite late from Sudbury Coppice, by Boylestone and Foston, with a kill in Sudbury village.

Mrs. Holland is not likely to forget March 9th, when she had such a bad fall in the Chellaston country, being trapped under her horse. From this unenviable position it took about ten people to extricate her, and, odd to relate, neither horse nor rider were any the worse for their misadventure.

About the only thing worth mentioning during the remainder of the season was a very fast fifteen minutes on March 21st. This is a printed account of it :—

"Tuesday, March 21st. Grindley Station.—A piping hot day, more like cricket than hunting, and perhaps this

accounted for the majority of the people being completely left behind, when hounds slipped away from Chartley Gorse, and ran their very hardest for fifteen minutes, by way of Coton village, leaving Milwich on the right, to a covert belonging, I believe, to the Sandon property, where the cream of the run was over. Very jealous were the rest of us of those who really saw which way the hounds went. Two or three foxes being now in front of us, hounds divided, and time being wasted owing to wrong information being given to the huntsman, it was nothing more than slow hunting by way of Day Hills, nearly to Hilderston, where we were obliged to give it up. If only the hounds could have been kept together on the line of the original fox, we should most probably have scored a great run over a most charming country, all of which, by the way, belongs to the North Staffordshire Hunt; and it was in this territory, with the exception of a few fields, that we disported ourselves. As it was, we ran close on a five-mile point, which is very much more than one can expect in such summer-like weather as we are having just now. Carry Coppice, our next draw, was reached at 4.15." In this account there is evidence of that carping, criticizing spirit, which has been alluded to before, and which led to the change which will now be mentioned.

The idea was that it would be a good plan to have a Deputy-Master, who should control the Field, and direct proceedings out hunting, when the Master was unable to be present. The choice fell upon Mr. Fort, and a better man for the position could not have been found.

The *Field*, in a leading article in its issue April 29th, 1893, thus comments on the state of affairs:—

Mr. Fort, at a meeting recently held at Uttoxeter, expressed himself as not being over sanguine as to the success of the experiment of having a Master and a Deputy-Master, but, like a good sportsman, consented to try for a year, if his friends wished it. Mr. Gerald Hardy apologized for the line he was about to take, and described it as the unenviable task of opposing the arrangement, because he thought the remedy inadequate to the condition of affairs. This was not a personal matter in which there was a great amount of bad feeling, as in the

Puckeridge dispute; nor was it a case of rather slighting the Master, as appears to have been the case in East Kent; it was simply a hunt meeting, at which arrangements for the future hunting of the country were discussed, and of course more than one theory of how this could best be accomplished was put forward. Mr. Gerald Hardy played the part of the candid friend. He agreed with a previous speaker as to the improvement of the hounds under Mr. Bass's rule; but, he argued, the Master had practically admitted his inability to carry on the hunt as it should be done; and he contended that the condition of the country was not satisfactory, in proof of which he pointed to "tenantless fox coverts and hunting-boxes." In accordance with the usual custom, the proposition was that Mr. Hamar Bass and Mr. Fort should be elected for three years, and this, Mr. Hardy thought, was inexpedient, inasmuch as it might mean embarking on another period of three years, which might, in its main features, resemble that from which they had just emerged. He proposed, therefore, that the appointment of Mr. Hamar Bass as Master and of Mr. Fort as Deputy-Master should be limited to one year instead of three, as suggested by the committee. The faith of the meeting, however, was strong in Mr. Bass, and he was re-elected for a period of three years, with Mr. Fort to assist him as Deputy-Master.

Although the matters alluded to above have special reference to the Meynell hunt, the moral applies with equal force to the masters of other packs. At the head of the old-established Derbyshire pack is a gentleman prepared, apparently, to act with liberality, yet who, by reason of ill-health and calls on his time, cannot be at the covert side so frequently as he would like, or, as in the best interests of the hunt, it is expedient that he should be. With no one authorized to fill the master's place in the field, the suggestion, as we understand it, is that the affairs of the hunt have gone down, and one knows full well that, when once people begin to grumble, they are apt to go from one thing to another, and to find fault with things which before satisfied them. There was an instance of this at the Meynell meeting. There was, as we are told, a lengthy discussion as to the efficiency of the Hunt servants, some of the company thinking that the first whipper-in was not up to the mark, others questioning the capabilities of the huntsman—Leedham—a member of a family which has been connected with the Meynell for several generations; not a word, so far as we know, has ever previously been said, and the very idea of exception being taken to any member of this well-known family is enough to make the old Meynell men turn in their graves. Leedham, however, had a champion in the chairman, Lord Waterpark, who was supported by others, and so the matter dropped. The whole tenor of the meeting shows to what rigorous criticism a master of the hounds is subject, and those gentlemen who are about to take office for the first time would do well to realize the fact that much of their labour and expenditure will be vain, unless they are prepared to take the most active supervision of their Hunt and all that belongs to it. The mere spending of money is not enough, as, unless there is an acknowledged head in the field, neither hounds nor huntsmen can obtain anything approaching to a fair chance, and, if the truth can be known, any alleged shortcomings on the part of the first whipper-in would probably be found to arise from the fact that he was infinitely handicapped by a state of things brought about by somebody else. This much at least is tolerably clear. The Meynell hunt has not been in quite so satisfactory a position as it once was, at least in the opinion of some of the followers of that famous pack. This alleged decadence, call it what you will, is variously attributed to several causes, and so there results a certain amount of fault-finding all round—a state of things which cannot conduce to the welfare of hunting. . . ."

The new names in the subscription list were Major Blacker, Bentley Cottage, Ashbourne; and C. H. Cowper, Oaklands, Brailsford.

ENTERED IN 1892.

Names.	Sires.	Dams.
Alma	Marmion	Abbess
Caliban, Captive	Lawyer	Curious
Dimple, Dialect, Densy 1	Lord Yarborough's Smoker	Doubtful
Dutiful	Lawyer	Dimity
Fire King, Firefly, Flourish	Fisherman	Duchess
Foxglove, Fanny	Fisherman	Desperate
Listener 1, Limerick 2, Limner, Lonsdale, Larkish	Belvoir Grappler	Lighthouse
Leap Year, Leveller, Lilah 2	Weathergauge	Laura
Lantern, Lissome	Marmion	Lady
Milton	Mandrake	Abigail
Mortimer, Murmurer, Mayfair	Chieftain	Marchioness
Solon, Sunbeam	Belvoir Shamrock	Fractious
Stripling	Sunrise	Frolic
Trusty, Tasty	Belvoir Treasurer	Dawdle
Wheelwright, Woodman	Weathergauge	Darling
Windfall, Wanderer	Weathergauge	Comedy

The numerals against hounds' names represent the prize winners.

Dogs, 8½ couples; bitches, 9. Total, 17½ couples.

1892.

In this year Mr. and Mrs. Brace came from the Albrighton country, to New Lodge, Hanbury, in September. In that season their hospitality proved fatal to a great

many members of the Hunt from a hunting point of view. Charles, like his uncle, loved to find a fox quickly when he saw people going off to any house for refreshments, and to slip away with him. On this occasion, when everybody had gone to New Lodge, he found his fox in the Greaves, and ran him hard to Blithfield by himself till about half way, where Mr. Power caught him. The present Master was out on wheels with a broken collar-bone.

From New Lodge Mr. and Mrs. Brace moved to Doveridge Hall, which, with the land immediately surrounding it, they subsequently purchased from Lord Waterpark. Mr. Brace was educated at Rugby and St. John's College, Oxford. He is a good friend to the Hunt, and the farmers in his neighbourhood have good cause to like him, while his hospitality is unbounded. That he rides good horses is evident from the prices they made when he sold them at Leicester in 1900, on account of having to go abroad for his health—six of them averaging three hundred pounds. Appended are their names and prices.

Buccaneer	...	...	...	...	...	...	£336
Sammy	...	...	...	...	...	...	£336
Porridge	...	...	...	...	...	...	£325 10*s.*
Barnum	...	...	...	...	...	...	£336
Ironstone	...	...	...	...	...	...	£378
Nigger ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	£181 5*s.*

Their owner rode them well in the van, too.

Mrs. Brace does not ride, but her cart is as well known as Doveridge Hall itself, and many a thirsty follower of the Meynell hounds has refreshed himself thereat, while she has more than once proved a good Samaritan to a fallen sportsman.

Master Harry and Miss Dorothy never miss a day's hunting if they can help it.

Foxes found during the season, two hundred and thirty-two; killed, fifty-six; run to ground, forty-two.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. RICHARD FORT, M.F.H.—THE GREAT MODDERSHALL OAKS RUN—THE GREAT WINSTER RUN—CAPTAIN JACOBSON—THE FIRST OF SIR PETER WALKER'S POINT-TO-POINT RACES—STEPHEN BURTENSHAW.

1893–1894.

Mr. Fort was educated at Eton, where he went in 1866, and naturally took to the river, as his father had rowed in the Eton eight. Not that the cricket-field had not almost equal attractions; but cricket admits of no rival, and, having chosen to be a "wet bob," he could hardly hope to play, like his Winchester brother, in his school eleven. His earliest hunting recollections are of the days when his uncle, Mr. Hall, was Master of the Heythrop, and, when he went to Oxford, matriculating at Brasenose in 1874,

> "At his little go in hunting,
> With what diligence he worked,"

hunting as often as was possible with all the neighbouring packs, and learning the art of falling.

Some one once told the late Sir William FitzHerbert, "Your little boy has had a fall."

"They must learn how to fall," quoth the Roman father, as he rode on, unheeding.

In 1877 the subject of this sketch passed into Sandhurst as a University candidate, thus giving the lie to the sarcastic verse which says, "Nature made for every sportsman an inferior set of brains!" and, somewhere about this time, he purchased, for a mere song, the famous grey mare, Dear Heart. "Hoc fecit Wykeham" was the motto at which

Mr. R. Fort, M.F.H.

From a photograph

by

Dickinson.

Walter L Collis Th. St

the King cavilled when he brought the great William to book. But the astute Prelate excused himself on the grounds that the sentence must not be thought to bear the proud interpretation, "Wykeham made this," but the humbler one of, "*This* made Wykeham." If Mr. Fort were asked, he would probably say the same of Dear Heart. To ride her was a liberal education in the art of crossing a country. There was nothing that she could not jump, and not even the Styx itself would have made her turn her head, while she had such a turn of speed that she carried her owner first past the post in more than one steeplechase. He has had plenty of good horses since, as most of us must acknowledge, but he is constant to this, his first love, and declares stoutly that she was the best.

"Every sportsman, they say,
In his lifetime has one that outrivals the rest,
So the pearl of my casket I've shown you to-day,
The gentlest, the gamest, the boldest, the best."

But it is a curious thing that the best should have also been the first, or almost the first.

Other good ones have been A1, bought from his brother-in-law, the late Captain Gerard Leigh; the little blood bay, Peeping Tom, by Pedometer, bought from Captain Spicer, and who went eventually at a high figure to Mr. Peat. The grey Pugilist, still going as well as ever in his sixteenth year, is a wonderful hunter, but as full of antics as any harlequin. These playful ways have lost him many a good place. The Duchess of Hamilton tired of him for one. Mr. Burnaby had him for a bit, and at last Mr. Fort bought him from Stokes. They seem to get on very well together, and Harry Bates, the Master's second horseman, also does not appear to be at all disconcerted by the violent kicks and plunges of an otherwise capital horse. Silver King, too, deserves to be mentioned. A wild old rascal he has always been, but such a fencer! When Stokes bought him he saw him clear a quickset hedge, a good six feet high, more than once. It was no trouble to

this horse to jump. He seemed to float up into the air. The Master found out how good he was in that wonderful gallop from Langley Gorse, up to the Vicar Wood, Kedleston, and, from there, as hard as hounds could go, to the top Foston covert, where they checked, and then ran on to Sapperton, in 1887. After that he thought nothing of jumping the Sudbury Park palings on him opposite the road to Somersal out of the Sudbury turnpike. Pit-a-pat, by Downpatrick out of Dear Heart, was not a very bad one either, neither was Cornwall, who cleared the Somersal brook, just below the Hall. A big place it is, as Mr. Wallroth found to his cost, in trying to follow the Master and Mr. Poyser on St. Mungo.

Mr. Fort joined the 11th Hussars in 1878, to which regiment Mr. "Jack" Cumming, eldest son of Admiral Cumming of Foston Hall, also belonged, and this was the cause of his brother-officer first coming to Derbyshire in December, 1881, as a guest at Foston. When once in the Meynell country, he very soon decided that that was the place for him, and from that day to this he has never wavered in his allegiance. For the rest of that season he hunted from the Midland Hotel, Derby; then came a sojourn at Winslow. But even the attractions of the Vale of Aylesbury, and of the great, stretching pastures, over which "Squire" Selby Lowndes' beauties run so fast, could not wean him from his affection for the Meynell. So, after his marriage, in August, 1882, to Miss Leigh, daughter of Mr. Henry Blundell Leigh of Amington, back he came to take up his quarters at Church Broughton. In 1883–1884, and 1884–1885, they were at Field House, Marchington, which had been temporarily vacated by Lord Parker, who had gone to India. In March, 1885, they came to the Cottage, Foston, where they have been ever since.

In October, 1881, Mr. Fort resigned his commission in the 11th Hussars, having been elected as the liberal member for Clitheroe, which place he represented till 1885.

In April, 1893, he was elected Deputy-Master, or Field Master, of the Meynell hounds in connection with the late

Mr. Hamar Bass. No better selection could have been made, for the Deputy-Master was not only popular with all classes, but he was able, from the place which he always held when hounds were running, to turn round and *face* his field, if they pressed hounds unduly, which is the only way to control them. Does not Mr. Bromley-Devonport say—

"*In the distance* I hear the Master's vain chiding,
As vain as the Norseman's reproof to the sea"?

Besides, even in his so-to-speak "lay" days, he knew every hound in the pack, while he was, heart and soul, devoted to the sport. The latter rose, phœnix-like, from its ashes, and two capital seasons ensued, including the historical run on January 29th, 1894, up into the hills near Winster, and the two or three excellent ones in the same direction in the following year. His courtesy towards landowners, covert owners, and farmers was in every one's mouth, while his manner in the field left nothing to be desired. Unfortunately, at the end of the season 1896–1897 he resigned, to every one's regret, and retired into private life. Not for long, however, for, in February, 1898, he was elected Master in the place of Mr. Hamar Bass, who resigned. From that day to this he has been at the head of affairs, and no one has worked harder to fill a position which is by no means a bed of roses. In spite of a spell of bad luck, which would have damped many a man's ardour, he has stuck to his post, leaving no stone unturned to keep sport with the Meynell up to its old high standard. From a combination of circumstances, which no one could control, it has not been brilliant for the last two or three seasons, but these "slumps" will occur from time to time with all packs of hounds. As poor old Charles was so fond of saying, "It has happened before;" but at the present time the silver lining on the cloud is broadening, and there is every prospect of a blaze of the sunshine of prosperity.

Among other excellent ideas, which the Master has put into execution, is the Annual Puppy Show Luncheon, which has proved such a success, and at which he so hospitably

entertains his friends, high and low. The winners must be hard indeed to please, if they do not go home delighted with the prizes, of which a goodly selection to choose from is set out on a table in the tent—a capital idea. But this is only an item. Everything is done with the same generosity and forethought. The men are excellently mounted, the hounds are rapidly recovering from the ravages of the distemper three years ago, which spared neither old nor young, the country is full of foxes, and though the new huntsman, Gosden, has yet to win his spurs here, he comes with a good character from the Cheshire. So, whoever takes up the task of adding the remainder of the Master's term of office to these pages, will probably have some brilliant seasons to chronicle.

In Mrs. Fort the Master has an ideal helpmeet for a Master of Hounds and a most able lieutenant, and there is no one who has a greater affection for the Meynell country, on the borders of which she was born and bred.

The first item of interest came early, on October 5th, when they ran from Eaton Wood to Wootton Lodge on the other side of the Dove, but lost their fox.

There were several good runs before it, but that of December 12th was the first really worth recording. To begin with, it was the wettest day possible; the rain simply poured down, and everybody was wet to the skin before they got home. The meet was at Bramshall, and Colonel Chandos-Pole, who had run down from Dorsetshire to have a day or two with his former pack, was out. Hounds got on the line of an outlying fox, who took them into Carry Coppice. From there a brace of foxes went away. Settling on one, hounds ran nicely by Field, across the Blythe, through Sherratt's Wood, by Bird-in-the-hand, and through Spotacre Nursery, into Moddershall Oaks, where they lost him. It was a first-rate run—a nine-mile point in fifty-five minutes. There is, unluckily, no record of it which goes at all into details, but Mr. W. Fraser Tytler was one of those who saw it well on Tittle-Tattle, a four-year-old of Mr. Fort's, which never was any good

afterwards. Mr. Fort himself was well in it all the way, on Pit-a-pat, unless the writer's memory deceives him, and Mrs. Fort on Ambassador. Mrs. Hartley was there on Ladybird, a bay mare which carried her well in the great hill run to Winster on January 29th; the "Squire," too, and Mr. Peacock, and others, but not many. Somehow they took the wrong road going back to draw Carry Coppice, and it was decided to go home, though it was only two o'clock, and most people thought that was the best place to draw.

Then came a succession of good runs, though there was nothing really remarkable till January 29th. Of this "X" (Mr Waite, of Duffield, a good sportsman and old follower of the Meynell) wrote an account in the *Field*.

THE MEYNELL HOUNDS.

Extraordinary Run.

The Meynell had a hard day's work on Monday, January 29th, 1894, which is certainly worth recording. Sunday night was wet and boisterous, but when we met at Brailsford Bridge the sun shone brilliantly. There was a big meet, the road being blocked with carriages. Brailsford Old Gorse having been cut down at the end of last season, Mr. Fort gave the order for Ednaston. The first covert was tenantless, so we went on to the withy-bed usually known as Bradley Bottoms. As soon as hounds were thrown in, a fox went away at the top end, and it was quickly evident scent was good. We went very fast, leaving Yeldersley Rough on our left, to Bradley village, and still leaving the hall and pastures on our left, crossed the Hulland and Ashbourne road, making straight for the Lime-kiln Rough. Here he waited until hounds pushed him out at the bottom end, when we expected to take the usual line to Bradley Wood, and, perhaps, on to Shirley Park, but our fox boldly faced Atlow Whin—a very steep hill, which made horses sob at a trot only. Fortunately, hounds greatly slackened their pace whilst breasting the steepest part of the hill, but as soon as we reached galloping ground the pace again improved. The line was perfectly straight between Kniveton, with its hedges, on our left, and Hognaston, with its stone walls, on our right. The walls at first sight looked anything but inviting, and we managed to avoid most of them until we reached Brassington—a seven-mile point in forty-five minutes—which it was evident was his aim when we left the Lime-kilns. Only about twice in the last twenty-six years do I remember to have taken this line, and each time our fox has found safety in the rocks, which jut out in bold masses on the sides and summit of a steep sugar-loaf hill. Hounds worked very patiently to the top, where a few of the horsemen, who had left their horses lower down, followed, and hastily consumed their sandwiches in the bright sunshine. Our fox must have found his house closed, though we were miles beyond the country which is stopped, and he went away without changing the direction he had hitherto taken.

We now saw nothing but small fields, surrounded by limestone walls, most of them seven quarters (5 ft. 3 in.) high. As hounds faced the still rising ground we found ourselves looking round to see who would give a lead over the first wall. The fall of a loose coping stone made it look a little less uninviting, and most of the horses flew it as if it had been timber. The pace was too good for "craning," and, with just a little picking of places, the walls were taken as they came for a straight line of six miles further from our starting-point, by the left of Pike Hall, on to "Haven" House (Newhaven), and running parallel with the Buxton road on to the Jug and Glass, thirteen hundred feet above the sea level. Here the fox crossed the main road and High Peak Railway, running nearly to Bunker's Hill and Parsley Hay. We began to think we should soon be in sight of Buxton, which was only nine miles distant, but the pace and time at last told on this stout fox, as it had done on our horses.

Before he reached Bunker's Hill, on to what was once Middleton Common, he swung to the right, and along a length of very pretty dale, which I think must be the top end of Middleton Dale. Leaving Youlgreave two miles on our left, he pointed for Winster, but turned again towards Newhaven, and we had to face another steep rise. Only the ladies kept their saddles, the men climbing at the side of their horses. As he turned back to Middleton Common, he was frequently seen just in front of hounds, and apparently dead beat, but he managed to beat us after a run of exactly three hours. After leaving Brassington, every wall had at least six inches of snow at the foot, on one side, or both, and it balled horribly. The snow was a great help to the fox, which invariably chose the highest place to climb over a wall; and on landing very frequently ran along the side in deep snow. Hounds were not so used to wall-climbing, and often lost a few valuable seconds by the sudden turns along the wall sides. There cannot be a doubt that the snow saved him. From Bradley Bottoms to the Jug and Glass measures upwards of thirteen miles on the map in a straight line, but, allowing for ups and downs, the two points are some sixteen miles distant. I counted four ladies and thirty horsemen up at end of the run, every one of whom must have jumped at least fifty stone walls since we left Brassington. Some of the remnant admitted they would have left before the end, but they didn't know where they were, nor how to get back to "England!" Hounds were twenty-two miles as the crow flies from kennels. Mr. and Mrs. Fort, who, it is needless to say, were up, and the sole representatives of Foston, must have had quite twenty-four miles home, while the Derby contingent (reduced to three at the finish) were twenty-five miles from home. Two of the latter rode the six miles to Bakewell in the vain hope of finding a horse-box to rail on to Derby. Most of us trotted back to the Haven, a noted coaching house with extensive stables, but not half large enough for all who wanted to put up for a little while. Of course it is a moot point whether we changed at Brassington Rocks. It seems scarcely possible for a fox to keep going for three hours in front of the Meynell, with a seven-mile point in forty-five minutes as a commencement; and after leaving Brassington there was some appearance of a double line. The distance travelled was enough to settle two stout foxes, and though all thought that hounds had earned their reward, our quarry certainly deserved to escape. Many of the horses will carry souvenirs of the sharp-cutting stone walls, but comparatively few empty saddles were seen during the day.

R. W.

As a postscript to the description of the remarkable run from Brailsford to the Peak country, it will interest many to know how cleverly our fox escaped, where

Bradbourne
Tissington
Hognaston
Kniveton
Ashbourne
Mapleton
Blore
Thorpe
Bentley
Brassington
Carsington
Hulland
Wirksworth
Knivetons Brook
Wash Brook
Ashbourne & Buxton Br.
Wirksworth Junction
Ashbourne Junction
Leek & Manifold Light Railway
Leek & Manifold Valley Light Railway
Dovedale
Ilam
Thorpe Cloud
Bunster Hill
Hanson Grange
Boreman's Cave
Twelve Apostles
Lovers' Leap
Lin Tops
Ilam Moor
Ilam Hall
Ilam Rock
Ilam Park
Coldwall Bridge
Limestone Hill
Wolfscote Dale
Hall Dale
Lea Hall
Lea Bridge
Lea Wood
Clifton Hall
Clifton Church
Clifton Grange
Clifton Hall
Clifton Moor
Clifton Common
Clifton Hall Farm
Clifton Hall Plantation
Clifton Hall Wood
Clifton Hall Fm.
Clifton Hall Ho.
Clifton Hall Fm.
Clifton Hall Fm.
Clifton Hall Fm

there were neither woods nor buildings for a hiding-place. A man in the service of Mr. John Wright of Gratton saw the fox one field from the point where we whipped off, lying, dead beat, at full length on the top of a wall. On being approached, he jumped down and limped, footsore, away. Evidently, he had baffled hounds by running along the top of the wall, and lying where a stone was missing. As Leedham cast all round the point where hounds threw up, they must have gone close to the hiding-place, but doubtless on the wrong side for the wind. This was not the first time he had run along the top of a wall, as a short time before the finish hounds were running in scent on both sides of a high wall. All will now be glad that Mr. Wright's man did not betray the wily one, for he fairly saved his brush, and we hope will live to again try conclusions with the Meynell. I hear that the High Peak Harriers, on a recent visit to Middleton Common, found a fox, and ran him close to Atlow. Probably this was the same animal, and it accounts for the very straight line he took back again to his home in the Peak.

I am indebted to Mr. W. R. Holland, who no longer follows the Meynell, for the information I am able to give above.

Those who got to the finish out of a large field were Mr. and Mrs. Fort, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Charrington, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cooper, Mrs. Walter Boden, Mrs. Hartley, the Misses Violet and Geraldine Mosley, Colonel Cavendish, Messrs. Henry Boden, E. J. Bird, Gilbert Crompton, Gerald Hardy, Herbert Holland, A. J. Maynard, W. T. Roden, G. Schwind, C. A. Wallroth, R. Waite, A. Walkden, a farmer, and the Hunt servants. If any one's name has been omitted, the writer tenders his humble apology. It is difficult to remember horses so long after the event, but Mr. Fort was riding Pugilist, Mrs. Fort Ambassador, and Mr. Maynard Stepping Stone, only bought at Leicester on the previous Saturday. Every hound was up at the finish.

A. O. Worthington.

Mr. Worthington, whose portrait appeared in the *County Gentleman* on January 6th, 1894, is thus described:

"Mr. Albert Octavius Worthington, who is the fourth son of the late Mr. William Worthington, of Newton Park, Derbyshire, is a good specimen of the all-round sportsman. Born in 1844, he was educated at Repton, and, for two or three seasons, played for his school eleven. On the formation of the Derbyshire and Staffordshire County

cricket teams, he played for both, and in Derbyshire's first contest against Kent scored heavily, assisting materially in winning the match. In 1854 he commenced to hunt with Mr. Meynell Ingram's hounds, when the old 'Squire' still acted as Master, and old Tom Leedham handled the horn, and has hunted ever since either with the Meynell, Atherstone, or South Staffordshire hounds. In 1866, with one or two friends, he bought Lord Chesterfield's harriers and acted as whip to them for several seasons. He is likewise very keen about shooting and fishing, and for many years has rented the Auchlyne or Auchmore Moors in Perthshire from the Marquess of Breadalbane.

"Mr. Worthington, who purchased the Maple Hayes estate, near Lichfield, in 1884, is a D.L. and J.P. for Staffordshire, and was High Sheriff in 1889–90. In 1879 he received a commission in the Queen's Own Staffordshire Yeomanry, and since 1885 he has been Captain of the Anglesey troop in that well-known corps."

To this there is not much to add, except that the seven years which have passed since the above was written have not abated by one jot or one tittle the keenness with which he pursues his favourite sports. He loves a hound as well as ever, and takes the keenest interest in the actual hound-work in the field, while, under his pseudonym of "Needwood," he has proved by his accounts of Meynell sport in the *Field* that he knows what he is writing about. The author of this work is under the deepest obligations to him for ready help and encouragement.

The Hon. Nellie Bass's wedding to Mr. Baillie of Dochfour was the event not only of this week, but of the winter. The daughter of Lord Burton is the richest heiress in England, and, being popular in herself as well as important in her position, it was natural that she should be inundated with unusually valuable presents. As a matter of fact these exceeded by some two hundred the number (four hundred) which it is the ambition of every bride to attain.

Another good sportsman, who came to the Meynell country this year, was Captain Jacobson, late of the

Carabineers. There are very few better horsemen or quicker men to hounds than he is, and always has been. Having hunted about six days a week all his life, he professed to be tired of it, and told the writer so. Captain Jacobson was at that time living in Leicestershire. Next season the Meynell hounds were out and running well over the Sutton country, and the brook of that name was in front of them. Most people made a detour and crossed it by a ford, and when the present writer got up to the hounds at a check there were three men with them—the only ones who had jumped the brook, and a big one it is—and one of them was the indifferent man about hunting, bareheaded. Mr. Harry Boden, I think, was another, and young Mr. Foster of Brailsford, of show-ring renown, the third, and I fancy it was Mr. Boden's horse that landed on Captain Jacobson's prostrate hat.

Mrs. Jacobson, too, is a very fine horsewoman, and some years ago, in the Bicester country, used to jump gates like other people jump sheep-hurdles.

Other new names were—E. Arliss, New Lodge; A. T. and E. E. Barnes, Chesterfield; Major Beadnell, Coxbench Hall; R. F. Bristowe; Major Hallowes, Marchington Hall, *vice* Captain Holland, gone abroad; James Meakin, Westwood Manor, Stoke-on-Trent; William Mills; J. H. Riley, Somersal House, Somersal Herbert; and H. Unwin, Farnah Hall.

On March 21st, the first of Sir Peter Walker's point-to-point races was held. The following account appeared in *Land and Water*:—

> Now the genial Master of the Dove Valley Harriers, Sir Peter Walker, adopted an idea for a point-to-point race on the 21st instant that wound up his season's sport, which from the very outset spelt success with the least amount of trouble to the inaugurator. His plan was to have a ladies' nomination point-to-point race open to all England, barring only winners under Newmarket or G.N.H. rules. The nominator of the winner to receive a diamond heart given by Sir Peter Walker; the owner of the winner to take the sweepstake. Fifty ladies who hunt in Derbyshire and Staffordshire were invited to nominate any horse or rider they thought good enough to win them the coveted trophy. Under such conditions and in such hands the race was bound to prove a success, and forty entries figured on the card, which included such well-known performers as

Captain Gordon and McCrankie all the way from Ayrshire (the winners of the Army Point-to-Point Race), Lord Lovat, and Halma from Hounslow, who ran second in the Army Welter Point-to-Point Race. Mr. Arthur Knowles and the Priest, who won a point-to-point race in connection with Lord Gerard's hounds, and Major W. H. Walker and Merryman, who won a fourteen-stone Cheshire point-to-point race. Besides these there were horses from Melton, and many well-known names that figure between the flags will be recognized in the following list of thirty odd horses, together with lady nominators:—

Miss Walker (now Lady Kingston) ns. Major W. H. Walker's Merryman by Sheldrake. Owner.
Miss Edith Frank (now Mrs. Jordan) ns. Mr. Winterbottom's K.G. Mr. E. M. Lafone.
Miss Ethel Okeover (now Lady Walker) ns. Sir Peter Walker's Grayling.* Mr. Allen Batchelor.
Mrs. Holland ns. her own b.g. Chance. Mr. H. Porter.
Mrs. Hartley ns. Mr. J. W. Phillips's ch.g. by Downpatrick. Mr. S. F. Phillips.
Miss Burdett ns. Sir Francis Burdett's b.g. the Cocoanut.
Mrs. Monro Walker ns. Mr. Monro Walker's br.g. Castletown. Owner.
Miss Annie Cartland ns. Mr. Howard Cartland's ch.g. Cyclone. Owner.
The Hon. Lady Walker ns. Sir Peter Walker's ch.m. Victoria. Mr. R. Wilkinson.
Miss Ethel Firman ns. Mr. Guy Fenwick's ch.g. Forlorn. Owner.
Mrs. Greenfield ns. Mr. Dick Fenwick's Nigger. Owner.
Miss Jane Thornewill ns. Captain Gordon's McCrankie.
Miss Lilian Okeover (now the Hon. Mrs. A. Curzon) ns. Mr. H. Fraser's blk.g. King Coffee.
Miss D'Arcy Clark (now Mrs. Roy) ns. Mr. W. S. Eaton's ch.g. Alfred. Owner.
Miss O. Thornewill ns. Lord Lovat's br.m. Halma. Owner.
Miss Clowes ns. Captain Clowes' ch.g. Midsummer. Owner.
Mrs. H. H. Hookes ns. Mr. W. E. C. Smith's Yellow Aster. Owner.
Mrs. Frank Cooper ns. Mr. Frank Cooper's Cherokee. Owner.
Mrs. Reid Walker ns. Mr. Reid Walker's b.g. Jigginstone. Captain Sandeman.
Miss Violet Walker ns. Mr. Reid Walker's b.g. Patrick. Mr. E. D. Miller.
Miss Monica Walker ns. Mr. Reid Walker's b.g. Hush.
The Misses Dugdale ns. Captain Orr-Ewing's b.g. Tritton. Owner.
Mrs. Fleming ns. Colonel Fleming's gr.g. Jack. Owner.
Miss Birch ns. Major Hallowes' Wood Violet. Owner.
The Hon. Mrs. Herbert Allsopp ns. Captain William's ch.g. Therford. Owner.
Mrs. Bird ns. Mr. E. J. Bird's b.g. Artist. Mr. H. P. Bird.
Mrs. Brace ns. Mr. F. A. Brace's b.m. Heartsease. Mr. Roden.
Mrs. Chetwynd ns. Mr. Bagot's b.m. Miss Brady.
Lady Florence Duncombe ns. Mr. E. W. Clowes' ch.g. Mars.
Mrs. F. C. Newton ns. Mr. E. C. S. Holden's b.m. Merry Queen. Owner.
Miss Okeover ns. Mr. Heneage's. Owner.
Mrs. Knowles ns. Mr. Arthur Knowles' The Priest. Owner.
Miss Fox ns. Mr. Douglas Crossman's blk.m. Britannia. Owner.
Mrs. Fort ns. Mr. R. Fort's br.g. Beaufort. Owner.

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* This horse was a son of Mr. Power's famous Jessie.

The large field assembled at an inn at Ashbourne, from there to be conducted to the unknown starting-point. All the spectators were conveyed to the winning-post, situated on the hillside above Sturston Mill, looking over a fine country of Derbyshire hills and dales. It was a pity a parade could not have been managed.

"They are off! they are off!" was the cry about two o'clock, and with the eye of faith and powerful field-glasses, it was possible to enjoy the sight of some thirty-two specks, like flies on a window-pane, streaking away across country from Ashbourne Hall in the dim distance. The course measured three miles, a big fish-hook shape, the first point being a red flag, then round a farmhouse on the hill top, out by Atlow Whin, to turn downhill and gallop over the ford of the River Bone. One more flag, and then a run home on the hillside below Bradley Wood describes the locality, though imperfect in geography, I fear.

When the field came into view it was possible to judge what a cracker the pace was, with Halma making the running, and Merryman striding along in gallant style, a chestnut horse with an empty saddle fencing faultlessly, McCrankie and a grey lying pretty handy, and a long tail behind, for the pace brought them down like ninepins. "Oh dear, oh dear! where's the rider of the chestnut? I wish it was all over! Oh dear! if they all get safe home, we will never, never let them ride again!" And beauty on the hillside was considerably agitated and excited. The course was not really a galloping one, for the fences were trappy, and it was necessary to use your head all the way to steer a right course and find the flags. Halfway on the journey was an open brook, with a downhill take off, and so placed that you could not see it until you were right upon it. This caught two horses. After taking a pull for a bit of deep going on the plough, they climbed up the hill to round the farmhouse, then turned down the hill with trappy little dykes, to you, all the way to the river's ford. The cluster in front were Merryman, K.G., Halma, McCrankie, and Chance. The Priest spoilt his chance by going wide of a flag. Coming in the straight, half a mile from home, we could see they were racing. McCrankie came up and took the lead until he galloped into a boggy, wet field, and a very trappy fence, and head over heels he went, unfortunately breaking Captain Gordon's collar-bone. Over the last three fences Halma was first, until he fell one fence from home, then K.G. and Grayling went on, with Chance close up. But Major W. H. Walker, on Merryman, was only waiting his time, and at the right moment shot to the front and won easily by three lengths, K.G. and Grayling being ridden out determinedly for second place.

Then we all shouted until we were hoarse, and congratulated Miss Walker, the nominator of her brother's horse, and the winner of the diamond heart, and, curiously enough, winner also of the House Party Sweepstake. Other lady nominators ran off into the country to pick up their nominations who had not got home, and we went to look over the winner. Merryman, by Sheldrake, is a big, striding, dark brown horse, well master of fourteen stone, and was bought from Captain Gordon; he looked good for any distance. His owner, Major W. H. Walker, is well known as a shining light on the polo-field, and with the Cheshire packs, as well as the owner, trainer, and rider of that marvellous pony, Dorothy, who won forty-one races out of six attempts. Not the least interesting object was his old race saddle, so patched and padded up that nothing of its original self is left except the shape, and its weight is now thirteen pounds. This saddle has figured in two hundred and sixteen races, and on one hundred and twenty-six occasions has carried its owner first past the post, so that, in the distant future, when Major Walker has done with it, we shall expect to see it in a glass case, a proud trophy for the Nimrod Club.

The afternoon ended up with a race for the farmers, who had a good line of gaps and a rare silver mug to run for, but we were quite incapable of taking any further part in the proceedings after the intense excitement of the ladies' nomination race.

WHIPSTER.

ENTERED IN 1893.

NAMES.	SIRES.	DAMS.
Ardent, Ambrose 2	Alaric	Doubtful
Amorous	Lord Yarborough's Acrobat ...	Dashaway
Brigand	Belvoir Donovan	Beautiful
Chatterbox, Comet 2	Chieftain.....	Bertha
Countess	Colonel	Darling
Dangerous, Destitute	Demon	Arrogant
Goodness	Gordon	Absolute
Glossy, Graphic	Lawyer	Generous
Listless	Colonel	Laura
Lilac, Linnet, Lancer 1, Landmark	Weathergauge	Lighthouse
Landsman	Lord Galway's Gordon	Lively
Lullaby, Larceny, Lasher, Longford	Colonel	Levity
Mistletoe, Marmalade, Martyr	Chieftain.....	Marchioness
Manifest 3	Minor	Margery
Nominal.....	Belvoir Nominal	Genuine
Prodigal.....	Sunrise	Promise
Spotless 3, Symphony, Struggler	Lord Yarborough's Smoker ...	Lady
Shiner	Weathergauge	Sensitive
Wonderful.....	Weathergauge	Dawdle

The numerals against hounds' names represent the prize winners.
Dogs, 7 couples; bitches, 9½. Total, 16½ couples.

The pick of the entry turned out to be Lancer, a hound that Mr. Fort was particularly fond of. Other good ones were Chatterbox—who was mysteriously lost—his sister, Comet, Goodness, and Lullaby, who was not drafted till 1900.

Stephen Burtenshaw from the West Fife came as first whipper-in at the beginning of this season instead of James Tasker, who went to the Cattistock as first whipper-in and kennel huntsman.

Foxes found, three hundred and fourteen; killed, sixty-six; run to ground, forty-nine.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE YEAR OF THE GREAT FROST—SIR PETER WALKER'S DINNER TO THE MEYNELL HUNT — THE WETTEST SEASON EVER KNOWN—END OF THE SEASON 1894–1895—MR. CALDECOTT—GREAT RUN FROM THE BATH, HOAR CROSS—THE FIRST DAY ON WHICH STEPHEN CARRIED THE HORN—THE GREAT HILL RUN TO ELTON —GOOD RUN FROM BENTLEY CAR — MR. CHARLES GARNETT AND MR. HARTLEY.

1894–1895.

THIS was a good season, though the great frost will always remain its chief feature.

The writer feels that justice has hardly been done to the season which preceded it, for there were so many good gallops which really deserve to be mentioned, the difficulty being which to select. There was one run in which the fox took a very unusual line and which gave rise to an amusing incident. This was when hounds crossed the river opposite Marchington station, and Mr. "Chev" Bateman and Mr. "Bill" Power tried to swim it with the water bank high. They collided just when they got under the steep walled-up bank on the far side, and the end of it was that neither of them got over. The fox had gone from the Hare Park to Lake Banks, then by West Broughton to Maresfield Gorse, up the hill for Somersal, and back again to Sudbury Bottoms, where several foxes were on foot. Leaving that covert, he went by the top of the Aldermoor, by Somersal and Brocksford, down to the river, which he crossed opposite Marchington station.

There is a good ford there, but no one seemed to know of it, for the Field galloped off for Woodford, and crossed, catching hounds to the right of the back road to Marchington. They ran on slowly past Field House, over the Marchington brook and up to Woodroffe's Cliff, where they were stopped. It was a good sort of hunting run of two hours. The very next day, February 6th, they ran from Chartley Gorse to Fulford Heath, estimated at a seven-mile point in forty-two minutes. Anyhow, it was fast enough, though the fox beat them.

Another interesting event, which deserves to be chronicled, was Sir Peter Walker's dinner at Osmaston to the Meynell Hunt. It was a most successful affair, and a very good idea of the host's, who intended it for a sort of record. All the guests were weighed, and their names and weights duly entered in a book. The latter have probably altered a little by this time. The names were Lord Bagot, Colonel the Hon. W. Coke, Hon. George Allsopp, Mr. Hamar Bass, M.F.H., Mr. Walter Boden, Mr. Henry Boden, General Fowler Butler, Major Blacker, Mr. E. J. Bird, Mr. Sacheverell Bateman, Mr. Frank Brace, Colonel Cavendish, Mr. J. F. Campbell, Mr. Hugh Charrington, Mr. A. Crossman, Mr. Gilbert Crompton, Mr. Arthur Chetwynd, Mr. Frank Cooper, Mr. A. C. Duncombe, Captain Herbert Dugdale, Mr. Richard Fort, Deputy-Master; Colonel Fleming, ex-Master Dove Valley Harriers; Mr. Dudley Fox, Mr. Lionel Gisborne, Mr. Gerald Hardy, Mr. Charles Hartley, Mr. E. C. S. Holden, Captain H. Holland, Mr. A. Knowles, Mr. T. P. Kempson, Mr. Godfrey Meynell, Mr. E. J. Maynard, Mr. William Power, Mr. F. W. Peacock, Mr. J. L. Randall, Mr. C. W. Jervis Smith, and Mr. John Smith. The only drawback to the entertainment was that frost stopped hunting on the Monday following.

All this, however, of right, belongs to the season that is past, and it is time to deal with the present one.

The opening day, October 29th, was marked by a good run from the Aldermoor at Sudbury, by Somersal Herbert,

nearly to Cubley Gorse, by Marston Park, down to the Dove, and lost the fox over the Dove, where the railway bridge crosses the river opposite Barrow Hill; the same bridge by which Captain Dawson crossed in the great 1872 run. *À propos* of that, it is a curious coincidence that Lord Waterpark, and five others, one of whom, Mr. Harrison, was a stranger in the country, should have been the chosen few at the end of it, and that many years before, hounds should have run the same line, and Lord Waterpark's father, two or three others, *and a stranger*, Mr. Hammersley, should have been first up at the finish. The latter was so pleased with the way that Mr. Cavendish's horse, Pavilion, carried his rider, that he subsequently bought him.

The next day at Bramshall was a good one too. They found a brace of foxes in Philips' Gorse, ran one a ring round by Carry Coppice, then over the railway, and leaving Leigh on the left, through Park Hall Covert, up to Heybridge dingle, where they turned short back, and killed their fox in Park Hall Covert. Then they killed a brace of mangy ones without any sport. After this, a fox from the Alder Car, Loxley, took them at a great pace by Cuckold's Haven, across Smallwood Manor, and up to the Forest Banks, between Marchington and Woodroffe's Cliffs. Here an attempt was made to stop the hounds, but they were still full of running, and raced back to Woodgate, near Uttoxeter, where Mr. Dudley Fox's father used to live. For this last bit there was nobody with them—the Hunt horses being reduced to a walk.

Day after day sport was excellent. It is impossible to mention everything, but the two following are fair samples.

November 6th, Blithbury.—They found in the osiers at Mavesyn Ridware, ran by Hill Ridware, leaving Pipe Wood on the left, and Laurence's Wood on the right, down across the Blythe, where the fox turned right-handed as if for Rough Park. But he changed his mind and bent his steps left-handed, and went almost straight to Abbots Bromley, as if his point was Bagot's Woods. Instead of going there, however, he turned short back, his race being

nearly run, over the Ashbrook, and hounds caught him in Ashbrook Plantation, between the Lichfield high road and the Bromley Hurst lane, after a capital thirty-five minutes, all the time at a strong pace over the very best of the Staffordshire country. Then they found again in Pipe Wood, ran up to Hoar Cross, back by Ashbrook plantation, round again to Hoar Cross, and lost their fox by Cross Hayes, after an hour and a quarter. A hard day for hounds and horses.

November 8th, Every Arms.—They found a brace at Potluck osier-beds and ran very nicely across the line through Spilsbury's Plantations, by Burnaston House, and Parker's pit-hole below the Asylum, at a good pace through Bunker's Wood by Littleover old Hall, and bowled their fox over in the open at Sunnyhill, just below Normanton, after a good run of an hour. A Hell Meadows fox furnished but little sport; however, one from Mickleover four acre made amends for the other's shortcomings. They ran to the right of Mickleover station to Rough Heanor, and on under Littleover nearly to Abell's house, just outside Derby. Here the fox naturally turned back, and hounds ran him nicely between Bunker's Wood and the Pastures, and eventually marked him to ground in Mr. Finney's warren, close to the asylum wall, after a good hour and a half.

Up to Christmas no one could ever remember more wet days — real wet ones too, which sent every one home soaked through, day after day. Wet days, mangy foxes, and good sport were the principal features.

On December 4th they ran from Pipe Wood as if for Pear Tree Gorse, but turned sharp back to the right, to the left of Laurence's Wood, over the Blythe, to Hoar Cross, through the Bath, on between Birch Wood and Chantry Wood, through Field House Coppice, Hart's Coppice, and Dog Kennel Wood, right along the Forest Banks nearly to Marchington Cliff, where there were several fresh foxes on foot, hounds divided, and a good hunt of over an hour, and a six or seven mile point came to an end.

The year 1894 finished up with a capital gallop in the Radburne country on December 27th. Every one was full of ride, and the field overrode hounds to such an extent in the early part of the day that they could do nothing. But later on the exuberance of riders and horses toned down, so that when a fox went away from Radburne Rough the pack was allowed time to settle to the line, and away they went, on good terms with him, past Dalbury Woodhouse, back by Pildock Wood, by Radburne Hall, past Dalbury and Bearwardcote, up to Mickleover Manor, where they got up to their fox in the garden. But he slipped away and they hunted him by Bunker's Hill and the Pastures, killing him (a mangy fox) at Normanton after a first-rate hunt of an hour and twenty minutes.

Then came the longest frost which any one now living is likely to experience, at least, it is to be hoped so. People compared it to the Crimean winter. They did hunt, it is true, on the 20th at Dunstall, in a hurricane of sleet and snow, but it was a miserable day. After that it froze in good earnest for twelve days till January 20th. On the 21st hounds went to Darley Moor, which is notorious for disagreeable climatic conditions, which on this particular day surpassed themselves. It really was not fit to hunt, and it was just as well that they had a blank day. It started to freeze again and continued till March 9th, twenty-seven days. Still every one said it was about the only frost they enjoyed. There never was any doubt about it. We all know the proverb about hope deferred. Even the most bigoted fox-hunter put on his skates, and every one played hockey on the ice at Sudbury and enjoyed herself or himself to the utmost.

They hunted later than usual this year on account of the frost, and on April 18th had a rare good gallop with rather an unusual ending. They found at Cross Hays, Hoar Cross, ran over the Deer Park into the Brakenhurst, back over the Deer Park, went in front of Hoar Cross Hall, past the Bath, to the left of Billiard Table Coppice, into Lord's Coppice. Then they ran all through the big woods,

and hounds divided. Charles cast on over the Uttoxeter main road to try the earths on the hill opposite Kingston Wood, but "Sandy" Collumbell, one of the second horsemen, thought some hounds had killed a fox in the big woods. The Master told Charles, and, coming back to the place, there lay the fox dead, sure enough.

The season ended on April 20th with a poor day at New Inn.

Foxes found, a hundred and thirty-nine and a half brace; killed, thirty-two and a half brace; to ground, thirteen and a half brace.

ENTERED IN 1894.

Names.	Sires.	Dams.
Brigand	Sepoy	Beeswing
Cobbler 1	Colonel	Mimic
Damper, Dunstall, Discount, Dora	Shamrock	Dashaway
Gameboy	Demon	Governess
Ladylike, Languid, Lucky	Weathergauge	Lady
Lounger 2, Larksome 1, Lissome, Lupin	Weathergauge	Lighthouse
Maltster, Miser, Makeshift, Midnight 2, Muslin	Mentor	Doubtful
Walton	Weathergauge	Densy
Wanderer, Wedlock, Whimsical, Witchcraft	Weathergauge	Dawdle

The numerals against hounds' names represent the prize winners.

Dogs, 6 couples; bitches, 6 couples. Total, 12 couples.

There was nothing better in this entry than Languid, who was still running in the pack during this season's (1901) cub-hunting, while Dawdle's two couples proved a valuable addition. Wanderer unluckily got lamed in his

stifle, and was not much use in the field on that account, but he left some good puppies behind him, most of whom perpetuate his light tan colour.

Sir Peter Walker's point-to-point races were held at Ednaston. The light-weight race was won by Captain Gordon, of the 12th Lancers, the heavy weight by Lord Lovat, of the 1st Life Guards, who was hunting with the Meynell from Mr. Bott's house at Somersal-Herbert.

The Meynell race was won by Mr. Power.

The new names in the subscription list were—H. S. Brenchley, Derby; Whitaker Cantrell, Smalley Hall, Derby; James B. Chartres, Culland, Derby; W. R. Emmott, Somersal House; Colonel Jelf, Offcote Hurst, Ashbourne (an old subscriber returned after an absence); Major O'Shaughnessy, East Lodge; A. Radcliffe, Hound Hill, Marchington; J. R. Trollope, Tutbury; Miss White, New Lodge; W. D. Winterbottom, Holme Hall, Bakewell; Dr. Wilson, Derby.

1895–1896.

In October, 1895, there arrived with Mr. and Mrs. Heseltine and Mr. W. Fraser Tytler a quiet-looking gentleman from Essex, an old Etonian, answering to the name of Caldecott. He was "lang but he was leet," and he was chary of his words. He did not override the hounds, and was voted a nice quiet sportsman—about the highest compliment any one could be paid—by the huntsman. At Christmas he had a wonderful grey horse called Bogie (which had been one of Lord Lonsdale's five-hundred-guinea flyers), and the pair took some catching. People began to say that this quiet sportsman had the best of hands, was an exceptionally fine horseman, was as bold as a lion, and a very good comrade to boot. Since then he has confirmed these good opinions, and has added the testimony of the ladies to that of the men. In fact, at the Puppy Show in 1900 he was selected to return thanks for the former, and showed himself possessed of ready wit.

"All I know of the ladies," he said, "is, that, in the

Meynell country at any rate, they take a good deal of catching." A voice, "You have not caught one yet." Needless to say, Mr. Caldecott is a bachelor. "I'm not quite so quick as you," was the rejoinder, "but perhaps I may do so, after all."

He had a capital chestnut horse, Prospector, a difficult horse to stop and turn, but very fast and an undeniable fencer. This horse cleared a post and rails in the Walton country with a fifteen-foot dyke *on the taking off side*—a remarkable performance. The place was measured next day by Mr. Whittingham, a very hard-riding farmer, who lived close by. But if a friend had come to grief Mr. Caldecott would have stopped in an instant, relinquishing his pride of place, to go to his assistance. A fairer man never rode over a country. He liked to be first, but there was no jealousy about him. "The reason why Caldecott is so often alone with hounds," some one once remarked, "is that he gallops so." And the remark was a true one. He has the gift of galloping which so few men possess. There is another thing about him too, which sets him apart from the crowd. He never says an unkind thing of any one, and, more remarkable still, no one has a word to say against him.

This was a remarkable season, which will always be known as the year of the great hill runs. It began with a fox, in cub-hunting time, taking an unusual line on October 28th from Darley Moor to Ambergate station, where they killed him, after a good hunting run of two hours and a quarter, and a nine-mile point. There were some anxious moments when the hounds were in the tunnel, but luckily no train came. Absolute, and her rather plain daughter, Goodness, led nearly all the way.

Sport was decidedly good on the whole all the time up to Christmas, and on December 16th came the first of the hill runs mentioned above. They found at 2.20 in the Lime-kiln Covert, Snelston, and hunted slowly, skirting Raddle Wood, by Hope Wood (Norbury), down to the railway, which was crossed opposite Calwich. Here they turned right-handed along the river, which they crossed

below Snelston Rectory. From the river they went on through Dydon Wood, by Stanton, and were run out of scent at Bull Gap, near Swinscoe, close to Waterloo Wood, after a good hunt of an hour and a quarter. Every one said what a good fox it was, but no one expressed admiration for the line of country. The Derby people had a ride of about seventeen miles home, and others in proportion.

The new year opened with a blaze of good sport. On Thursday, January 2nd, came another famous hill run. After a short hunt from the Mugginton Gorse to Breward's Car, and losing their fox, hounds were taken to try for one in a pit hole at Corkley, near the Lilies. They found him, and he set his head for Breward's Car, but was turned from this point and went right-handed below it, and ran to Holdgate's Car. Thence he bore left-handed by Car Hall, by Hulland Ward Gate, nearly to Bradley, and so on by Bradbourne, Knockerdown, Carsington, right in front of Hopton Hall, through the coverts there and Pitti Wood, and was lost at Alton Manor, near Kirk Ireton, after a good run of an hour and twenty minutes. People were scattered all over the country. Hounds did it all themselves, as Charles never really caught them till nearly the end. There were only about fifteen actually with them most of the time, amongst them being the Field Master, Mr. Henry Boden and his two sons, Mr. Power on a four-year-old,* and Mr. Maynard. Who the others were the writer cannot remember. Though it was only half-past one hounds went home, being close on sixteen miles from kennels. Most of the horses had had enough.

There was a grand ball at Allestree that night.

Saturday, January 4th, was eventful for the great run from the Bath, Hoar Cross, to Shugborough, which Mr. Kempson is not likely to forget. Hounds ran at a great pace across Glass lane, on over the Blythe, passed close to Forge Coppice, up over St. Stephen's Hill, Admeston, where hounds ran clean away from every one, and were never caught again till they got to the gardens at Blithfield.

* Did not get to the end.

Going away from there, they ran through the top of the long plantation in the Park. At the pit-hole beyond, the fox was in the same field with the hounds; had they got a view he must have died. As it was, they changed near Newton village and ran on through Coley to Shugborough, and lost him. Time, one hour, and a seven-mile point; very fast up to Blithfield. So ended a wonderful week's sport, for both Monday and Tuesday were a long way above the average.

On January 6th, after a meet at Osmaston, they had a first-rate gallop from Boden's Thorns. The first forty minutes was very fast. They ran a wide ring over the Trusley brook up to Radburne Rough, and back to the Thorns. Away again, without dwelling a moment, across the brook again, up to Dalbury Woodhouse, right-handed by Dalbury, recrossed the brook, ran by the Duck-pit to the Great Northern Railway, and lost him by the Potlucks near Mickleover—a capital hour and ten minutes.

Then came another hill run, of which "X," whose pen was kept busy this season, has left us an account, with a mention also of a previous one.

Field, January 25th, 1896:—

THE MEYNELL HOUNDS.

The Meynell have had several remarkable runs this season, visiting outlying parts of their conntry where hounds are seldom seen—for instance, on Thursday, 2nd inst. (Mercaston Stoop). The dog pack found their fox in a small spinny below Flower Lilies, left Cross o' th' Hands and Hulland on the right, Bradley on the left, over an upland grass-line to Knockerdown, Carsington, and Hopton, a gradual ascent of six hundred feet in nine miles; then turned right-handed to near Alton Manor, where he was lost, after eighty minutes without a check—one of the best hill runs that memory can recall.

Monday, 20th, from Brailsford Bridge, the sun shining brjghtly and no wind; the two Ednaston coverts, Car and Alder Car, were drawn blank, but as soon as hounds were thrown into the osier-bed at the junction of Spinnyford and Bradley brooks, their waving sterns showed that a fox was not far off. The first music we heard was Albert's "Gone away!" at the Bradley end. The dog pack got away on excellent terms, and drove him in a straight line midway between Bradley and Hulland to the Lime-kiln Rough at Bradley—a three-mile point in twenty minutes; he did not enter the Rough, but passed the top end, and boldly faced the steep hillsides of Atlow Whin, taking the exact line of the great run of January 29th, 1894. Most of the heavy weights dismounted for the steepest

part, but it was hard work up to "Madge's Boose," four and a half miles from, and nearly six hundred feet higher than, our starting-point. Those who were behind here never had another chance of reaching hounds. The Boose is surrounded by moderate-sized grass fields, inclosed by high limestone walls; here we left the 1894 line, and veered slightly left-handed to near Kniveton village, and straight away, all downhill, leaving Bradbourne on the right, to Bradbourne Mill. Following the course of the Bletch brook, the fox held straight on over Sitterlow Farm, past Shaw's and Crakelow farms, where we were alternately leading our horses up and down the unrideable slopes, but still straight on past Newton Grange, leaving Tissington on our left. At the Grange Mr. Grindy told us that he had several times this winter seen fox-footprints in the snow the same line that we had come; we were then several miles outside the usual hunting country, but our fox evidently knew his point, and was no stranger to the district. Still straight on, and ever mounting higher, past Bostern Grange, we came to a sudden stop after one hour and twenty minutes, without a check, on the top of the cliffs at Dovedale—eleven hundred feet above sea level—immediately above the water ram which supplies Lord Hindlip's Allsopp estate, and almost within sight of Reynard's Cave. We could see hounds several hundred feet below us, still running along the river bank, but it was impossible for horses to follow. Charles managed to scramble down on foot, and went on down stream towards the Cave, but we knew that any minute our fox could find safety in one of the old lead mines or in a fissure in the rocks, so were content to sit on the hilltop and discuss sandwiches, giving our horses a much-needed rest. Measured on the map it was a nine-mile point, and very little more than ten miles (also on the map) as hounds ran, but the actual distance, up hill and down, must have added several miles. There was no chance for second horses to get up. During a long experience with the Meynell, I have never before seen horses called upon to negotiate such steep hillsides, where ladies had to dismount; our horses are accustomed to fly their fences, and many did not relish the sharp-edged limestone walls, but there was no time to hesitate or pick places, and about forty turned up at the finish of our part of the fun. At two o'clock, after waiting forty minutes to see if Charles returned, we all went home, still leaving a whip on the summit holding Charles's horse.

This is the second run this month into districts where foxes are not preserved by landowners, because they are supposed to be too far from kennels. Only a month ago a fox shoot (!) was held in Dovedale; five were slain. It seems only too probable that some of these were equally at home in the best of our hunting country. May we hope that in future they will meet with better treatment?

X.

Mr. Peacock lent Charles his horse and went home in a hired trap. When he met Charles, who had walked all the way up Dovedale, and asked him what he was going to do next, the huntsman's answer was, "I'm going to have a whisky and soda," which he did, at the Isaac Walton.

On Thursday, January 30th, a good gallop of thirty-five minutes with an outlying fox, picked up near Mr. Frank Newton's house, at Bearwardcote, and killed by

the barracks, at Normanton, exhausted all the laudatory epithets known.

February 3rd was one of those nice, still, grey days, when hounds ought to run and so seldom do. There was a report that the Dovedale fox, which they had hunted on January 20th, was back again in the Ednaston osiers. He was getting to be so famous a character that a lot of foot people went to see if he was at home, and of course disturbed him. However, he only went as far as Bradley Wood, where he was found. Away he went down the hill, almost into Ashbourne, where he turned right-handed across the Sturston brook, and ran by Ashbourne Grove, turning left-handed as if for Fenny Bentley. Before reaching it he travelled along the ridge, with Woodeaves Mill in the hollow on the left, skirted Kniveton, crossed Haven Hill, and left Bradbourne Mill just on the left. Here there was a long check, the fox having been headed and having run the road. Hitting it off, they hunted on to within two fields of Brassington Rocks, where Charles, no doubt thinking it useless to persevere with a travelling hill fox, who had got fifteen minutes' law, stopped the hounds. However, they had better luck next time, as will be seen by "X's" account, which will appear presently.

Meanwhile, on February 13th, Charles having lost his sister Eleanor, Stephen Burtenshaw, the first whipper, carried the horn. They did nothing much at first, but later on they had a good run with a twisting fox, and sometimes two or three in front of them, from Parson's Gorse. The line was through Radburne Rough, and on as if for Trusley. A fresh fox jumped up *en route*, and they ran on almost to Boden's Thorns, but turned to the left by Dussy bed and the Ash, where the fox made a short turn back, and then ran straight up the Trusley brook side to Brailsford, being pulled down in the open near Pool Head, after a capital run of one hour and forty minutes. Every one, metaphorically, patted Steve on the back, though the critics complained that his voice was not good, and that he was not much of a horn-blower.

February 20th was a memorable day, and tired all the horses. Mr. "Johnny" Hargreaves, one of the hardest men in England, rode his horse to a standstill before the finish, and was left standing forlornly by his beaten steed. As the hounds were going home, Charles said to Steve, "Never saw Mr. Fort on such a tired horse before." Yet the Trusley brook was the last fence jumped, and the few who had it all got over. They found at four o'clock at Radburne Rough, and ran a ring, by Grange Fields, back again, thirty minutes, very fast. Away they went by the Duck pit, where Mr. Hargreave's horse stood still, on to Bearwardcote in forty minutes. With diminished speed they ran on to Grange Fields, when hounds were stopped after running just sixty-three minutes. Though the run was so crooked, it was so fast that it was voted excellent fun, and had tried the capacities of a water-jumper to the utmost. Only twenty-five started, and of these only Mrs. Charrington, Messrs. Fort, Holland, Henry Boden, Maynard, Peacocke, Caldecott, Charles, and Steve, were at the finish.

Field, February 29th, 1896 :—

X'S ACCOUNT OF THE DAY'S RUN.

Monday, 24th, Osmaston Manor.—The hour was advertised for eleven, but, in consequence of a sharp frost overnight, hounds did not come till noon. In the mean time Sir Peter Walker's heavily-laden dining-room table was drawn, and well responded to the call. Hounds first drew Shirley Park. There were a few opening notes, but nothing very definite, and a fox slipped away unchallenged on the Ednaston side; when Charles was told of it we were drawing the last osier-bed towards Wyaston, and there was no encouragement to go back to a cold line. Mr. Fort, who was in command, then gave the order for Bradley Wood, in the hope of finding our old acquaintance of three weeks ago, who took us by Ashbourne Green and Bradbourne Mill to Brassington Rocks. No sooner were hounds in covert than our friend came out on the top side, close to Charles; he popped back, went out at the bottom end, and ran at best pace by Sturston Mill to Ashbourne Green, straight on due north, leaving Kniveton on the right, to the third milestone on the Ashbourne and Bakewell road; here he ran the main road for half a mile, and the pace slackened, or the fun would have been reserved for the few who managed to get a good start from Bradley. Just before reaching Bradbourne Mill he left the road on the left hand, and we thought we were again bound for Dovedale, but at the mill he turned sharp right-handed, and up the bottom of Havenhill Dale about half a mile; opposite Bradbourne village he again

faced due north, and about half the field, with Charles, had to lead down the precipitous hillside. At Bradbourne Hall our fox had scaled the high wall next the road, where only a few of the hounds could follow. Charles took them round, and at once hit off the line below the church, and "forrard on" at a great pace almost parallel with the Bakewell road, to the "Black Rocks," within one mile (east) of Ballidon village, but in Brassington parish; it was a pretty sight to see hounds climb the summit—much too steep for man or horse to follow.

Up to this point the run had been a repetition of the line of three weeks ago, when that run ended at these rocks; but on Monday hounds threaded in and out of the rocks without dwelling a moment, and down on the north side to the eighth milestone on the Ashbourne and Bakewell road, being the same point where he crossed this road in the big run of January 29th, 1894. Leaving Ballidon Moor and Hoe Grange farms on the left, we met with nothing but limestone walls, and crossed under the High Peak Railway, on the boundary line of Brassington parish, by a low arch (about fifty yards through it), over Gallowtree lane, Minninglow, and the old Roman road, parallel with the railway to Mouldridge lane; here the fox again straightened his neck due north, leaving Pike Hall on the left, to the old Newhaven and Cromford turnpike. He ran the road for a quarter of a mile, and turned right-handed at the Winster guide-post into Wisels Wood, the first covert of any sort he had touched for ten miles; there was nothing to shelter him, and he left, before our arrival, close to where he entered, crossed the two main roads, over what is still known as Elton Common, but it seemed to us about one-third of the land is occupied by stone walls; we were always in the air or dodging old lead mines. After about two miles of this work our fox had evidently gained upon us, and we lost him at three o'clock, one small field from Elton village, and within a mile of where we lost our fox in January, 1894. The distance measured on the map is twelve miles (a ten-mile point), but, as hounds ran, at least fifteen miles—only one place (the rocks) where we could not follow hounds, and we did not cross half a dozen ploughs. So ended our third excursion this season into the Peak. An examination on the map of the lines taken on each of these runs—as well as in January, 1894—would lead any one to believe that on each occasion we followed the same fox; if so, may he summer well, and again try conclusions with the Meynell bitches "next back end." Hounds were twenty-two miles from kennels as the crow flies, and many were the inquiries as to the nearest road and distance back to "England." Some at once made for Bakewell in the vain hope of finding horse-boxes to take them to Derby or beyond, others to Rowsley, where I hear three boxes were found, and those horses were in Derby by 6.30. Those who went by Winster to Matlock were less fortunate, and had to ride home, none less than twenty miles.

A few short weeks and our sport will be over, but I think I may venture to describe it (from personal experience) as the best season's sport with the Meynell during the last thirty years. We have only been twice stopped by frost, have had no blank days, and from beginning until now have not chopped a fox.

X.

Field, March 14th, 1896:—

THE MEYNELL HOUNDS.

Thursday, March 5th, Burnaston Hall. Whilst Mr. D'Arcy Clarke was entertaining all comers, the principal topic of conversation was the fate of the good fox which has three times this season taken us up into the Peak, the last

occasion being Monday, February 24th, when we lost him at Elton village. There had been rumours that a keeper, the same afternoon, saw what he thought to be a mad dog with its tongue hanging out. As the muzzling order is in force in that district, he forthwith shot it, and then discovered it was a hunted fox! It is, unfortunately, confirmed by a letter from the keeper to Mr. Fort, that he shot a fox that afternoon within a mile of where we lost him, close to a well-known rabbit warren; but he states he had no idea at the time it was a hunted fox, and it must be admitted the locality is far away from any meet of the hounds. There remains just a hope that it may not have been our stout-hearted friend, but we shall know on Monday next, when we again meet at Osmaston Manor.

To return to Thursday, 5th, we found at once in Burnaston Gorse (soon to be cut down and added to Burton Sewage Farm), ran very fast through Burnaston, crossed the Derby and Uttoxeter road near Etwall Cheese Factory, on to the Ashe, and nearly to Sutton-on-the-Hill, turned left-handed to Hilton, and forward to Egginton Gorse, to this point one of the best thirty-seven minutes of the season. He was quickly away from Egginton, across the sewage farm, and close to Burnaston Gorse, where we found him, but did not enter, keeping on past Burnaston Hall, south of Mickleover Asylum, across the meadows towards the Pastures, leaving Mickleover village on the left, and was eventually given up close to Littleover, after ninety minutes over a splendid line of country. We afterwards heard that he went on to Old Normanton village, and was seen barely able to crawl; he was a right good fox, and deserved to save his brush. Found an afternoon fox in Hell Meadows Covert, ran across a good line towards Etwall, and killed, after a fairly good run, at the foot of a steep bank he was unable to climb, near the Ashe. It may be mentioned that the wind was all day blowing nearly a hurricane, but hounds seemed able to run equally fast up or down wind, and gave us a splendid day's sport.

Monday, 9th, Osmaston Manor. Our worst fears as to the fate of our hill fox appear to be realized; all his old haunts were visited, but found tenantless. Hounds did not find till we got to Reeve's Moor, Longford; ran from there to Longford Car, where we disturbed two others—not much done.

Thursday, 12th, Dalbury Lees. Boden's Thorns and Parson's Gorse did not respond. Three foxes were found in Radburne Rough; one paid the penalty, another gave a good fifty minutes' run, though not a very straight one, by Langley Common, Parson's Gorse, back to Langley, and was eventually lost near Nun's Fields. Sutton Gorse, usually a safe find, was empty, but Mr. Newton had tidings of one in a newly-made stick heap at Dalbury, and after much persuasion he was forced to quit, and ran as if Radburne was his point, but he turned towards Bearwardcote on to Etwall Gas Works, Highfields, nearly to Sutton Gorse, then turned due north and at a very good pace up to Radburne Corner, near Old Park House. It was now past five o'clock, and I am unable to say how the run finished.

X.

They ran to Rookhills, back, by Dalbury, to the Duck pit, and so, by Dalbury again, nearly to the Rough, where they lost him. So "X" did not lose much. He is to the fore again soon after with an excellent account of

March 16th, when there were such a lot of falls. He is quite right about the season being such a good one—the best, he says, in thirty years' experience. The writer is prepared to go one better, after a century's experience—from written evidence—and to say that it is doubtful if there has been a better in the whole history of the Meynell.

Field, March 21st, 1896 :—

THE MEYNELL HOUNDS.

Monday, March 16th. Met at Darley Moor. A wild and stormy morning—one of several consecutive days of old-fashioned March weather—did not improve our prospects of sport, and, as we knew that foxes were none too plentiful in this favourite district of the Meynell country, doubts were freely expressed as to where we should find.

On our first visit to Snelston this season a good litter of cubs was found, but probably they shifted their quarters, as we have not since been so fortunate. As usual, the Snelston coverts were first visited to-day, but Charles's efforts met with no response. The Cubley coverts having been recently replanted, it was not surprising to have a similar experience. Sudbury Coppice was next called upon. Even in a covert of seventy-eight acres, foxes, at the end of this remarkably open season, soon take a hint to move on, and to-day one got away at the bottom end in a storm of wind and rain, with only one of the Meynell bitches in attendance. No time was lost in getting the rest of the pack on the line, but hounds were only able to carry it just short of Cubley village. The prospects of getting a good gallop were now none too rosy, but still Sapperton remained to retrieve the fortunes of the day, and this good covert (sacred to the memory of Trevor Yates, who followed the pack for nearly fifty seasons, and at one time knew every hound in the pack) has so often of late done good service, that our hopes died away when, after careful drawing, it, too, answered in the negative. However, the unexpected, which so often happens, came to our rescue to day, and hounds were no sooner thrown into Bentley Car than a fox was immediately found. It was now a quarter-past four, and all but the keenest followers had gone home; the field did not number more than thirty all told, but their patience was well rewarded. Again, one hound got a lengthy start, but was overtaken by her comrades before any mischief was done, and the pack settled beautifully together, taking the line up a stiff ploughed field, and across the lane leading from Alkmonton to Church Broughton, and on at a good pace throughout the entire length of the narrow Alkmonton Bottom coverts, and, crossing the Longford and Boylestone lane, we were now sailing over some of the very best of our grass country. The Dairy-house Spinny was passed on our left hand, and here the well-known collie dog, which has more than once been mistaken for a fox, was strongly in evidence; he appeared to have had a turn with our fox, and caused him to make a sudden movement to the right, but an equally sudden left-handed turn brought us within two fields of Potter's Gorse, for many years the pride of another good sporting tenant farmer, whose name it will always bear, though he has long since joined the majority. Headed away from Potter's, he turned up-wind, and now we were in for the cream of this good run; the Boylestone lane was crossed two fields from Bentley Brickyard, and then, for less than a minute,

hounds came to the one slight check, caused by the line being foiled by sheep over the brook. Hitting it off forward, they ran well to the Dumble, between Cubley and Bentley, crossed the lane close to Bentley Hall, and very fast along the Bentley brook to Stydd Hall; we naturally thought Holly Wood was his point, but probably the bitch pack were pressing him too closely up-wind, as, when within a few fields of the covert, he turned sharp right-handed, and crossed the road between Edlaston and Yeaveley; then leaving Rodsley Gorse and village on his left, he was viewed only one field in front of hounds, crossing the Booth Hay Farm. Longford Car was in front, and he just managed to reach that sanctuary, where he saved his brush in a friendly rabbit-hole at 5.20 p.m., just sixty-five minutes after leaving Bentley Car. Hounds ran fast throughout the eleven or twelve miles, with only the check of one minute, and the way the bitch pack turned with their fox, even when he was twisting his worst, was a treat to witness. Falls were numerous. Mr. Fort, the field master, came down, and, although the horse appeared to tread all over him, rose none the worse. Mrs. Charrington (I think the only lady who lived through the run) also had a fall; Charles had a spill, but was soon righted; and it would perhaps be superfluous to add that throughout the run no one was nearer hounds from first to last than Charles Leedham.

X.

The new names in the subscription list were—E. Caldecott, Foston; E. Heseltine; J. F. Lort Phillips and the Hon. Mrs. Lort Phillips, Old Park House, Radburne, *vice* Captain and Mrs. Dugdale, gone abroad; R. R. Micklethwait, Needwood House.

ENTERED IN 1895.

Names.	Sires.	Dams.
Adjutant Amazon	Mentor ...	Arrogant
Chartley Chastity Charlotte	Colonel ...	Lady
Delegate ...	Marvel ...	Doubtful
Duplicate ...	Mentor ...	Dangerous
Drastic Deputy Definite Daylight Discord	Marvel ...	Dashaway
Ghastly ...	Colonel ...	Genuine
Gaiety ...	Lancer ...	Glowworm
Hermit 1 Herschell Hasty 3	Warwickshire Hermit ...	Spotless
Leveller 2 Lapidist Loxley Lovesick 1 Likely	Colonel ...	Ladyblush

ENTERED IN 1895—*continued.*

Names.	Sires.	Dams.
Ladas Lowlander Lozenge 2 }	Grafton Dorimont	Lighthouse
Striver	Shamrock	Sensitive
Speedy Safety }	Struggler	Cowslip
Woodford 3 Wanton }	Weathergauge	Comet

The numerals against hounds' names represent the prize winners.
Dogs, 8 couples; bitches, 7 couples. Total, 15 couples.

In 1895, Mr. Charles Garnett, who had been second whipper-in to Mr. Herbert Peel's hounds at Calveley, in Cheshire, in 1891-1892, and first whipper-in, 1892–1893, came to stay with Mr. Hartley at the Rookery, Rocester. He won the Harrington Cup on Mrs. Hartley's Leotard in 1896, and the Light-weight race at Sir Peter Walker's Point-to-Point steeplechases at Ednaston, in 1898, on Joan. He has won races all over the country since then, but these were his earliest successes, and the ones more particularly connected with the Meynell. In 1897–1898 he went to whip-in to Mr. Charles Paget at his old quarters at Calveley, and carried the horn one day in the Master's absence, killing a brace of foxes. At the end of the season he came back to the Meynell country as agent and secretary to Mr. Walter Boden, but can still find time to ride a race or furnish neck and spurs if any one has a young one or something with a temper which wants riding.

Mr. Hartley, with whom he stayed when he first came to the country, used to be the best welter weight in the Albrighton country, when he rode only seventeen stone. He has often given a good account of himself since then on very moderate horses. When he rode a good nineteen stone, a lady once said seriously that he rode nearly a ton, and the statement was accepted, till at last some one said, "Why, a fat bullock does not weigh that, and surely no

horse could carry a bullock, dead or alive, on his back." It was then discovered that the lady was confounding stones with hundredweights. In spite of his great weight, however, he was very bad to beat at most athletic exercises, being a beautiful dancer, and first-rate tennis player—in fact, he and his brother had a match to decide which of them should play for the championship. The brother was the winner of the trial, and also, I think, of the championship. Mr. Hartley himself won the polo championship cup in the early days of the game. He married Miss Emmeline Campbell, of Woodseat, a fine horsewoman, who, however green or indifferent her mount may be, is usually not far from the hounds. She has had some very good ones, though—notably Leotard, and Joan, who, besides beating twenty-eight competitors in Sir Peter Walker's light-weight race in 1898, won the Harrington Cup in 1899. Her brother, Mr. Campbell, of Woodseat, is a capital sportsman, and was a regular follower of the Meynell for many years, till a very bad fall two years ago caused such injuries to his head as to prevent him mounting a horse again to this day. His father, who practically built the present house at Woodseat on the site of an older one—at least, he added to and altered the old house past recognition—was one of the members for Staffordshire and also High Sheriff.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. FORT'S LAST SEASON AS DEPUTY-MASTER—ACCOUNTING FOR SEVEN FOXES IN ONE DAY—SIR PETER WALKER'S POINT-TO-POINT RACES—MR. FORT'S RESIGNATION—HUNT MEETING—THE LADIES' CRICKET MATCH.

1896–1897.

This season suffered by comparison with the one which preceded it. The latter was extraordinary, the former was nothing out of the common. Moreover, it was the last one of Mr. Fort's Deputy-Mastership. He had filled a difficult position with tact and judgment, and fortune had smiled on his term of office, while that man must have been thin-skinned indeed to whom any word of his had given offence. A pleasanter or more courteous Master no one could hope to go hunting with.

As early as October 3rd an old fox afforded a capital gallop of forty minutes, fast, from Bagot's Park by Hart's Coppice, and the Hare's Back, through Lord's Coppice, straight through the Woods without a check, by Housalem Coppice, just touching Kingston Wood, left-handed over the Blythe, through Chartley Moss, to ground near Grindley Station. If the rest of the season had been up to this standard there would have been little to complain of.

On November 10th, when the meet was at Newton village, six horses were badly cut in their fetlock-joints by sinking through a broken drain in the culvert of the hunting-gate at Swan's Moor. Mr. Gisborne's horse had to be shot, and Mr. Power's was permanently disabled.

There was a pretty good hunt of an hour and a half afterwards from Coley Gorse by Blithfield Gorse, through the gardens at Blithfield, across the Park, by Newton Hurst, through Duckley Wood and Forge Coppice, losing their fox near Ox Close Wood at Blithbury.

November 16th was a good day, and there were no end of falls. Mrs. Charrington had the misfortune of her horse breaking his back. They found in the Hare Park and ran for forty minutes, losing near Cubley. Then they found again at Doveridge, ran a ring round about there, and lost. An outlying fox near Marston Park led them a sharp burst by Cubley, and was killed. But the best of the fun was late in the afternoon with another outlier in a cabbage-field near Hope Wood. Him they ran well for forty-two minutes through Raddle Wood, by Cubley Car and Alkmonton church, where they turned left-handed by Stydd Hall, and on to Cubley Gorse, where hounds were stopped at dark.

Up to Christmas sport was fair; there was a great deal of mange about, and foxes were not over plentiful in some parts. Frost stopped hunting from December 16th to the 26th, otherwise there had been but one or two days when they could not go.

After Christmas there was a great deal of rain and the country rode deep—at least, as deep as it ever does. Sport was just about on an average with most years, but there was nothing much to boast of up to the frost which lasted for thirteen days, from January 16th to February 9th. When the frost broke up there were terrible floods, so much so that people going to Chartley on February 9th could not get over Blythford, but had to go back and round by Loxley.

A Radburne day, on February 11th, produced the run of the season. It was, however, a disastrous day for the bulk of a large field, for hounds slipped every one from the Rough except the Squire and his daughter, Mrs. Charles Charrington, Captain Fitz-alan Manners, Charles, and Steve. They simply raced over the Trusley brook,

through Boden's Thorns, nearly to Longford and back to somewhere near Trusley, where Charles stopped them. People wandered about looking for them all over the country, and only about twenty ever found them again. This very happy little party enjoyed a rare good gallop from Sutton Gorse, to the right of the Dussy-bed by Crop-o'-Top, to the Spath, through it, and away, leaving Sutton church on the right, by Crop-o'-Top, through Boden's Thorns, Reeve's Moor, by Shirley Mill, through the Warren at Shirley Park, to the Holly Wood, Snelston, where they lost their fox, after a splendid run of very nearly two hours.

The 20th February must be nearly a record in running foxes to ground, for no less than five succeeded in getting in. They killed a brace into the bargain. Accounting for three brace and a half in one day was not so bad. They had a good run with the last one from the Brakenhurst. He went across the deer park, to the right of the Hall, through the Birchwood, past Hart's Coppice, and on without touching the woods by the High Trees, straight through Floyer's Coppice, and nearly to Woodford. Here he turned back right-handed, left Smallwood Manor on his right, climbed Buttermilk Hill, and got to ground in a tree near the High Trees in Bagot's Park, after a good hunt of an hour and a quarter. An account of this day duly appeared in the *Field*.

Field, February 27th, 1897 :—

THE MEYNELL HOUNDS.

This pack, after three or four disappointments owing to frost, were able on Saturday, the 20th, to meet at Six Road Ends, after a purely woodland hunt, and not quite in favour with the "steeplechasers," though, perhaps, this turned out to be one of the most exceptional day's hunting the pack ever experienced. The hounds were first thrown into the Greaves, and very soon a halloa on the Hanbury side sent us all galloping to Hanbury church, to find that hounds had already marked one fox to ground, and were on the line of another, which, after a ring on the meadows, also went to ground in the Coton Bank earths. We then drew beyond Draycott Cliff, and finding immediately, the hounds by themselves ran back on the same line to the same earth. Trotted back once more, and found again, and our fox this time found safety in a tree, two fields below the woods on the Houndhill side. Mr. Bass then kindly decided to give us a chance

of a gallop in the open, so we trotted a couple of miles to Mr. Morris Richardson's beautiful little new gorse at Kingstanding, where a couple of foxes were at home, and after a little bustling one faced the open, but was soon run into. Jackson's Bank was then the order, and as hounds got near the Brakenhurst (which, owing to the strict preservation by the Hon. Mrs. Meynell Ingram, is a great stronghold for foxes), they were soon in full cry, and giving their fox no law, they ran into him in ten minutes. Hearing a halloa away on the Park side, "Charles" lost no time over his dead game, but galloped away, and had his hounds on the line at once, and gave us one of the best runs of the season, going over the small inclosures below Hoar Cross Church, on to Birch Wood, where a slight check gave us a chance; but hounds soon got the line again, and without any hesitation, went straight by Bromley Park, Hart's Coppice, over Bagot's Park, to the Parkside Gate, into the open to Floyer's Coppice, as if for Loxley Bank, but at Scounslow Green our good fox changed his mind, as if he preferred Woodford Rough for a shelter, but leaving it on his left, he took us over Smallwood Manor, and back to Buttermilk Hill, where hounds, though close to him, were at fault for a few minutes, but soon on to his line again. Over the earths here, they ran him by the end of Dogkennel Wood, into Bagot's Park, where he saved his brush by crawling into a hollow oak tree. An hour and a quarter over a fine hunting country, nearly all grass. Hounds never raced, but kept going at what one may call "music pace," and at the finish horses were all a bit cooked, and chanced the gaps. Two kills, and five to ground in one day, in February, has never occurred before in my hunting experience. A unique day for the ten who saw the last run.

HAWK-EYE.

New names on subscription list: J. H., L. A., and D. Carlisle, Hound Hill, Marchington; Colonel Cotes, Petchford Hall, Shrewsbury (third year); W. W. Elsom; Wm. Howie, Foston; Capt. Johnstone, The Carabineers; Capt. W. T. Holland, Hollyhurst, Barton-under-Needwood; W. Mills, Densy Lodge, Sudbury, *vice* T. Kempson, gone abroad; T. E. Mousley, Fair Oak House, Rugeley; A. Payne-Gallwey, Castle Hill, Bakewell; L. W. Jelf Petit, Lichfield; Capt. Roy, the Barracks, Derby; H. J. C. Smith, the Carabineers; Col. Spilling, Oak Cottage, Sudbury; C. C. H. Stepney, Quarndon; W. T. Wailes, Blackwall.

On Wednesday, March 25th, Sir Peter Walker's Point-to-Point races were held. "The Meynell Red-Coat Race," says the *Field*, "attracted sixteen runners, and resulted in the victory of Mr. Power's Monte (owner), nominated by Mrs. W. Boden, while Mr. W. D. Winterbottom's Lady May (Mr. Walter Schwind), nominated by Mrs. Winterbottom, was second, and Mr. G. Crompton's Brer Rabbit

Point-to-Point Race,

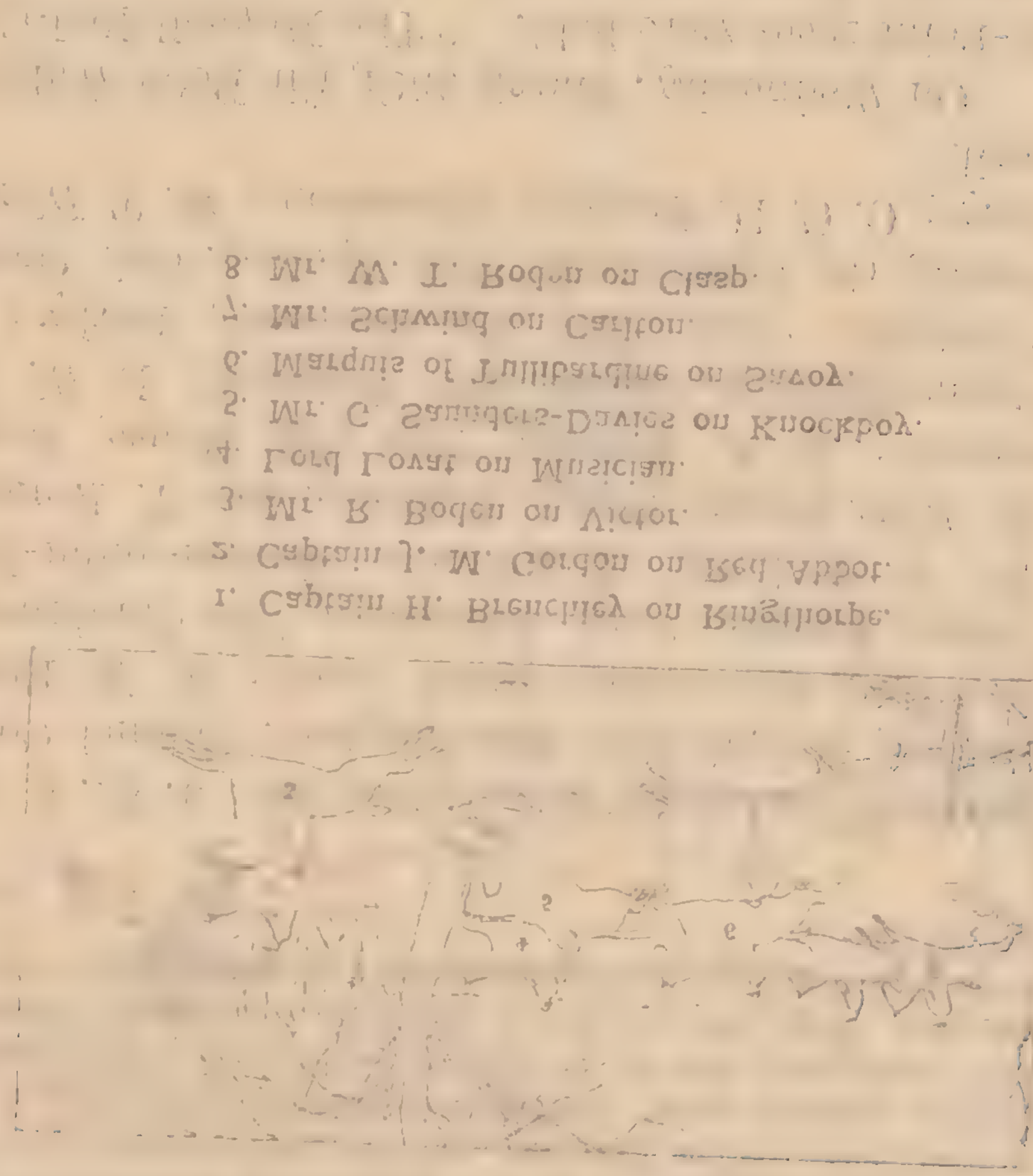
March 26, 1897.

From a painting by Basil Nightingale.

In the possession of

Sir Peter Walker.

1. Captain H. Brenchley on Ringthorpe.
2. Captain J. M. Gordon on Red Abbot.
3. Mr. R. Boden on Victor.
4. Lord Lovat on Musician.
5. Mr. G. Saunders-Davies on Knockboy.
6. Marquis of Tullibardine on Savoy.
7. Mr. Schwind on Carlton.
8. Mr. W. T. Roden on Clasp.



(owner), nominated by Miss Crompton, was third. The latter made most of the running, but a quarter of a mile from home was passed by Monte, who won by three lengths. The Light Weight race brought out thirteen runners, and was won by Mr. Lort Phillips' Ringthorpe (Mr. Brenchley), nominated by Mrs. Lort Phillips; Capt. J. M. Gordon's Red Abbot (owner), nominated by Miss Jane Thornewill, being second, and Mr. Elwes' Victor (Mr. R. Boden), nominated by Miss D. Holden, third. It was a good race to the ford, but Victor lost ground badly from that point, and Ringthorpe won easily by six lengths. The Welter Race was contested by a field of sixteen horses. Mr. H. S. Brenchley's Minstrel (owner), nominated by Mrs. H. Ratcliff, gained a very easy victory, being followed home by Mr. J. S. Steward's Pirate (Mr. Greville Clayton), nominated by Mrs. J. R. Walker, and Mr. Walter Thorn's Jester (owner), nominated by Mrs. Winterbottom. Sir Peter Walker presented bangles to the nominators of the winners in the Light Weight and Welter races."

Mr. Crompton, the owner and rider of Brer Rabbit, the third in the Meynell race, is the son of Mr. Crompton of the Lilies, between Duffield and Hulland. He is not only a good man to hounds, with a great knowledge of hunting, but is one of the best game shots in England. He is also an excellent caricaturist. Mr. Brenchley came to the Meynell country from Pembrokeshire, in the season of 1894–1895, and hunted from Derby. He went well, especially on one that Mr. Brace gave him, and is usually in a good place when hounds run. To travesty the lines in the Tar Wood run, it can be said with truth—

"And *Brenchley* ready still to sell
The nag that carried him so well."

In the same year Mr. Tinsley came from Cheshire to take the Dove Valley Harriers, which Sir Peter Walker had given up. There is no better sportsman or rider to hounds, nor a cheerier comrade, than Mr. Tinsley, and his hounds show excellent sport. He lives close to the kennels

at Mayfield, where there is a Roman encampment, of which he is fond of telling a good story. He said to his man, one day, pointing to it—

"They say it is an old Roman encampment."

"I'm sure it is!" the other answered. "For it was made by either Shakespeare or Oliver Cromwell!"

In the season of 1896–1897, the three Messrs. Carlisle came to Houndhill, Marchington. They are all devoted to hunting, and the youngest, Mr. Douglas Carlisle, who is a very good cricketer, was in the Winchester eleven.

To return, however, to the affairs of the Hunt. At the end of this season, Mr. Fort, after due consideration, decided to resign his position as Field Master. An account of the Hunt meeting which followed this step is given in the *Field*.

Field, April 17th, 1897 :—

THE MEYNELL HUNT.

RESIGNATION OF THE DEPUTY-MASTER.

The annual meeting of subscribers, members, and farmers of the Meynell Hunt was held at the Town Hall, Uttoxeter, on Wednesday. Sir Francis Burdett was voted to the Chair, and those present included Lord Waterpark, Mr. R. Fort (Deputy-Master), Mr. A. C. Duncombe, Mr. W. Boden, Mr. F. C. Newton (hon. sec.), Mr. F. W. Peacock, Mr. W. Power, Mr. W. Nuttall, Mr. Holden, Mr. Caldecott, Capt. Dawson, Col. O'Shaughnessy, Mr. Gisborne, Mr. Jervis Smith, Capt. H. C. Holland, and a number of farmers. The balance-sheet for the year ending October 31st, 1896, was presented and accepted. The revenue account showed to credit a surplus balance forward of over £50, and subscriptions to the amount of £3884 16*s.* 1*d.*, making a total of £3935 10*s.* 3½*d.* On the debtor side were payments to the Master (Mr. Hamar Bass, M.P.), £2000; establishment amount, £136; coverts, £334; compensation, £690; finds, £184; repayment of mortgage, £200; and other minor payments, leaving a surplus on this amount of £203 13*s.* 6*d.* The year's balance-sheet showed assets £702, and liabilities £200 less. The balance in hand standing to the ball account was £51, though there was only apparently a bare surplus on the ball of February last.

Lord Scarsdale, Mr. Grant, Mr. Lionel Gisborne, and Sir R. Gresley were elected to the vacancies on the Hunt committee.—Mr. Fort proposed a vote of thanks to the landowners, covert owners, and the farmers whose land they had hunted over. They had found as many foxes as in any previous season, and they must thank the gentlemen who gave them such facilities for sport. They must consider themselves lucky in the way in which farmers met them. Considering that there were very few hunting farmers in the country, it was wonderful how cordially they welcomed the Hunt when hounds crossed their land.—Mr. A. C. Duncombe, in seconding the vote, said that though there was little barbed wire in the country, he believed there would be less, and they really

had a great deal to thank the farmers for. He was sure the tenant farmers were favourable to hunting, and would give them all the assistance they could. The vote was carried, and on the motion of Mr. Oswald Mosley, seconded by Mr. Prince, a vote of thanks was passed to the Masters of the Hunt.—Mr. Fort, in reply, said he and Mr. Bass had done their best to show sport. It had been quite a labour of love to himself to do what he had done, and he thanked every one for the sport they had helped them to enjoy. He was sorry to say that he was unable to go on in the position he had hitherto held. Mr. G. L. White, a tenant farmer, asked the Deputy-Master to reconsider his decision. He had come to the meeting with the understanding that the question would be fully considered at this meeting. There was a report in circulation that both Mr. Bass and Mr. Fort were resigning. He did hope, if such a report were true, they would both reconsider their decisions. They had had some good masters before, but none better than the present ones. Speaking for the Derbyshire farmers, he felt sure, and he knew, that the masters always gave the utmost consideration to the farmers in the Hunt.—Sir Francis Burdett said Mr. Hamar Bass had not resigned, but Mr. Fort had placed his resignation in the hands of the committee some time ago.—Mr. Fort said he was afraid he could not reconsider his decision.

A meeting of the committee and subscribers to the Hunt was held at Derby, on Thursday, to discuss Mr. Fort's resignation.

In the same issue of the *Field* the following appeared :—

At a meeting of the landowners, covert owners, and subscribers of five pounds and upwards to the Meynell Hunt held at St. James's Hotel, Derby, on Monday, Mr. Hamar Bass tendered his resignation as Master, and it was accepted. The meeting was a private one, but a general meeting will be held on Friday, April 23rd, to appoint a successor. Every one will regret that a change of Mastership is necessary, but the Meynell has been singularly free from those chops and changes which are so frequently incidental to subscription packs. The Hunt by this time was divided into two camps, one in favour of Mr. Bass resigning, and the other wishing him to withdraw his resignation. A meeting was held at Derby, at which the matter was decided. The following is a report of it :—

GENERAL MEETING HELD AT ST. JAMES'S HALL, DERBY, FRIDAY, APRIL 23RD, 1897.

An important meeting was held of the members of the Meynell Hunt, to appoint a Master in the place of Mr.

Bass, who has resigned. Colonel Levett presided over a large attendance, which included the Earl of Harrington, Lord Scarsdale, Lord Bagot, Lord Waterpark, Sir Charles Forster, Sir O. Mosley, Sir R. Hardy, Sir John Smith, Colonel Cavendish, Colonel O'Shaughnessy, Captain Clowes, Hon. A. N. Curzon, Hon. George Allsopp, M.P., Major A. C. Duncombe, Rev. C. J. Boden, Messrs. John Gretton, M.P., R. Fort, L. Gisborne, W. Boden, W. Bass, W. Power, J. H. Gascoyne, W. Cox (Brailsford), A. Dawson, Campbell, J. Smith, Peacock, Holland, Cumming, C. Hartley, Winterbottom, W. Woolley, F. Bateman, R. Sale, J. Shaw, jun., R. Waite, Kempson, Hellaby, White, E. Holden, R. H. Ratcliff, A. Radcliffe, A. Walkden, Brenchley, A. P. Heywood, G. Meynell, E. Canner, Dr. O'Callaghan, J. H. Smith, F. C. Newton (Secretary), etc.

The Chairman said that the large attendance at that meeting showed very clearly the interest which was taken in the Meynell Hunt. He had attended a good many gatherings of this kind, but had never seen a Hunt meeting to equal that. (Hear, hear.) Whatever might be the result of the proceedings, he hoped that the same good feeling might exist amongst them in the future as had existed in the past. (Applause.)

Lord Harrington said that although he lived on the borders of the Meynell country, he could not remain idle when he thought that an injustice had been done to a brother Master of hounds. (Applause.) At the meeting of the Hunt, which was held last week, the question was raised as to whether Mr. Bass should continue the Mastership or not. Such a question ought never to have been discussed at that meeting. It was called simply for the purpose of electing a Deputy-Master. Farmers were not allowed to be present at all, and the landowners were not warned that this very important subject was likely to arise. It might be said that Mr. Bass himself consented to a vote being taken—but he had no right to do so. He took the country for three years, and one year only having passed, he had to consult the landowners and tenants before

he could resign. (Hear, hear.) It mattered very little to him (Lord Harrington) who was the Master, but he did like fair play (applause), and for a number of men to elect a man to a position, and for a portion of that number to vote him out again, was not fair play. (Hear, hear.) There had, no doubt, been a certain amount of grumbling in the Meynell Field of late. There were some people who thought they ought to have a run every day, and also that they ought to be able to run after every fox; but these were young men, who, if they only kept their eyes open and their mouths shut, and gave the hounds a little fair play, would have a much better chance of getting their wish. Any one who remembered the Meynell Hounds when Mr. Bass took them would agree with him that they were at a very low ebb indeed. The hounds to-day were as good a pack as there was in the country. (Applause.) They were the best pack of hounds he had ever seen in their work in the field. This had been brought about by Mr. Bass, who had taken a great deal of trouble to bring the hounds to perfection, and had spent a great deal of money upon them. To Mr. Bass they owed a great debt of gratitude (applause), and it would be most ungrateful and most uncourteous to vote him out of his present position without giving every soul in the Meynell Hunt an opportunity of recording his opinion. He trusted that nothing that was said that afternoon would give offence to anybody, or raise a feeling of discord in the Hunt. (Hear, hear.) They must all remember that whoever was elected Master he would not give satisfaction to everybody, and he had pleasure in proposing, "that the resolution passed at the last meeting, accepting Mr. Bass's resignation, be rescinded."

Mr. White, as a tenant farmer, seconded the resolution with the greatest possible pleasure, feeling, as he did, that Mr. Bass had been very badly treated. He maintained that what was done at the last meeting of the Hunt was not in order; that the question of the Mastership was not on the agenda, and that the whole matter ought not

to have been discussed without giving the tenant farmers, the landowners, and other subscribers an opportunity of being present. There was no Master of hounds who had done more for the Meynell country than Mr. Bass, and he (Mr. White) held a petition, signed by nearly five hundred of the largest tenant farmers of the Meynell country, who were of the same opinion. It was stated that Mr. Bass had not subscribed much more money than any one else to the Hunt; but Mr. Bass had written stating that during the ten years he had been Master it had cost him more than two thousand five hundred pounds a year, which did not include the purchase of horses, keeping young hounds, etc. He (Mr. White) urged we could not afford to lose a man like Mr. Bass. (Hear, hear.) The vote taken the other day was not a representative one, and he was sure that there were plenty of good men who would consent to act as deputy to their present Master.

Lord Bagot said that, in expressing his opinions, he might tread on the corns of some gentlemen, but he hoped that they would bear him no malice. As one of the oldest members of the Meynell Hunt he regretted very much that during the last few years the Hunt had not been the bed of peace it ought to have been. This was very largely due to the fact that, owing to bad times, old age, and accidents, the landowners were not able to hunt in the way they used to. In regard to the election or rejection of a Master of the Meynell Hunt, he considered that the meeting which was held last week was entirely out of order. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Bass made a mistake in jumping up and taking the wind out of the sail of the Chairman by asking for a vote to be taken; every landowner in the country ought to have a chance of giving an opinion upon the point. The discourtesy with which Mr. Bass had been treated, the utter forgetfulness of all he had done for the Meynell Hounds, surpassed all comprehension. It seemed to be entirely forgotten how he had improved the hounds. Some people were discontented with him, and they said, "You must go." This

was entirely unfair. (Hear, hear.) They must remember that for twelve months Mr. Bass was very ill indeed, and since then it had been impossible for him to hunt four days a week. He was elected for a period of three years, and they had absolutely no business whatever now to try and turn him out. (Applause.) In conclusion, Lord Bagot referred to the huntsman (Charles Leedham), and expressed the hope that whoever might be elected Master of the Meynell Hounds would retain his services. Mr. Hugo Meynell, the late Mr. Coke, Lord Waterpark, Mr. Clowes, and Mr. Chandos-Pole all had a great opinion of him, and when the Hunt had a good servant they ought to keep him. (Hear, hear.) He hoped that Mr. Bass would reconsider his decision, and consent to continue the Mastership. (Applause.)

Mr. Lionel Gisborne said that he felt it a very painful duty at the last meeting of the Hunt to second the resolution against Mr. Bass. It was not done without very deep and careful consideration, and without a recollection of the great services Mr. Bass had rendered to the Meynell country. He acted as he did with the firm conviction that what he was doing was in the interests of the Hunt. Mr. Bass had always been kindness itself to him, but he did feel that, owing to his Parliamentary and other duties, he was not in a position properly to manage the affairs of the Hunt. As to the vote that was taken at the last meeting, he would like to point out that Mr. Bass was one of the very first to propose that no Master of the Meynell Hounds should be elected by the tenant farmers, but this proposition he was unable to carry. If the meeting today elected Mr. Bass, he would do all he could to help him in the Mastership, and would try and find foxes and keep down barbed wire. (Hear, hear.)

Major Duncombe said he proposed the resolution last week from a sense of duty, and not from the motives which had since been ascribed to him. It was said that he wanted to oust Mr. Bass and take the place himself; this was entirely untrue and without foundation. (Hear, hear.)

If it was the wish of the meeting that Mr. Bass should continue as Master, he was quite sure that he would have the support of every member who voted against him on the last occasion. (Hear, hear.) The one object he (Major Duncombe) had in view was to benefit the Meynell Hounds.

Lord Waterpark explained his position as chairman of the last meeting. He admitted that the proceedings were out of order, but pointed out that he only took the vote at the request of Mr. Bass himself, who stated that, if the majority were against him, he should resign.

Lord Scarsdale said that he was present at last week's meeting, but did not vote. He assured them that, whatever might be the result, he should continue to preserve foxes for the Hunt. (Hear, hear.)

Sir Oswald Mosley said that he attended that meeting under the impression that Mr. Bass had definitely resigned. He addressed them as a farmer, and not as a hunting man, and he intended to propose Mr. Fort as the future Master of the Meynell Hounds. (Applause.) The petition referred to by Mr. White had been got up by a few people who personally disliked Mr. Fort. (No.) He said yes. (No, no.)

The Chairman: I must ask Sir Oswald not to be personal.

Sir Oswald, continuing, said it had been reported that Mr. Bass was to be ousted, and that Mr. Fort was to have the hounds. This was a downright untruth. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Fort had seen Mr. Bass, and had said to him, "If you still wish to act as Master, I will not come forward." What would the Hunt have been had it not been for Mr. Fort? (Hear, hear.) He had worked very hard indeed, and would leave the country if something did not turn up.

Mr. Fort: No.

Sir Oswald Mosley: I am corrected; the question is whether we will have a Master who will look after things

and take the field, or my dear old friend, Mr. Bass, who has failed already to find a deputy. (No and yes.)

The Chairman pointed out that the question before them was whether the resolution passed at the last meeting should be rescinded or not. They would like to know, however, whether Mr. Bass would consent to go on with the Mastership.

Lord Harrington: I have the authority of Mr. Bass to say that he will be happy to go on. (Applause.)

The Chairman asked for "ayes" and "noes" to the resolution, and expressed the opinion that the "noes" had it.

A vote was demanded, with the following result:—

For Lord Harrington's resolution ...	...	92
Against ...	...	...	...	...	82

The Chairman thereupon declared that Mr. Hamar Bass retained the Mastership of the hounds.

Mr. W. Boden, having urged that the vote taken last week was entirely out of order,

Mr. Fort entirely denied the rumour that he had resigned the Deputy-Mastership in order to oust Mr. Bass. His reasons were that his position had become a most difficult one, and he had also private and personal reasons for retiring.

The Chairman appealed to Mr. Fort to reconsider his determination (applause), and to consent to act as Deputy-Master for another year. (Applause.) He proposed a resolution asking Mr. Fort to do so, which was carried heartily and unanimously.

Mr. Fort said he really could not accept the position. If they asked him to consider the matter he could hardly refuse to do so, but he must tell them fairly and candidly that he was pretty well certain that his answer would be in the negative.

Sir Reginald Hardy proposed, and Sir O. Mosley seconded, a vote of thanks to the chairman, which terminated the meeting.

In July of this year Lord Hindlip, who had been intimately connected with the Meynell Hunt for a great number of years, died after an operation for cancer on the tongue. Samuel Charles, second Lord Hindlip, succeeded to the title in 1887. He was born in 1842; married, in 1868, Georgina Millicent, daughter of Charles R. Palmer-Morewood, Esq., of Alfreton Hall, Derbyshire, and was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his M.A. degree. He was J.P. and D.L. for Staffordshire, J.P. for Derbyshire and Worcestershire, and Deputy-Chairman for the Great Northern Railway. He entered Parliament as a Conservative in 1873 for East Staffordshire, but was defeated in 1880 by Mr. Bass (now Lord Burton) and Mr. (now Sir Henry) Wiggin. In 1882, however, he again entered Parliament as M.P. for Taunton, for which constituency he sat till he succeeded to the Peerage in 1887. In the election of 1885, when Mr. G. Hardy was opposing Mr. Bass, Mr. Charles Allsopp was in the chair at a meeting in St. George's Hall, Burton, and left the platform to try conclusions with the ringleader of some of his opponents, who were creating a disturbance. A *m lée* ensued, and he returned, minus his watch, with his clothes torn and his face bleeding. The watch was subsequently returned.

He lived at Field House, Marchington, and subsequently at Doveridge, where he entertained the Prince of Wales for Derby races, in 1888. Though not a hard rider, Lord Hindlip was a good sportsman and a staunch supporter of the Hunt. He could describe all the details of a run when the day was over better than any one, and was a past master of the art of riding to points, while his knowledge of the country was wonderful. Put him down where you would, he could tell you the shortest way to anywhere.

In this year Mr. C. A. Chandos-Pole (son of the late Rev. W. Chandos-Pole, rector of Radburne), who had been for some time in Australia, began hunting again regularly with the Meynell. Like the rest of his family, he is a born horseman and good sportsman, and always wears a hunting

cap. About a year and a half ago he finished building the house at the Wheathills, where he now lives.

ENTERED IN 1896.

Names.	Sires.	Dams.
Challenger * Cracker 1 Comfort	Colonel	Linnet
Flareup Flirt	Lancer	Firefly
Flourish.....	Warwickshire Fullerton	Comet
Gameboy	Colonel	Glowworm
Helen.....	Warwickshire Hermit	Lilah
† Luckless 3 Lustrous Langtry	Colonel	Ladylike
Loiterer Lusty Lottie	Marvel	Lighthouse
Leader	Mentor	Ladyblush
Liberal	Mentor	Lucky
Truthful Trimmer ‡ Tricksey 1	Warwickshire Trampler	Glossy
Wrestler § Waterloo 2 Wellington ‖ Woodbine 2 Wardrobe	Weathergauge	Foxglove
Warrant Weatherbit Well-a-day Weatherglass Wearisome ...	Weathergauge	Cowslip
Witness Wealthy	Weathergauge	Lantern

The numerals against hounds' names represent the prize-winners.
Dogs, 7½ couples; bitches, 8 couples. Total, 15½ couples.
* Walked by Mr. Poyser, Mickleover. † Mr. Mynors, Doveridge.
‡ Mr. P. Lawley. § Miss Hollis. ‖ A. Crossman.

The most interesting event in the summer was the ladies' cricket match at Osmaston, on August 12th and 13th.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, a novel and interesting cricket match was played at Osmaston Manor. The teams consisted entirely of ladies, and were known as the White

Heather team and the Dragon Fly team. The Dragon Fly cricketers were all local ladies, the other combination being formed of ladies from various parts of the country. This was the return match, the first game being played in Kent, when the Dragon Flies won by a run. A goodly number of the *élite* of the neighbourhood were present by invitation on both days. The house party staying at The Manor for the occasion included the following: Miss L. Okeover, Captain the Hon. H. Allsopp, Mrs. H. Allsopp, Mrs. Tylden, Miss Oakley, Miss Shiffner, Mrs. Cattley, Miss Holman, Miss Redsdale, Miss Papillon, Miss V. Lofts, Miss L. Lofts, Miss Walford, Miss Stogden, Miss Walker, Mrs. Tinsley, Hon. A. Curzon, Mrs. Hamilton Pelly, Major Birch, Mr. Nugent Howard. The Dragon Fly team were dressed in pale green, while the White Heather wore white dresses. The batting was decidedly good, some exceedingly fine strokes being made on both sides. A telegram to Sir Peter Walker, who was present during the whole of the match, announcing the victory of the English team over the Australians was read, and enthusiastically received. The following was the score:—

WHITE HEATHER.

Miss Ridsdale, b Miss Thornewill	53	lbw, b Miss Thornewill	6
Miss E. Shiffner, run out	19	c and b Miss Thornewill	0
Mrs. Tylden, c Miss Thornewill, b Miss L. Okeover	27	b Miss Thornewill ...	5
Mrs. Cyril Cattley, b Miss Thornewill	12	c Miss Wise, b Miss Thornewill... ...	2
Miss Stogdon, b Miss Thornewill	4	b Miss Walker ...	10
Miss B. Papillon, b Miss Thornewill	1	b Miss Walker ...	3
Miss Walford, b Miss Thornewill	10	lbw, b Miss Walker ...	3
Miss Oakley, b Miss FitzHerbert	5	b Miss Thornewill ...	2
Miss Holman, b Miss FitzHerbert	1	b Miss Thornewill ...	0
Miss Bott, not out	3	not out	12
Miss Hamilton, b Miss Thornewill	0	b Miss Okeover ...	0
Extras	8	Extras ...	4
	143		47

DRAGON FLY.

Miss R. Gresley, b Mrs. Cattley	5	b Mrs. Cattley ...	23
Miss FitzHerbert, b Mrs. Cattley	8	b Miss Ridsdale ...	53
Miss E. Okeover, b Mrs. Cattley	12	b Mrs. Cattley ...	27
Miss Clowes, c Miss Shiffner, b Miss Papillon	5	b Mrs. Cattley ...	8
Mrs. Campbell, c and b Miss Papillon	3	b Miss Papillon ...	1
Miss Wise, b Mrs. Cattley	0	b Miss Ridsdale ...	27
Miss L. Okeover, b Miss Papillon	0	b Mrs. Cattley ...	7
Miss Walker, b Miss Papillon	8	not out	12
Mrs. Charrington, b Miss Ridsdale	5	b Mrs. Cattley ...	0
Miss Boden, c Miss Ridsdale, b Mrs. Cattley ...	5	c Miss Hamilton, b Miss Papillon ...	0
Miss Thornewill, not out	2	b Miss Papillon ...	3
Extra	3	Extras ...	6
	56		167

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. BASS'S LAST SEASON—HUNT MEETING—RESIGNATION OF MR. BASS—PRESENTATION TO CHARLES LEEDHAM—DEATH OF MR. BASS—THE MEYNELL PUPPY SHOW—FIRST PUPPY SHOW LUNCHEON.

1897–1898.

Mr. Fort was as good as his word, and did not change his mind about continuing the field mastership, so Mr. Bass was sole Master with the same staff as in the year before. It was a bad scenting season, and there was a good deal of grumbling as a natural consequence. Sport was very moderate all over England, so there was nothing exceptional about that, but the excellence of the preceding years made it appear even worse than it really was in the Meynell country by comparison. Till the end of February there was really hardly anything worth putting down. The two gallops from Coley Gorse to ground at Colton were about the best runs they had; one on December 7th, thirty-five minutes; and on January 11th, twenty-five minutes.

There was a good run from Parson's Gorse on March 3rd all round and about the Radburne country, though they lost their fox in the end. Mr. Caldecott had good reason to remember it, for he got hung up in some wire while jumping the ravine, whence issues ultimately the Trusley brook.

Towards the end of the season Mr. Bass announced his resignation at a meeting of the Hunt at the St. James's Hall, Derby. The *Field* says, "Colonel Levett was in the chair, and amongst those present were Lord Scarsdale,

Hon. F. L. Wood, Sir Francis Burdett, Sir Peter Walker, Colonel Milligan, Mr. A. C. Duncombe, Mr. Chandos-Pole, Mr. Hamar Bass, Mr. Richard Fort, Hon. W. Coke, Mr. Walter Boden, Mr. Lionel Gisborne, Mr. Charrington, Mr. E. A. J. Maynard, Mr. C. A. Wallroth, and many others. The Chairman called upon Mr. Bass to make a statement if he desired to do so.

"Mr. Bass was warmly applauded, and said circumstances to-day were wholly different to what they were a year ago, when he was induced to reconsider his decision to resign. He could only inform those friends of his who had asked him to reconsider his present decision that he was most sincerely desirous of resigning the unpleasant position he now occupied. It would be within their recollection that at the last general meeting an attempt was made to oust him from his position as Master of their Hunt. (No, no.) He had thus been Master for ten years. There had been repeated opportunities for his opponents to explain the grounds of their opposition to him, but no word of complaint was ever uttered. Of course, he had been made aware that there was a great deal of grumbling going on in the Hunt, in fact, one of his informants was Mr. Fort, who told him of the widespread dissatisfaction existing among the subscribers. Well, these gentlemen, who were opposed to him, had always been friendly to his face, and he was much surprised to learn they had been plotting against him behind his back. (No, no.—Shame.) He did not think that that was a very straightforward way of doing business. He had now been Master for ten years, and he did not think there was any man in that room who would treat the humblest of his servants in the way in which he had been treated by this section, viz. dismiss him without a word of warning, and without a syllable of complaint being breathed against him. Harking back to the meeting at which the resignation of the Deputy-Master was to be considered, he might inform the meeting that the following resolution was passed: 'that in consequence of no satisfactory Deputy-Master being

forthcoming, Mr. Bass be asked to resign his position as Master of the Hunt, owing to his Parliamentary and other duties interfering with his time and attention in the conduct of the affairs of the Hunt.' They would observe what kind consideration these gentlemen had for his constituents. As a matter of fact he had sometimes skimped his Parliamentary duties in order to attend to the affairs of the Hunt. The resolutions were cut and dried before the meeting commenced, and he wanted to point out the tactics that had been employed by this section to carry out their object. Although the meeting was called to appoint a deputy-master, they had not the smallest intention of doing anything of the kind. And why? Because they thought that by refusing to appoint a deputy-master they would be putting him in a difficulty. He understood that Mr. Fort was willing, and that he would be appointed his successor. He could only wish that Mr. Fort would be more successful than he had been in pleasing all parties, and that he would not be subjected to what, after mature consideration, he must call the underhand treatment which he had received. He had had great difficulties to contend with in the mastership, and ofttimes they had been a great burden upon him. It might interest some of the gentlemen present to know that with his resignation would follow that of Charles Leedham, the huntsman, who was also tired of the grumbling that was carried on by various members of the Hunt.

"At the close of Mr. Bass's speech the Chairman proceeded to put the resolutions to the meeting, viz. 'that Mr. Bass's resignation be accepted and that Mr. Fort be appointed his successor.' There was no discussion on them and each was carried unanimously.

"Mr. Fort afterwards returned thanks, and pleaded eloquently for the support of all sections of the Hunt to enable him to uphold the good name of the pack.

"A vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. G. L. White, a tenant farmer, who spoke strongly of the way Mr. Bass had been treated, and said, that, if the tenant farmers had

had their way, he would never have been allowed to retire. The vote of thanks was seconded by Mr. Swinnerton, supported by Lord Scarsdale, and enthusiastically adopted. A vote of thanks to Colonel Levett for presiding was passed at the close of the meeting."

Never did chairman more honestly earn it. His tact and good judgment acted as a lightning conductor, and drew off the electricity, with which the meeting was charged, without an explosion. And so ended a split in the Hunt, which at one time looked serious. There was much to be said on both sides, but there is an old proverb which should always be held in reverence, "Least said, soonest mended," and to this the present writer thinks it better to adhere.

The next event of importance was the presentation to Charles Leedham on his resignation, of which a printed account appeared at the time, as under :—

April 4th, 1898.

THE MEYNELL HUNT.

Handsome Testimonial to the Late Huntsman.

When Lord Burton justly remarked in his speech at the large and influential gathering assembled at Sudbury Hall on Saturday, that "the Meynell without a Leedham as huntsman would never be quite the same thing," he was unquestionably emphasizing the views of the majority, if not of all connected with the Hunt. For upwards of a hundred years the Meynell has boasted of a Leedham for huntsman, and the recipient of the handsome testimonial under notice, is the third of the name who has so honourably fulfilled the onerous post. Moreover, prior to his appointment as huntsman, he had for thirteen years acted as chief whip. No sooner had it become known that Charles Leedham had actually resigned, than an expression of opinion was rife amongst the landowners, subscribers,

tenant farmers, and others, that his long and faithful services should be recognized in some tangible form. Subscriptions came in freely, with the result that Mr. F. C. Newton, the Hunt secretary, was enabled, in addition to filling up a cheque for £1000, to accompany it with a splendid set of silver plate for presentation at the hands of Lord Burton. The plate consisted of a salver, coffee-pot, cruet, and toast-rack. As Sudbury invariably sees the opening meet of the season, so it on the present occasion witnessed the closing meet, and seldom has so large and influential a gathering graced the terrace of the fine old Hall, the home of the Vernons. The state of Lord Vernon's health not permitting him to be in residence, the hall is sub-let to Mr. John Gretton, who, though from home on Saturday, threw his house open to a large number of guests, who were received by Major Gretton, Mr. Fred Gretton, and the Misses Gretton.

A Picturesque Scene.

The company assembled included Lord and Lady Burton, and the Hon. Mrs. Baillie, the Earl of Harrington, Sir Oswald and Lady Mosley, Mr. W. Bass, Miss S. Bass, the Misses Thornewill, Mr. Fort, Mr. W. S. Power, Mr. E. A. J. Maynard, Colonel Fleming, Mr. Clowes, Mr. Okeover, jun., Mr. A. C. and Lady Florence Duncombe, Captain Dugdale, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crossman, Mr. F. C. Newton, Mr. D'Arcy Clarke, and Mrs. W. Boden, the Rev. C. J. Boden, Mr. Lionel Gisborne, Lady Boughey, Lady Williams Wynn, Lord Shrewsbury, Hon. Mrs. Northey Hopkins, Major Gretton, M.P., Mr. Fred Gretton, the Misses Gretton, Mr. W. C. Tinsley, M.H., Mr. F. W. Peacock, Mr. C. W. and Mrs. Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Brace, Mr. H. J. Buckmaster, Mr., Mrs., and Miss C. W. Jervis Smith, Mrs. Hugh Peel, Captain and the Misses Dawson, Mr. R. Waite, Mr. R. W. Sale, Mr. Carlisle, Mr. J. W. Philips, Mr. A. D. Philips, Mr. W. Woolley, Mr. J. H. Gascoyne, Mr. W. D. Fox, Mr. F. W. Bott, the

Charles Leedham.
From a photograph
by
W. W. Winter,
taken March 26, 1898, at New Lodge, Hanbury,
the residence of Mr. E. Arliss.

Misses Bott, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Campbell, Mr. E. Knowles, Dr. Livesay, and many others.

A more auspicious morning could not have been wished, and the huntsmen, in their red coats, together with the ladies in riding habit, and a host of horses and carriages drawn up in front of the noble Hall, presented a scene long to be remembered. Scarcely had the company taken up their positions when the approach of the hounds with the whips, and headed by the huntsman, Charles Leedham, was hailed with enthusiasm.

Taking up a position on the entrance steps of the Hall, Lord Burton, in a voice, clear and loud, which made itself heard to the outside of the throng, proceeded to make the presentation. He said: "Ladies and gentlemen, owing to the unavoidable absence of Lord Bagot, Col. Levett, and Mr. Chandos-Pole, I have been asked to discharge a duty for which I am well aware many more fitting and more capable advocates might easily be found; yet, I venture to say, not one who will bring to the task a more kindly spirit, or one whose families can claim to have been allied for a longer term of years in ties of greater friendship, with that of the Leedhams, extending as my own does over a period of, I think, sixty years. (Applause.) We have come here to-day to welcome—I am sorry to say for the last time—as huntsman, our old friend Charles Leedham (applause)—the representative this day amongst us of three generations of huntsmen of the same family. The Leedhams have, I believe, acted as huntsmen to the Meynell Hounds for over one hundred years. It was at the end of the last century that Charles' Grandfather came to Hoar Cross in that capacity. About the year 1837, the year, by the way, in which I was born, his father Joe began to hunt. In the course of time his uncle Tom took over the reins from Joe, and retired in 1872—liked, esteemed, and respected by all who knew him; and many here to-day will remember our farewell meeting here on a similar occasion to the present. Our friend Charles Leedham, who had been whip to Lord Southampton, came here nearly forty years ago, on

the death of young Tom, his brother, whom he succeeded as whip to the Meynell Hounds for a period of thirteen years, and twenty-six years ago he took over the duties of huntsman. How well he has performed those duties we all know, and a better, a more capable, a more upright servant no Master of hounds has ever possessed (hear, hear); and while he has secured the confidence of his masters, he has known how to retain the goodwill and kindly feeling of every one, of every class, in any way connected with the Hunt. (Applause.) It is not for me, who have so long been absent from the hunting-field, to say much about sport, but this I think I may assert, that during his long term of office, no man has striven more earnestly and conscientiously to show good sport than Charles Leedham; and, taken season by season, I doubt if there are many—I might say hardly any—packs of hounds who can show a better general record. (Applause.) We all hope—we feel sure—that Charles Leedham's successor will receive that same support, and show as good sport in the future, as he has done in the past (hear, hear). But to many of us who have been born, bred, and lived in this country, the Meynell hounds without a Leedham as huntsman will never be quite the same thing. It was a wrench to us when the Meynell pack ceased to be owned and hunted by a Meynell, but the feeling of the old connection seemed to live and continue in the faithful servants who had so long been associated with the old name. But that is all over, 'Other times, other ways,'

"'Ring out the old, ring in the new,'

and before we welcome the new friend, let us speed the parting of the old one, with all the kindness, all the best wishes, in our power." (Applause.) Then, addressing himself directly to the popular huntsman, his lordship continued, "My dear friend Charles, in presenting you with this handsome present of silver and this cheque for one thousand pounds in the name of all connected with the Meynell Hunt—landowners, farmers, and subscribers, and all who love hunting—in their name I wish you long life and happiness to

enjoy your well-earned retirement. We hope often to see you amongst us, and now that you will have a little leisure, we hope you will be successful in finding a suitable helpmeet, for it will never do to let the name of Leedham die out. (Laughter and applause.) God bless you. It gives me great pleasure in making this presentation."

Mr. Leedham, having received the cheque at the hands of his lordship, made reply whilst seated in the saddle. He thanked them deeply for the kind manner in which they had shown their appreciation of what he had done as huntsman. Their presence in such large numbers alone testified to their good feelings. Lord Burton was the oldest gentleman he knew belonging to the Hunt. They had known one another from childhood, and to him personally he was greatly indebted for the kind expressions that had fallen from his lips. To all who had subscribed —and they had subscribed most liberally—he wished to return his sincere thanks. It was a great source of gratification to him on his retirement to have such a mark of respect paid, and he could never forget it. He felt he could not say more than to wish continued success to the Meynell Hunt. (Applause.)

The interesting proceedings then terminated, and, headed by the popular huntsman, the hounds were taken in the direction of Sudbury Coppice, the large company repairing thither. Several photographs of the gathering were successfully taken by Mr. Geo. Elly, of Uttoxeter.

So one of the worst season's on record ended, no scent, bad foxes, and wretched sport all over the country. There was very little rain, or frost, or snow. Hunting was stopped six days by frost, and three days by fog.

On April 8th, Good Friday, Mr. Hamar Bass died.

Field, March 26th, 1898 :—

MEYNELL HUNT POINT-TO-POINT STEEPLECHASES.

The annual point-to-point in connection with the Meynell Hunt took place on Wednesday, at Ednaston, near Derby. There was a large attendance of members and supporters of the hunt. Sir Peter Walker, Bart., of Osmaston Manor, entertained his friends and tenantry on a very liberal scale. The weather was

delightfully fine. The course selected was by no means a difficult one; the arrangements made by the gentlemen on the spot enabled everything to pass off very smoothly. There were three events on the card, and these brought out as many as fifty-eight runners. The red-coat race attracted a dozen runners, the course being about two miles and a half. Mr. W. S. Power's Faro (owner) won by a length and a half from Mr. Bertie Crompton's Brer Rabbit (owner); Mr. C. J. Wilmot Sitwell's Alpha (owner) was placed third, and Mr. C. A. Chandos-Pole's Fabricus (owner), fourth. The winner also received a cup presented by Mr. Brace, and the nominator, Mrs. Walter Boden, a bangle presented by Mr. Hamar Bass, M.P.; Miss Crompton, the nominator of the second, received a bangle, presented by Mr. Walter Boden. The light-weight race furnished the most interesting spectacle of the day, twenty-nine of the thirty-five entries being weighed out. The winner was Mr. C. Hartley's Joan (Mr. C. Garnett), who gained an easy victory over Mr. Cullen's Onida (owner) by four lengths; Mr. H. R. M. Porter's Rajah (owner) was third, and Sir Peter Walker's Castlemanley (Mr. Brenchley) fourth. Mrs. Hartley, the nominator of the winner, received a bangle, presented by Sir Peter Walker. In the Welter race there were seventeen runners; after a splendid finish, the winner was Mr. C. H. Simpson's Cardinal (Mr. P. S. Cadman), who beat Mr. Arthur Knowles's Senator (owner) by a length and a half; Mr. H. M. Wilson's Dynamiter (Mr. O. M. Leigh) and Mr. Lort Phillips' Sequah, were respectively third and fourth, close up to the second. The nominator of the winner, Miss D'Arcy Clarke, received a bangle presented by Sir Peter Walker.

Field, April 9th, 1898:—

THE MEYNELL HUNT.

The annual meeting of the members of the Meynell Hunt was held on Thursday, at Derby. Mr. Walter Boden in the chair. There was a fairly large attendance, amongst those present being Lord Scarsdale, Mr. R. Fort (the master), Sir Reginald Hardy, Mr. H. S. Brenchley, Mr. F. Gretton, etc. The secretary, Mr. F. C. Newton, presented the balance-sheet for the year ending October 1st, 1897, from which it appeared that the expenditure amounted to £3892, including £2000 paid to the master, £848 for compensation, £354 for rent and repair of coverts. There was a balance in hand of £115. The secretary informed the meeting that the mortgage was paid off, and that the kennels were now free. The chairman moved the adoption of the statement of accounts, and described them as satisfactory. This was seconded by Mr. R. Waite and agreed to. The chairman then moved that the rule passed two years ago, requiring that four members of the committee should retire annually, and not be eligible for re-election, be rescinded. Mr. Clowes seconded the motion, which was supported by Mr. Fort. The resolution having been adopted, the chairman brought forward the question of the mastership. He said that, when Mr. Fort was appointed master a few weeks back, nothing was said as to the period over which his mastership was to extend. It had been customary in that hunt to appoint the master for three years, and he now moved that Mr. Fort's appointment be for that period. This was seconded by Sir Reginald Hardy, and carried. The following gentlemen were elected to fill vacancies on the committee: Sir R. Hardy, Mr. G. A. Clay, Lord Harrington, Mr. H. Clowes, Mr. Oswald Mosley, and Mr. John Gretton, jun. Votes of thanks to Mr. Hamar Bass, the late master and to the chairman, brought the business of the meeting to a close.

Field, August 6th, 1898 :—

THE MEYNELL PUPPY SHOW.

This was the first important function under the new *régime*, and its success augurs well for the future. Every one came prepared to enjoy himself, or herself, at Mr. Fort's hospitable bidding, and, if looks go for anything, no one was disappointed, unless, indeed, as Tom Firr remarked later on, the puppy walkers, whose charges did not get prizes, must be placed in that category. However, as the same speaker added, "they must not mind, as they had done their best, and, after all, if they were beaten, it was only by very little when all was said and done." Curiously enough, Mr. Poyser, who walked Cabinet, the prize-winner amongst the dog hounds to-day, also carried off the first prize last year with Knightley, and the year before with Cracker, while Old Colonel, by Merryman—Crocus, is fairly entitled to a white hat in virtue of his having scored three winners in succession. Peace be to his ashes. His weary bones are at rest hard by his life-time home. Pupped at the kennels, walked by Charles at the kennels, pensioned off in his declining days at the kennels, at the kennels, too, he died and was buried, when his whilom nurse and huntsman decided that the time had come for him, too, to leave his home. A better or stauncher hound never opened on a fox. His good deeds live after him, and his progeny are not only good, like him, but good-looking to boot. Curiously enough, though they inherit his good qualities, yet but few of them own the old dog's plain head and somewhat voluminous neckcloth.

The judging took place in the long passage in front of the kennels, an excellent arrangement, which admitted of a far better view of the proceedings than when the examination was held in one of the yards. The judges were: Tom Firr, the cheery brothers Will and George Sheppard, and Boxall, who galloped a bit faster than his *confrères* when he rode the second in the Grand National. It took them a long time to decide on the respective merits of Cabinet, by Colonel—Lucy, walked by Mr. Poyser of Mickleover; Salesman, by Lounger—Spotless, walked by Mr. Gould, of Tutbury; and Senior, by Damper—Speedy, walked by the late master. After an adjournment had been made to the exercise paddock—perhaps the best in England—Lancet, an undeniably nice hound, by Colonel—Languid, and, therefore, own brother to Cracker, was sent for. A good many people thought that wherever Cabinet was Lancet ought to be, for there was a strong family likeness between them, and they were of much the same stamp. But the judges ruled it otherwise. Possibly Lancet was on the small side, but there was five months' difference in age between him and his half-brother, and five months count for something. So Cabinet was placed first, Salesman second, a nice hound with no lack of quality, even though his stern did curl over his back, and hypercritical judges would, perhaps, have hardly called him quite straight; while Senior—all over a nice dog, and one who, with time, may beat his conquerors of to-day—was third. On the whole the dogs were hardly equal to last year's entry, but the bitches were an uncommonly smart lot, and set the judges a hard task. Dampish by Damper—Lilac, walked by Mr. Wakelin, Yoxall, looked as well as any of them, being beautifully topped, has a rare back, and is a credit to her walk; but, unluckily, she is not quite straight. Nothing looked better than she did when she came in in the spring. Finally, the decision lay between Solitude, a bitch of beautiful quality, by Damper—Speedy, and therefore sister to

the third prize dog hound, walked by that capital sportsman Mr. Robinson, of Brereton; Liable and Legible, by Lounger—Listless, walked by Messrs. Newton and Lawley respectively; and Affable, by Ladas—Amazon, walked by Mr. Hammersley, of Rocester, and the verdict was "Affable has it," with Solitude second, Legible third, and Liable fourth, though not a few good judges would have put the latter first.

Then came a review of the old hounds, and uncommonly well they looked. They were bright in their eyes, bright in their coats, and full of muscle—three unmistakable signs of health and condition. Cracker, another Colonel by the way, came in for most individual notice, and deserved it too, for he is as good as he looks, and that is saying a good deal. And then came the luncheon, in a large marquee in the park, to which Mr. and Mrs. Fort had invited some two hundred guests of every degree. What a cheery meal it was too, even if the rain did turn the salt in the plates into salt water, and the drip from ladies' umbrellas moistened the heads of their next neighbours. "We were not fed on dry bread and water, though," as a farmer remarked when the master and giver of the feast apologized for the moistness of the atmosphere. And who was there? Well, nearly everybody. There were faces at the high table whose backs we are accustomed to see when hounds run, and they were not all masculine backs either, as Mr. Swinnerton reminded us in an excellent speech. And as to the speeches. Mr. Fort, who was most enthusiastically received, gave us "the Queen," and then, after a pause, "the puppy-walkers." He spoke, as he rides, straight, and to the point, and good-humouredly. The gist of this speech was that, next to landowners and farmers, walkers of puppies were the backbone of the chase. In point of fact, it is doubtful if he did not put the latter first. "You might hunt without a fox," he said, "or even without a country, but it was quite impossible to do without hounds." Mr. Poyser and Mr. Robinson responded. Sir Oswald Mosley, in an amusing speech, proposed the judges, and Tom Firr returned thanks in his well-known quiet style. It was left for Mr. Swinnerton to bring down the house with the toast of the day, "Our new master and Mrs. Fort"—our master, it is to be hoped, till such time as "new" is converted into "old"—our host and hostess of to-day. Mr. Fort, in returning thanks, reminded us that, though the mantle of his Derbyshire predecessors had at last fallen on alien shoulders, yet that, from the first day of his sojourn in the Meynell country till to-day, his loyalty had never wavered. Where he had struck root, there he had stayed, and there he hoped to stay—a sentiment which those who have the welfare of the country at heart will indorse to the echo. To Mr. Gisborne fell the pleasant and popular task of proposing the health of Charles Leedham, which was received as it should be by the late huntsman's friends—in fact, he only spoke the truth when he said himself that he did not think he had an enemy. It was pleasant to note the cheery line he took when he spoke of the good innings he had had, and wished the same good time to those who came after him. We shall miss his ringing voice in the Staffordshire Woodlands, we shall miss that rousing cheer which stamped the wavering prelude with the hall-mark of certainty, we shall miss his fund of anecdote, dry sayings, caustic wit, and blunt repartee, but most of all, perhaps, will many of us miss the man himself.

G. G.

The Kennels, Sudbury.

1898.

From a photograph

by

G. S. Green.

ENTERED IN 1897.

Names.	Sires.	Dams.
* Knightley 1 Kaiser Kingcup Kitten	Colonel	Languid
Painter Pirate Purity Princess	Colonel	Glow-worm
Precious Priestess	Lounger	Arrogant
Tomboy 2 Twinkle Tulip 2	Marvel	Ladylike
Trojan	Weathergauge	Firefly
Traveller	Damper	Charlotte
Truelove Tuneful	Damper	Comet
Truelass	Damper	Whimsical
Telltale Twilight	Damper	Chatterbox
Vagrant Verger	Lounger	Countess
Victory Villager	Belvoir Watchman	Dashaway
Vanguard Verity Vestal 1	Wanderer	Likely
Vixen	Wanderer	Captive

Dogs, 6 couples; bitches, 8 couples. Total, 14 couples.
* Walked by Mr. Poyser.

The new names in the subscription list were—Lady Mildred Allsopp, Foston Hall; Captain L. A. Bagshawe, Derby; H. J. Buckmaster, Burton-on-Trent; P. Cazenove; Captain Dugdale had returned from his travels and went to live at Coton, Sudbury; Captain H. F. Northey Hopkins, Marchington Hall; Captain Arthur J. Lloyd was in Captain Holland's House, the Upwoods, Doveridge; C. B. Macpherson, Densy, Sudbury; Miss Beatrice Paget, Darley Dale; Captain J. F. Richardson, White Hart, Uttoxeter; Lady Wynn, Oak Cottage, Sudbury.

CHAPTER XX.

AN UNLUCKY SEASON—BLITHBURY—FIVE FOXES IN SHIRLEY PARK—MR. BLOUNT'S FOXES—A HILTON DAY—ACCIDENT TO COLONEL THE HON. W. COKE—FROM CROXALL TO ELFORD GORSE—DEATH OF LORD VERNON—GOOD RUN FROM CARRY COPPICE—BYE-DAY AT SHIRLEY MILL—A GOOD DAY FROM FOSTON—THE "SQUIRE'S" HOUNDS IN BAGOT'S WOODS—FROM KINGSTON WOOD TO HOUND HILL—SPORT MODERATE—A NEWBOROUGH DAY—A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED THURSDAY—DEATH OF COLONEL LEVETT—COLONEL LEVETT—A RADBURNE DAY—THE BOB-TAILED DOVERIDGE FOX—BARBED WIRE—A GOOD FIVE-AND-FORTY MINUTES—A HILTON DAY—HARRY BONNER RESIGNS.

1898–1899.

New names in subscription list were H. T. Alton, Abbot's Hill, Derby; M. Barnsley, Field House, Marchington; Captain Blackett; H. Connop, Brailsford House, Derby; J. L. M. Elkington, Brailsford; R. M. Hamilton, Doveridge Vicarage; Captain Hanwell; J. Tait Johnston, Brailsford; Right Hon. J. W. Lowther, M.P., Farley Hall; Mrs. Tremayne Miles, Rolleston Cottage; L. C. Picton-Jones, Ingleby Toft; Captain Rich, the Barracks.

The staff consisted of Harry Bonner, huntsman; Stephen Burtenshaw and Albert Martin, whippers-in.

This season will long be remembered as the unlucky one. Everything went wrong, yet no one could have foreseen or prevented it. Harry Bonner came from the Tynedale with a good reputation, and he had been Lord Chesham's right-hand man as first whipper-in to the Bicester. But repeated attacks of influenza undermined his health, and he was not at his best in his one season

with the Meynell. Influenza attacked the huntsman and distemper laid its hand on the hounds. The pack had escaped scot free for two or three years, and Charles predicted that, when it did come, the three and four season hunters, the mainstay of any pack, would suffer. This prediction unfortunately came only too true. Cracker, whom Charles always called his crack hound—a rare good one he was in his looks and in his work—died for one. Villager, by the Belvoir Watchman out of Dashaway, who would have been most valuable for his blood, was another victim. The scars were visible enough in the next year's list, and are hardly obliterated even now. Then there never was a drier cubbing time, without a particle of scent. They were seven or eight days without killing a cub. The same bad luck pursued the Hunt all through. In the middle of it, it was found necessary to have a new second whipper-in, and Albert Martin, who had been at the kennels for eleven seasons, had to leave. Will Cotton, Charles's second horseman, took his place till the end of the season. And, as a climax, the Master broke his collar-bone from a fall with his old favourite, Don Juan, in a good gallop in December. It was said that he could have had five hundred pounds for this horse at one time, and with the Sutton brook looming in front, or any extra big fence, he was worth it. It was only at one of those little gappy places that he fell. By the kindness of the editor of the *Burton Chronicle*, the actual account of every day as it occurred is appended.

ENTERED IN 1898.

Names.	Sires.	Dams.
Abdicate * Affable 1 Amethyst	Ladas	Amazon
† Cabinet 1	Colonel	Lady
Dampish	Damper	Lilac
Denizen Danger Durable	Lounger	Dashaway

* Walked by Mr. Hammersley, Rocester. † Mr. Poyser, Michover.

ENTERED IN 1898—*continued.*

Names.	Sires.	Dams.
Destiny	Lounger	Daylight
Graduate	Damper	Glow-worm
Lexicon, Liable, * Legible 3	Lounger	Listless
Lucifer	Ladas	Lustrous
Lancet	Colonel	Languid
Mariner, Mediate, Merciful	Damper	Muslin
Safeguard, † Salesman, Symmetry, Sadley, Sadness	Lounger	Spotless
‡ Senior 3, Sentiment, Solitude	Damper	Speedy
Warrior	Weathergauge	Ardent

* Mr. Lawley, Draycott. † Mr. Gould, Tutbury. ‡ Mr. H. Bass.

WITH THE MEYNELL HOUNDS. (October 31st, 1898.)

It was under circumstances of peculiar interest that the Meynell Hunt assembled at the time-honoured fixture at Sudbury. The old order had changed, and every one was anxious to see the outcome of the new. No fault could be found by the most captious critic with the condition of the hounds, nor with the appearance of the horses; in fact, competent judges pronounced the latter to be equal to those of any hunt in the kingdom. It seemed strange to miss Charles's burly form from the centre of the picture, and other faces too were absent which we have been wont of late years to associate with the opening day of the Meynell. Still, there was a goodly muster, which included the Master, and Mrs. Fort, Colonel the Hon. W. Coke, the *doyen* of the Hunt, Mr. and Lady Florence Duncombe, Lady Mosley, the Misses Mosley, and a large party on the Rolleston coach driven by Mr. Hartley, Captain Dugdale and the Misses Dugdale, Captain and Mrs. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. W. Boden, Mr. and Mrs. H. Charrington, Major Phillips, Mr. Boden and Miss Boden, Messrs. Caldecott, Kempson, Holden, Brace, Hon. G. Allsopp, Peacock, Ratcliff, and many others.

The first move was to the Lake Banks, when the well-known ditch *en route* afforded the usual diversion. After some delay a fox was on foot and eventually broke away in the direction of Doveridge, but soon turned short back and was killed in the same covert where he was found. Sudbury Bottoms was then drawn, and furnished a fox, which made for Sudbury Coppice. Hounds soon forced him out, and he went away across the Oak Lane in the direction of Cubley, but swung to the left by Malcolmsley, nearly up to Marston-Montgomery. He then turned to the left across Rigg's Lane up to the road from Marston to Somersal, near Somersal House, where he was lost. It was an enjoyable hunt,

though the hounds never really ran, and though there were the usual complaints about the fences being very blind, and of this wild, sporting bit of country being trappy and difficult to cross. Certainly there was more than one loose horse in support of these assertions. Foston was then called upon, and not in vain. After a turn up and down the covert the fox broke at the Sudbury end, and then turned at right angles to the right, crossing the main Derby and Sudbury road. Across the plough, the other side of the road, for two or three fields, hounds ran fairly well, but after passing the small plantation and getting on to the grass beyond the pace diminished. The fox appeared to run in the deviating, hesitating way natural to young, uneducated effort. Hounds bore on across the road to Church Broughton, but could make nothing of it till one couple of veterans cast back into the road and hit a line down it to the right. Here a farmer put us on to the line, and they hunted slowly over a beautiful line of country, which brought more than one horse to grief, past Church Broughton to Barton Blount, where they ran him to ground in the gardens, thus bringing a pleasant day's sport to a conclusion.

Tuesday, November 1st, Blithbury. A small field, compared to the monster gathering of Monday, met the Master and hounds at this favourite fixture. The first draw was Stannyford, which was blank, as also was another small covert, as well as Cawarden Springs. Mavesyn Ridware osier-bed was then tried. Mr. Godwin, the sporting farmer, on whose land this covert stands, was not sanguine about a find, owing to a dog having disturbed it recently. However, a challenge, endorsed by the whole pack, proved his fears groundless, and a great, dark-coloured fox broke away in view of the whole field. Hounds quickly settled to the line, and by the way that they drove it was easy to see there was a scent. There was some indecision at a small spinny on the part of the field, owing to a lady in a carriage having seen a fox and having imparted the information to an old hand, who halloaed on the strength of it. Hounds, however, held on the even tenor of their way, and, accompanied by the Master, crossed the Lichfield road, and flung forward at a rare pace across the little brook in the next field. They then swung left-handed towards Blithbury, and ran over a beautiful line of country with only a few with them till they checked in the Lichfield road after a capital eleven minutes. Bonner made his cast irrespective of the somewhat intricate fences which came in his way, and eventually marked his fox to ground in a small spinny between Blithbury and Colton, after creeping after him for another fifteen minutes. The first part of the run was answerable for several dirty coats. Pipe Wood yielded the next fox, which went away on the Blithbury side. The hounds did not get away on very good terms with him, and with a very indifferent scent could make next to nothing of it, and, after a slow hunt across the Blythe, he ran them out of scent close to Blythford. In the evening they found a good fox in Rough Park, who broke covert at the Hoar Cross end. The hounds checked on the plough three fields from the covert, but this apparently untoward circumstance did yeoman service, as it enabled several hounds, which had been left behind, to get up. A friendly bit of information from a man at work in the next field just put matters right, and the now united pack struck the line, dropped their sterns, and began to run with a dash and drive, which made men ram down their hats and catch hold of their horses, in all the ecstasy of the delightful conviction that they were in for a good thing. A big brook, an arm of the Blythe, too wide to jump, and difficult of access, scattered the field. There were but two practicable places—one to the right, and the other to the left. The line favoured those who chose the former, but a swing to the left soon put the latter on equally good terms. It was a

well-watered country truly, to judge by the rapidity with which brook succeeded brook, and ditch followed ditch. As, indeed, a hard-riding sportsman from Cheshire found to his cost, when his horse dropped his hind legs, and fierce as an eagle his immediate follower swooped upon him. But there was scant time to note such trifles as this with the Meynell bitches screaming after their fox over the cream of Staffordshire. Still bearing to the left, they drove him past Laurence Wood, and men began to wonder when this was going to end. For a moment they lost sight of hounds, and when they caught them again on the top of the ridge all was over. The fox and all trace of him seemed to have disappeared like magic. But, indeed, it was merry while it lasted—twenty minutes all told—and sent every one home delighted with the first Tuesday in Staffordshire.

Exciting Incidents.

Monday, November 7th, Darley Moor. A nice morning proved a welcome change to the weather usually experienced at this bleak spot. Hounds found at once in the Holly Wood, and rattled the cubs well in covert, but by extraordinary good luck the latter contrived to save their brushes. After being headed more than once, a fox eventually crossed the Ashbourne road into the gorse and out at the other side with more than half the pack after him. They ran nicely up to the Norbury road, where they were stopped, as the huntsman pinned his faith on the rest of the pack, who were running a fox back on the right, which they eventually lost. There was a good show of foxes, for which every one must feel gratified to Mr. Harrison, who was out on foot evincing the greatest keenness. Mr. Brace had the misfortune to get a nasty fall without, luckily, any serious effects to either himself or his horse. The Norbury coverts were tried next. There was no lack of foxes, which were well hustled about, thus bringing to an end a day which will probably bear good fruit later on. Anyhow, the prospects of sport in the Monday country are excellent.

Chartley, on Tuesday, attracted a goodly muster as usual, and no wonder, for to ride about that grand, wild spot is attraction enough, even without hounds. The latter never look more picturesque than when running across this ancient chase, while the red coats throw patches of positive colour on the gold and yellow of the bracken and grass. There is yet another side to the question, though, and bitter are the complaints of the dangers of galloping over a surface honeycombed with rabbit-holes. It requires a handy horse, going with his hind legs well under him, to cross it in safety. Woe to the anchorite, as old Bunbury calls him, who goes with his nose in the air and his fore feet well under him. Woe, too, to the hard-pulling, hot-headed horse—or, at least, woe to his rider, for his sensations will be the reverse of pleasant—until he reaches the wild, sporting country which lies all round the park, and leaves the rabbit-holes behind him. A fox was soon on foot in Handleasow Wood, and went away towards the park gate on the main road, but, being headed, retraced his steps and went away at the Gratwich end. He crossed the Blythe in the direction of Carry Coppice, and got to ground in a pit-hole. Chartley Gorse held a fox as a matter of course, which ran into Handleasow Wood, through it, and bore right-handed across the park and back again into the wood, where the hounds caught him. A third fox was found in Fradswell Heath, and the hounds ran best pace to Sherratt's Wood. One couple of hounds slipped on with him across the lane which bounds that covert on the north, without, however, escaping the vigilant eye of Charles Leedham, whose well-known "forrard away" gave the office to the rest of the pack. They dashed over the road, and lost no time in catching their leaders, and ran merrily for a bit

over an intricate line of country, bearing left-handed with Philips' Gorse some fields on their right. They carried the line into the road towards Leigh, and, turning like harriers in the road, ran down it for half a mile or more till they came to the railway near Leigh Station, where there was a long check. But they hit the line forward, and, crossing the Blythe, ran nicely on over a good country, in crossing which the master got a nasty fall, through his horse landing up to his shoulders in a bog. In his efforts to get out, the horse struck his rider in the face with his hoof. Mr. Fort finished the run with a very bloody handkerchief stuffed in his mouth. Meanwhile the hounds checked again near Leigh, but soon hit it off again, and ran into Park Hall Wood. Thence one fox went away on the top side towards Leigh, and another on the opposite side, but, being headed, turned back into the covert, when hounds eventually lost him after a hunting run of twenty-five minutes. Mr. Philips's horse swerved at a fence and carried away a small thorn tree, which he was rash enough to jump into. As he lay tangled up in the bush, it was at first thought he was killed, but fortunately this was not the case. Every one was delighted at Charles's re-appearance, and hoped it would not be long before he was out again.

Monday, November 14th, 1899, at Osmaston Manor. Every one was hospitably entertained, as usual, by Sir Peter Walker, but the latter provided us with yet better fare in Shirley Park, where there was quite an *embarras de richesse* in the shape of foxes. How many there were it is difficult to say, but experts were ready to swear to at least five. One old dog fox tried to break on the Longford side, but was headed. Another was viewed away on the Shirley side, and one couple of hounds got away on his line. Eventually hounds went away at the bottom end opposite the mill, turned sharp to the left before reaching it, and ran fast towards Shirley. Already a loose horse came galloping up the lane, and was not caught till he got to Brailsford Bridge. To the right of Shirley village they checked for a minute or so, giving time to those of the field, who had got a bad start, to get up. Hounds made a swinging cast forward, hit the line, and began to run in earnest in the direction of Hollington, over the best and biggest part of Derbyshire. Here a gallant major [Major Philips, on Puma] on a chestnut mare was seen sailing along in front as if he never meant to be caught, but hounds hovered for a bit, which enabled his immediate followers to get on terms with him. Every one was on the ride, and every one seemed determined not to be left behind. The fun was getting fast and furious. There were loose horses, dirty coats, and beaming faces, cracking of thorn fences, and splintering of rails. A hard-riding gentleman [Mr. Kempson], on a keen young one, shivered a top rail, but saved a fall, while one of our keenest welter-weights was less fortunate and spiked his hat. Hollington was left to the right, and a rather sharp right-handed turn caused hounds to overrun it a bit. But they flung forward, and recovering the line, carried it over the Brailsford road and ran smartly to Culland. Here one fox went away at the Brailsford end, but hounds, after faltering for an anxious moment, ran merrily the whole length of the covert and out at the Longford end. Bearing left-handed, they ran steadily over a strongly-fenced country, as more than one horse found to his cost, to the Langley road. Here they checked, and the cream of the fun—some twenty minutes—was over. Bonner made a forward cast and hit off the line; in fact, all through this nice gallop he gave his fox credit for being a good one, and they ran up to the main road to Derby, crossed it, and checked by Mr. Peach's house, Langley Hall. From here they carried the line on a short distance across the lane, and there was a long check by the farmhouse, during which a clever horse showed us

how to do the trick by jumping a slip stile in front of his rider [Captain Dugdale], who had dismounted, and who walked through after his steed. Bonner eventually cast forward, and three couples of hounds hit it off to the left, and with a little help the pack hunted on to within a mile of Mugginton. After this the line twisted and turned in the most erratic fashion until scent utterly failed, and so brought an enjoyable hunt to an end. At times hounds ran very fast, but never for long at a time. Reeve's Moor was next drawn, and, of course, not in vain. They could make but little of this fox, but one went away from Longford Car, and they hunted him with an indifferent scent to Alkmonton, where he was headed by the blacksmith's shop, and went back to the Car. Here, after about an hour's work, he was brought to hand.

Tuesday, Newton village. This was an ideal hunting morning, still and warm, without sun, and for once appearances were not deceptive. The order was given to draw Coley Gorse, and every one was in high hopes of repeating the two excellent runs of last year from this covert. Hounds were no sooner thrown into the gorse than there was a challenge, succeeded by "A cry more nobly full and swelled by every throat," as Somerville has it. Like a storm they drove through the wood beyond, and, settling to the line, away they went, heads up and sterns down, over the open pointing for Wolseley. If the pack did not tail, their pursuers did. In fact, never was a field of horsemen more fairly choked by the pace, and there were but five or six men with them as they came flying down to "that stream of historic disaster," the Morton brook. At Blithfield Gorse there was a long check, which practically brought this brilliant scurry of twelve minutes to an end, and they eventually marked him to ground in a pit-hole hard by. The next fox was found in the gardens at Blithfield, only to be chopped the moment he was on his legs. A third fox was soon on foot in Blithe Moor, and they ran him at a cracking pace towards Colton to ground in a few minutes. It was hard on hounds running to ground twice with such a scent. A fourth fox was found in the same covert last drawn, and they ran him very fast towards Stansley Wood, turned right-handed to Duckley Plantation. Hence they forced him out across the Uttoxeter and Rugely road and checked, but the fox was seen stealing up a hedgerow to the left of where they checked, and the Master soon had the hounds on his line. From this point they ran nicely up to a pit-hole near Forge Coppice, where they were at fault, but a useful halloa forward put matters right, and they ran merrily up the coppice and out at the Bromley end. Every one began to think we were on the line of our Brakenhurst friend of Saturday, and things looked well for repeating a gallop over that excellent country with a far better scent. But it was not to be. The hounds checked a few fields farther on, and the huntsman made a left-handed cast back. Hearing a halloa in the same direction, he went to it, and the hounds ran back to Duckley Wood, where they caught their fox, who turned as stiff as a crutch as soon as he was brought to hand. Mr. Hill, of Mill Green, viewed a very tired fox going through his rickyard pointing for Hoar Cross. This probably was the Brakenhurst fox, and it was a pity we did not hear Mr. Hill's halloa. However, it was a capital day's sport with a satisfactory ending.

Monday, November 21, 1898. Doveridge. Hounds threw off in the Hare Park, whence a fox went away for the Lake Banks, Sudbury, but retraced his steps to the Hare Park, where he probably got to ground, as they could make nothing of him. Another fox was found in the Snake Grove, who took them by Mr. Bowden's house at Somersal Herbert, swung right-handed for Sudbury Coppice, then left-handed as if he meant going to Eaton Wood, but changing his

mind, turned right-handed again. They ran him up to Rigg's Lane, between Vernon's Oak and Marston-Montgomery, where he beat them. The afternoon was spent in hustling foxes about the Doveridge coverts, where, thanks to Mr. Brace's fostering care, there was a good show. There was never anything like a good scent, and the pursued had always the advantage over his pursuers.

Tuesday was ushered in by a sharp frost, but this did not prevent a goodly muster at Bramshall, a fixture which will always be associated with the great run to Moddershall Oaks on the wettest day on record. No such luck, however, was in store for us to-day. There was a wonderful show of foxes, thanks to that best of sportsmen, Mr. Blount, who loves to see his neighbours enjoying a sport in which he himself does not actively participate. Would there were more like him. He had the satisfaction of viewing away no less than four foxes from Carry Coppice to-day. However, though this fox himself was in evidence, the scent he left behind him was but a negative quality. Philips' Gorse was the first draw, and the fox made for Carry Coppice, whence a fox went away at the lower side towards Loxley, and took them into the covert by the road at the railway crossing. The hounds just crossed the road in the direction of the Alder Car, but turned back into the covert which they had just left, and could make nothing more of it. They were taken back to Carry Coppice, and got a fox away at the Bramshall end, and ran him to Philips' Gorse, where they caught him. Another visit to Carry Coppice was productive of a brace of foxes, one of which went away at the lower side, while the other was viewed away at the top—a rare great fox he was too. Hounds got on to his line, and ran him across the green lane at the top of the coppice, where some ardent spirits attempted and succeeded in stemming the advancing tide of horsemen and jumping out—a by no means easy task Their valour met with a poor reward, as the hounds turned left-handed and they had to turn into the main Uttoxeter road, which the lane riders crossed in front of them. Across the railway the hounds hunted very slowly, and so left-handed, thanks to a farmer's friendly information, carried the line into the wood above Loxley Park, where they lost him. They found again in the wood on the other side of the park, and ran fast with a fair scent, and a rare cry to the Uttoxeter road near the Red Cow, and crossed the road. But they never spoke to it over the road, and lost him.

Thursday was a rough, cold morning, with snow lying in patches on the fields and in the ditches. A small field for a Thursday, especially for such a favourite fixture, met hounds at Radburne. It was a great pity that the weather was not more propitious for the welcome home on the part of the Hunt to the popular squire and his bride. But even if the weather did fail in its duty the famous Rough was as staunch as ever, and held a leash of foxes. Hounds settled on to one, which went away for Trusley, with only a moderate scent, and it wants a good one to make the brook of that name inviting. To-day the dark stream flowing sluggish and idle was far from alluring, and its river-god must have smiled at the havoc which its appearance made amongst the serried ranks of half-hearted steeds and hesitating riders. But the brook and its dangers were braved nevertheless, yet to small purpose, for before Trusley village was gained scent had dwindled away to nothing, and our fox lives to run another day. Pildock Wood, Common Nurseries, and Potlucks proved tenantless, but Sutton Gorse furnished a fox, on whose line hounds could only potter along, and, perhaps changing, they drifted back to Sutton Gorse, where they left him. They found again in Bearwardcote osier-bed, and pushed him out as if he was going for Burnaston, but, being headed on the top of the hill, he turned back to the left of Etwall, where they lost him, thus ending a disappointing day.

Wichnor was the rendezvous for Saturday, and, as a matter of course, they found directly, for there is no better fox-preserver than the Squire of Wichnor. But scent did not favour them, and after a short excursion in the direction of Bonthorn the fox turned back into the covert, where he was found. Eventually he went away at the opposite end, and turned down towards the Trent, almost opposite Orgreave Hall. Some years ago a fox took the same line, but actually crossed the river, which Mr. Princep succeeded in swimming—no mean feat for man and horse. To-day, however, the floods were out to an extent which would have daunted the bravest fox, and our friend turned right-handed, skirting the floods, but going as straight as any fox could under the circumstances over a good country, with hounds running nicely, but never very fast, on his line. He tried a pit-hole or two, but the earth-stopper had done his duty well. So they ran on along the valley—when one of our most accomplished horsewomen [Miss Mosley] came to grief, but luckily without serious result apparently—till the fox bethought him of Rough Park, and turned sharp to the right. He was viewed over the lane from Yoxall to Hamstall Ridware between Olive Green and Morrey by Captain Holland's groom and his little boy on a pony, who had been shoving along bravely all the time. But within a field of the covert this good fox changed his mind, and, leaving the wood on his right, set his mask in the direction of Blithbury. Repenting of his rashness just beyond Purl Hill, he turned back for Rough Park, and a farmer viewed him just in front of the hounds, who were in full cry. But whether a flock of sheep, through which he ran, foiled the line, or what, the hounds suddenly checked, and nothing could be made of it afterwards. Still, it was quite a nice little hunt of twenty-five minutes, and every one enjoyed it. Two consecutive foxes were found in the Brakenhurst, both of which ran the same line into Hoar Cross Park, and were both lost at about the same spot. With the first of them there was a halloa forward in the direction of the Birch Wood. The locking of the gates between the Brakenhurst and the Hall caused a good deal of annoyance, for though the whippers-in have keys, "you cannot," as some one remarked, "carry a whipper-in about in your pocket."

Accidents and Exciting Incidents. (November 28, 1898.)

On Monday, the thermometer registered from four to fourteen degrees of frost according to the locality, and the roads were hard and slippery. But there was never any doubt about hunting, though the Master wisely waited at the meet, Marston-on-Dove, longer than usual to give the rime time to melt. A fox was soon on foot in Hilton Gorse, and was halloaed away at the end by the farm. The brook at the bottom caused a check, and it was difficult to decide which way the fox had gone. Hounds, however, soon solved the problem by hitting off the line forward to the left of the brook, and ran nicely, but never very fast, though it was up-wind, over the cream of Derbyshire—the line of the Guards' point-to-point steeplechase of 1895 in fact, though the reverse way. A few fields beyond the Spath there was a long check after an enjoyable twelve minutes, which had emptied more than one saddle. Hounds at last struck the line to the right across the little Spath brook, and marked their fox to ground in a pit-hole hard by. Potter's was drawn next, and held a fox, or very likely two or three, for hounds were very busy on the lower side by the road when a fox was halloaed away on the top. Consequently they were some time in coming to the halloa, and did not get away on very good terms with their fox. He set his head for Longford, but soon turned right-handed and ran a little ring back to Potter's, which he left on his right. Crossing the road to Longford, he visited the outskirts of Boylestone,

and then, by way of variety, treated us to a left-hand turn. Near Sapperton Bonner got a view, and a farmer on a galloping horse looked all over like catching the fox. Hounds, however, though close at him, could not run him, and could only just pick out the line to a point between Church Broughton and the top Foston Covert, where they were at fault. There was a halloa forward towards the covert, only two fields away, which would have been useful, only the huntsman, who was casting back, did not hear it. However, as soon as he got the information he lost no time in slipping up the lane, and a good bold forward cast on the far side of the covert recovered the line. They ran across the Sapperton brook pointing for Sapperton, but checked again shortly, and eventually gave him up close to Mr. Hellaby's, at Mackley, a few fields from Sudbury Park, after a slow run, with a bad scent, of forty minutes. The fox, however, had reckoned without his host, or rather without the Master, for the latter had a shrewd idea that our friend lay *perdu* in the covert at Sapperton. Events justified the idea, for hounds roused their fox with a crash which could be heard in Sudbury village, and forcing him into the open, rolled him over one field from the wood. They next found a fox in the top Foston Covert, and ran him to the Pudding Bag behind Foston Hall, where they lost him. They found again in the top covert, but scent had gone from bad to worse, and, it being useless to persevere, hounds went home.

Another sharp frost and some snow in the night did not look very rosy for Tuesday at Blithbury. The roads were very slippery for horses going to covert, but there was no frost in the ground to stop hunting. Cawarden Springs were blank, and so was Mavesyn Ridware osier-bed. In Pipe Wood hounds seemed just to touch on a stale line, but no fox was there. Rough Park was blank, and so was Laurence's Wood, and they never found till they got to Birch Wood at Hoar Cross. The fox went away across the Abbots Bromley turnpike, and hounds ran him with a fair scent, bearing left-handed, parallel with the road, down to the brook below Child's Coppice, when they checked. "Rose again the joyous rally," as Whyte Melville has it, and so inspiriting was the cry that five choice spirits flew the brook in their stride and galloped in hot haste in the wake of the now flying pack, while the majority went "in and out clever." A sharp turn to the left through the corner of Child's Coppice, induced a bold stranger [Mr. Lonsdale, Master of the Bicester], on a clever mare, to jump the very awkward stile into it. "So for twelve fair minutes they ran and they raced," and the few who were with them fairly romped along in their wake like school-boys at play, though the ditches were deep and the fences were strong. Into the Birchwood they swooped, and then all was practically over. "What a pity," remarked a hard-riding soldier [Captain Dugdale], who had been very far from last all the way, and he expressed the general opinion. There was a brace of foxes, and they probably changed. Anyhow, scent did entirely, and, after messing about the Birchwood for a bit, the hounds went home.

On Thursday, at Brailsford, we were favoured with a perfect hunting morning, although on Tuesday evening odds of six to four could have been had against our hunting at all. Strange to say, there was a small muster for a Thursday. Hounds found at once in White's Wood, one of Mr. Cox's coverts, and ran sharply across the wind parallel with the main Derby Road. Turning right-handed across the road, they ran fast up-wind, leaving Brailsford Hall a few fields on the right, down to Culland. This short, sharp burst of fifteen minutes brought more than one trusty hunter and daring rider to grief. A lady was down under her horse, and tardy was the relief tendered to beauty in distress. A gentleman on a young one found the top-binding of a high stake-and-bound fence too strong for him, while one of our best and bravest [Mr. Kempson] found teaching the young idea how

to jump a hazardous undertaking, which nearly resulted in a broken neck. Not that he paid much heed to it, for he was sailing along afterwards as if necks were a purchasable commodity. But the Master's fall, at a fence with a blind ditch to him, broke his collar-bone and cast a gloom over the rest of the day. "I'll bet you my collar-bone is not broken," he called out cheerily, as Dr. O'Callaghan came to examine him. But, alas! the doctor's verdict was against the patient, and it was with universal regret and sympathy that every one saw him start to ride pluckily home. There are masters whose presence can be spared without injury to sport, but Mr. Fort is not one of these, and, if only from a purely selfish point of view, every one wishes him a speedy recovery. After his departure, by a curious coincidence, hounds never ran again as they did in the early part of the run. One fox, probably the hunted one, went away at the Brailsford end, but hounds were stopped and laid on to one which broke at the Longford end, and turning left-handed, down-wind, was soon lost near Long Lane. Boden's Thorns held a fox, for which our thanks are due to the founders of this capital covert, which went away down the hill on the Long Lane side, and, turning right-handed with hounds only creeping after him, got to Radburne Rough. They carried the line out towards Park House and back again to the Rough, where they could make nothing of it, and he was given up. The Spath furnished a fox, which set the hounds a tangled skein to unravel on the classic ground on which Sutton Church looks down; in fact, the spire would have been the best mount a hounds-man could have had, for the line meandered up and down hedgerows, three sides of one field and four of the next, while men and women jumped to their heart's content, and fell to their discontent. It was a case of "You may jump till you're sick, you may spur till you tire; but you cannot get rid of that tapering spire." All at once a great fox jumped up all amongst the hounds, and escaped in the marvellous way in which a fresh fox will, but even so they could not really run him four fields. However, two couples of hounds stuck to his line and hunted him up to Boden's Thorns, and beyond it towards Radburne, attended by three good sportsmen, till Steve stopped them. Meanwhile Bonner trotted up the lane with the main body of the pack and threw them into Boden's Thorns in the hopes of picking up his original-hunted fox. There was a halloa on the Sutton side, and also a fine old dog fox went away in view of the whole field. He was a fresh one, and the huntsman was doubtless right in trying to recover his hunted fox in the covert, considering how late it was getting. However, he did not succeed in doing so, and hounds went home, thus ending the best Thursday so far.

Saturday, at New Lodge, calls for but little comment. Mr. Arliss most hospitably entertained all comers, and provided us with plenty of foxes as well. The latter played with hounds all day in the woods between Draycott Cliff and Buttermilk Hill, with the exception of a bright little scurry of a few fields out towards Agardsley Park and back again to Swilcar Lawn. Finally, they hunted a fox across the Buttermilk Hill Lane into Dog Kennel Wood and out at the bottom on to the farm of that capital sportsman, Mr. John Hollingsworth. It being now late, and by rare good luck only one couple of hounds being away, they were stopped and went home. The best news of the day was that the Master's collar-bone was not broken after all.

WITH THE MEYNELL HOUNDS.

Monday, December 5th, at Cubley Stoop was a nice hunting morning with a southerly wind, warm without sun, what the French call a *jour des dames*. Such a day, in short, as Beckford calls a perfect one for scent, adding, "there are not

many such in a season." The sequel only shows how little any one knows about it, for hounds could barely own the scent in Cubley Gorse, and when the fox bobbed out and in again the three hounds who appeared on his line could not speak to it. Twice he essayed to go and twice he thought better of it, but at the third attempt he went away towards Marston-Montgomery, but turned short back after going five or six fields. A body of horsemen, pushing forward down the green lane, which runs into the Marston and Cubley road, barred his progress and forced him to cross the said road, and he set his mask as if for Malcolmsley. But his heart failed him, and he turned sharp to the left, re-crossing the same road a couple of hundred yards on the Marston side of Cubley Stoop. Leaving Cubley Gorse on his left, he reached the Car, and, after a turn or two up and down the covert, they bowled him over after a nice little hunt of twenty-one minutes. Brief as had been the scurry, it occasioned a serious accident to that capital all-round sportsman, Colonel the Hon. W. Coke, who had the misfortune to dislocate his shoulder. There is no one who will not sympathize with the sufferer, who is not only a past-master in the science of fox-hunting, but can give points to many a younger man in the art of crossing a country. Birch Wood and the outlying Snelston coverts were drawn blank, but a brace of foxes went away from the Holly Wood, and the hounds settled to the line of the one which went along the bottom under the holt on the hillside, which they left on the right, and, swinging left-handed, crossed the Ashbourne road into the Three Corners, and out the other side, where they checked. Hitting off the line forward, they ran across the road to Darley Moor into the Holly Wood again. They carried the line through the wood out on to the Osmaston side, but there the fox was too far in front of them, and he had to be given up. After drawing Hope Wood and Marston Park blank, they went home. Mr. Duncombe made an efficient deputy-master, and on a good-looking chestnut was always to the fore, followed by Lady Florence Duncombe on her well-known grey.

Tuesday, Newton village. Found in Newton Gorse, and ran up to the Drointon lane, before reaching which they checked. Two or three couples of hounds had slipped away with a fox towards Drointon. Bonner cast over the lane into Chartley Moss, where hounds immediately hit the line of a fox, who went away at the opposite side, turned back, and, probably hearing a rare cry of human voices coming through the wood, carried out his first intention, and crossed over into Birch Coppice. The rotten bridge over Stoneybrook between this and Chartley Moss caused some confusion, and more than half the field either turned back through the Moss, or, wiser still, remained in the lane outside. These latter and the ones who had crossed the bridge galloped down to the Blythe with hounds, where a soldier [Captain Dugdale], armed with wire nippers, led the way when wire barred advance. Mr. Cavendish proved the truth of the old adage, "More dirt, less hurt," when his horse got entangled in the wire and fell with him. Our champion welter weight [Mr. Hartley], who is seldom much out in his reckoning, turned back as soon as he saw that hounds meant crossing the river, and carried a large contingent in his wake down to the Smithy Ford, and these had a capital run on the hard road without any hounds. The latter, meanwhile, had swung left-handed opposite Wanfield Hall, and, leaving the covert of that name to the right, ran their fox to ground in Loxley Park Wood after a nice hunting run of something under twenty minutes. A long, weary jog to draw the Bishton coverts culminated in disappointment, and hounds did not find again till they got to Duckley Wood, whence our fox went away towards Abbots Bromley. He soon turned left-handed across the Bromley road, and hounds ran to a bye-lane between the Dunstall-Bromley lane and the main road

to Uttoxeter, where they checked. One old bitch, however, showed us that she could own a line up a road, and, turning sharp to the left up it, put them right. Getting together again, hounds ran as if they were going back to Blithfield, and a gentleman on a grey [Mr. Caldecott] showed us what a strong place a bold man on a bold horse can get through, as the pair jumped out of the road. For a minute or two it looked as if we were going to the woods, but this vacillating fox, whose meanderings would tax the powers of a geometrician to describe, turned back again over the Bromley road, left Duckley Wood on his left, and ran over the Warren down to the bridge over the Blythe, half a mile from Newton village. Hounds then turned left-handed along the river, first this side and then that, as if they were on the line of an otter rather than of a fox. Leaving the riverside, they ran merrily to the left of Newton village, as if our fox might be going for Newton Gorse. A left-handed turn, however, brought us past the back of Blithfield Gardens, while a right-handed one took us across the Colton road down to Spencer's Plantation. But even after forty minutes our fox had no mind to take shelter in this or any other covert, and he made a very sharp bend to the left, hounds turning with him beautifully. A ploughed field brought them to their noses, but they puzzled it out like so many beagles, and worked it out down to the road and on to the grass beyond. Here they dashed on again with a merry cry down to the Moreton Brook and over it. Most people wallowed through in safety, and hounds ran on nicely, bearing left-handed over a strongly-fenced country, back to the Colton road. Beyond this, one field away, was the pit-hole where our fox saved his brush a fortnight ago, but to-day the door was closed. Better luck next time, thought our friend, as he went on to the next Castle of Malepartus. It looked a hundred to one on his having effected an entrance, as hounds checked in the field below it, and feathered round with waving sterns and flapping nostril. But no! those wide-casting hounds here hit it off on the field beyond, and for a few more moments we can listen to that cheering cry. But, alas! Ox Close Wood loomed dark in the foreground, the twilight was deepening fast, and our fox was evidently some way in front of us. For over an hour hounds had puzzled out a complicated task which reflects credit on them and their huntsman, and no doubt with a rather better scent they would have brought him to book. To the earth stopper, thanks.

A nice morning on Thursday induced all the world and his wife to assemble on horseback or on wheels at Twyford Cross Roads. The Quorn sent us hard-riding contingent, besides some who had been here before, and who took this opportunity of revisiting our happy hunting-grounds. Last, but not least, the Master was out again, but he had to be content with a vehicle in lieu of a hunter. Hell Meadows was the first covert drawn, and held a brace of foxes, neither of which seemed inclined to leave. But at last Mr. Chandos-Pole's keen eye detected one stealing away at the lower end by the dyke, and the musical notes of a horn, which the Meynell country once knew full well, proclaimed the fact to the crowd of eager horsemen. No sooner were hounds settled to the line than, with a rush like the Falls of Niagara, the Meynell Thursday field was surging in their wake. Men say that hounds ran this same line last year, and that they fairly flew till they marked their fox to ground near Findern in eleven minutes. To-day they ran it in eight; but was the pace as good? Let those who saw decide. Either last year they went farther, or this year they went faster. If there is one thing on this earth on which opinions differ more than another it is on the pace of a run. Given a good start, a good heart, and a useful horse, it is surprising how moderate is the pace; reverse the conditions, and how fast hounds fly! Hell Meadows were called on again, but in vain, nor was the tenant of Mr. W.

Boden's cabbage-field in possession. In Bunker's Hill they found a leash. One they chopped, one went away to the right, one on the left, and with the latter they joined issue. If any one can follow his circuitous course it is not the writer. Hounds luckily could, but not to very good purpose, and men rode and jumped behind them in concentric rings round Burnaston. Mr. Christopher Pole was down and under his horse, but it takes a good deal to kill a Pole, and he seemed none the worse. Fresh foxes jumped up in all directions, to make matters worse. One even frightened the horse of a gallant heavy-weight by getting up just in front of him, and the end of it was that after an hour and forty minutes' trial the foxes were all acquitted on the Burnaston circuit and got off scot free. Hounds found again in the Four Acres at Mickleover, and ran across the line to the Potlucks, where they probably changed and ran out towards Radburne. Retracing his steps, their fox led them back to the Potlucks and recrossed the railway into the Brick-kiln, through it, and out towards Langley. But he soon turned back again into the covert, and was viewed away across the road. It was, however, getting dusk, and scent was bad, so he was given up. Thursday's foxes are, so far, like nature—they delight in a curve, but abhor a straight line.

A wild, boisterous morning welcomed us at Walton, but so did Mr. Winterton, and the hearty hospitality of the latter went far to counteract the rough greeting of the former. Walton Wood was not drawn, out of respect to the memory of the kindly genial owner, Mr. Ratcliff, who has just gone from amongst us. The Catton coverts were blank, but we found a straight-necked fox in Croxall osier-bed, who led them best pace to Elford Gorse to ground as straight as a gun-barrel. The Mease defeated even the intrepid sportsman on the chestnut [Mr. Caldecott], who nearly drowned himself and his horse in a vain effort to cross. When most of us arrived we found only one gentleman on a blood bay horse with the hounds, and he confessed to having caught them only three or four fields before they got there, so practically no one was with them. In the afternoon hounds ran nicely over a country difficult to cross on account of wire, railways, pits, brickyards, and other drawbacks of civilization, for forty minutes. Space does not admit of details. Suffice it to say that they found a brace in Caldwell Gorse, ran towards Drakelowe, turned right-handed to Gresley, back right-handed to Linton, between which and Seal Wood they lost him. An enjoyable day's sport.

December 12, 1898.

"Fox-hunting," says a great authority, "though so exciting in itself, is but a dull subject to write about," and it is doubly so when there is so little to relate as there is about last Monday at Ednaston. The latter, of course, must always be associated with the extraordinary run to Winster in 1894, and people go there in hopes of history repeating itself, which, as a matter of fact, in fox-hunting annals, is a thing which seldom happens. This Ednaston day supported this assertion, for it could hardly have been worse. Hounds found at Oak Wood, ran to Shirley Park, and caught him. *En route* the late Master [Colonel Fleming] of the Dove Valley Harriers came into collision with a gatepost and got a heavy fall, which knocked him out of time for a bit, but every one was glad to see him mounted again later on and watching proceedings with his usual keen interest. A stranger [Mr. Cheetham] got run away with in Shirley Park, and his mount collided with a tree, knocking her hip down and breaking three ribs. Bradley Wood and Bradley Bottoms were drawn blank, but a fox was found in Brailsford New Gorse, Mr. Gisborne's covert, and, after hanging in the gorse for twenty

minutes, broke away, and they ran him with a very indifferent scent by Bradley Bottoms to the wood behind Bradley schools, where they lost him. One of the senior members [Mr. C. W. Jervis-Smith] of the Hunt got a fall soon after starting in this run, but jumped up and pursued his flying steed at a pace which must have reminded him of the playing fields at Eton. Two bits of bad news were that Captain O'Shaughnessey's horse, left at the Pastures on Thursday, had had to be shot, and that that keen sportsman, Mr. Frank, had dislocated his shoulder while out with Col. Chandos-Pole's hounds on Saturday, through his horse slipping up on the flat.

Mr. Harrison entertained every one at the Castle at Chartley, on Tuesday, in the most hospitable manner, and a party from Trentham, including the Duchess of Sutherland, Mr. Chaplin, and Miss Chaplin, rode about with us in the fog, waiting for light enough to hunt, and watching the shadowy forms of twelve and a half couples of hounds. Distemper, alas! has the pack in its deadly clutch, and has already claimed Cracker and Flourish, two of the best, as its victims, while it has been equally fatal to puppies at walk. Let us hope it may pass away as suddenly and completely as did the fog this morning. Hounds drew two or three coverts blank, but found in that stronghold, Chartley Gorse, and ran fast for a mile or so towards Fradswell, and checked. Casting themselves beautifully, they hit the line to the left and ran merrily along the bottom, and twisted and turned with a zig-zagging fox in a way it was a treat to see. Through the beautiful gorse at Sandon they ran him and halfway up the opposing ridge, running nicely where scent served, and using their noses to good purpose when it did not. To the right they swung, when cries of "Wire" struck fear into the boldest, and caused them to stick to a friendly lane. And so on over a country full of complications such as bogs and dimbles to Birch Wood, which our fox did not enter, but some of the field did, to their undoing. A halloa towards Chartley Gorse came in very useful at this juncture, and Bonner, holding them on, got on better terms with his fox. For one moment it looked as if he meant repeating his ring of the morning, as the hounds took a line out beyond the narrow strip of plantation which bounds the Fradswell side of the gorse. But they turned back and eventually marked their fox to ground in the gorse after a sociable hunt of an hour and two minutes. He was dug out and killed. The hounds then drew Handleasow Wood, Gratwich Wood, and Loxley Park Wood blank, and went home.

Thursday, December 15th, Mercaston Stoop. The Master was out on horseback for the first time since his accident, and if hearty congratulations are a salve for broken bones he ought soon to be perfectly sound. At the meet we were told that we were sure to find in Mugginton New Gorse, as the Dove Valley Harriers had hunted a fox into it a day or two before. For once prophecy was verified, for the gorse held a fox, if not a brace, but the hounds could make nothing of it. Finally they hunted a stale line towards Ravensdale Park, which they drew. There was a report that a brace of foxes had slipped away towards Breward's Car. Certainly, as some one dryly remarked, there was nothing left in covert except a stale line. Breward's Car, for a wonder, was drawn blank, but they found at once in Champion Car, and he led them through Farnah, but was headed just beyond there, and came back through Farnah by Champion Car to the road. He then made for Breward's Car, but turned sharp right-handed along a "dimble" to the cross roads near Champion Car, where hounds threw up. A fox was viewed towards Breward's Car, but they could make nothing of it. The coverts by Weston Underwood were drawn blank, but they found in Ireton Rough and ran a few fields towards Breward's Car, but there was absolutely no scent, and

they had to give him up. Langley Gorse held a fox, which was viewed away pointing for Markeaton, but turned left-handed and crossed the brook. In the field beyond this a fox was caught napping in a great tangled hedgerow and killed, while the hunted fox went on towards Vicar Wood. It was good luck getting hold of this fox, as he was a mangy one; besides, there was not scent enough to bring one to hand otherwise. Luckily there were no mishaps to chronicle, but a young lady [Miss Chandos-Pole] set us an example in courage by jumping a very forbidding post and rails fortified by barbed wire on the top. The only man who ventured to follow her bore strong testimony to the ugly nature of the obstacle in the shape of punctures in his horse's knees. As the French prisoners at Ashbourne remarked when they saw the famous game of football played at that ancient town, "If the English call this play, they may well fight."

Owing to the lamented death of Lord Vernon, the Meynell hounds did not hunt on Saturday, nor did they go out till after the funeral.

Mr. Chandos-Pole's hounds had a good day on Saturday, finding at Cotton Wood, and killing their fox in the open after a good run of over an hour.

December 21st, 1898. Although it is a matter of fox-hunting history, it may not be generally known that the late Lord Vernon, on whose account the hounds did not hunt for three days, had a special claim to this mark of respect, apart from those usually recognized. For the late baron's great-great-grandfather, "the hunting lord," had a pack of hounds at Sudbury as early as 1793.

From then till now is a long step, and in the interval much good sport has been chronicled, and so, to take up the thread and join it to fresh material, let us jog on to Thatched Lodge on Wednesday, December 21st, in this year of grace 1898. A rare hunting morning it is, too, and people are all the keener perhaps for their enforced abstinence. Hounds dash into the vast recesses of Kingston Wood, and rouse a fox from his kennel in a twinkling. No loiterer he. He is up and away, and hounds slip out after him in less time than it takes to tell. Hope whispers a flattering tale. Doubtless this is the beginning of that run from the woods with an old Staffordshire Hector which will be the talk of the decade. Delude yourself if you can. Set your horse going, and console yourself for the disappointment of the fox getting to ground in two fields with the pleasure which anticipation yielded you. Better luck next time. But, alas! the luck does not come. Cold experience has chilled hope's ardour, and the consequence will be that most of us will be left behind when the good thing comes off. It is not given to every one to hope on, hope ever. And so a slacker field dawdles on after hounds through Kingston Wood, and they find a fox and drag after him, scentless to Wanfield Hall, when a fresh one jumps up, whom, with no accession of pace, they hunt spiritlessly through Woodcock Heath, and lose him. They found again in Bagot's woods, and hunted him—right pretty hunting it was, too—across that wild, romantic park, full of old-world memories, into the woods again, and across Buttermilk Hill into Swilcar Lawn. What made our fox turn back here? What is the use of asking? Turn he did, sharply enough, too. Was it for the sake of company? Perhaps it was, for there seemed to have been a brace in front of them all at once. The field turned back, too, with much abuse of boggy rides, and kept along the top—confused by a divided cry. Meanwhile, a change has come over the spirit of the dream, for the main body of the pack are slipping along the lower side with a fox that means going. Go he does, too, and to some purpose. Out at the bottom over Leason's Farm they run like mad, and Steve's second horseman on his homeward way is astonished by the novel sight of the Meynell Hounds running gloriously, and not a living soul with them. His

friendly hail gave the office to Major and Mrs. Hanwell, also bound for home, and for thirty blissful minutes those two had it all to themselves over a country good enough for Nimrod himself. By Woodlands Chapel, by Smallwood Manor, left-handed towards the Red Cow, hounds drove their fox; right-handed again they brought him, with Woodford and Marchington on their left. Here the Major viewed him, sorely distressed, but one field in front of them. Had hounds caught sight of him he must have died. But the pursuers are brought to their noses, while the friendly woods are not so far off, and their fox is travelling on. Slowly, no doubt, but still surely, and the covert saves him. To let hounds run on now with a certainty of changing would be madness, and this happy pair, thrice blessed of Diana, managed to stop them as they crossed Marchington Cliff and brought them home. It was a rare piece of luck for them for their last day with us, which no one will grudge them. We only wish we had been with them—that is all.

Major Hanwell afterwards died a soldier's death in the South African war.

Monday, December 26th, 1898, at Marston-Montgomery, saw a large field assembled. The morning was ushered in with a boisterous wind and a falling glass, which, if such things go for anything, boded ill for sport. Marston Park was drawn blank, but Sedsall Rough held a brace, one of which went away towards Marston over a bit of country difficult to cross on account of wire and natural obstructions of an awkward nature. So only a score or so, amongst whom was the sporting landlord of the Crown at Marston, on a likely-looking three-year-old, were really with them when they crossed the road which leads to Wardley, between Mr. Clamp's and Mr. Smith's farms. Thence hounds ran rather nicely a little ring of ten minutes or so out towards Wardley, and swung left-handed across the Somersal brook and the road from Wardley to Marston. Recrossing the road and the brook, he tried the earth, but finding it closed against him, continued his course, leaving Marston village on his right, and got to ground in the pit-hole on Mr. Smith's farm close to where he first crossed the road on his outward journey. No doubt he meant getting in here if fortune had favoured him, at the outset, but there was a party ferreting there. By the time he got back they had moved away to see what they could of the hunt, and the fox took advantage of their absence to effect an entrance. Hounds found a fox in Eaton Wood, who ran the usual ring of the Doveridge coverts, by Birch Wood to Wardley Coppice, over a little bit of country that takes some doing, and those who were with hounds meant doing it too, for they were jumping timber as if they preferred it to anything else. And they were not far out in their choice, for it usually is the best place if your heart and your horse be but good enough. One sportsman, though, who can lay claim to both the foregoing qualities, will probably not agree with this, for he got a nasty fall over a stiff rail with a ditch on the taking-off side, which some people would not have at any price, and got a shaking. Meanwhile hounds ran into Wardley Coppice, and, after hanging there for some time, eventually got away on bad terms with their fox, and dragged after him to a little beyond Marston Park, where he ran them out of scent. They then drew Hare Park blank, but found a good straight-necked fox in Mr. Jervis Smith's gorse.

"That man we all honour, whate'er be his rank,
Whose heart heaves a sigh when his gorse is drawn blank."

Mr. Jervis Smith has had his fair share of sighing, so he is well entitled to his meed of satisfaction—and a satisfaction it must be to find your friends a fox who went away straight across the main Uttoxeter-Sudbury road, past Sudbury Bottoms without touching them, straight as an arrow through the coppice, over the Oak Lane, across Mr. Peacock's farm, and bore left-handed, leaving Malcomsley on his left, up to the road from Cubley Stoop to Marston-Montgomery. Here there were two lines—one fox, probably the hunted one, bearing left-handed after he crossed the road, and the other going straight on as if for Cubley Gorse. Unluckily it was too late to persevere with either, and hounds had to be stopped. Let us hope to find this fox again with more daylight, and to run the good line up to Snelston or Norbury, which he probably took.

A wilder and wetter morning than Tuesday could hardly be imagined. The hounds were at Loxley, and, by the law of contraries, of course they ran well. They found in Carry Coppice, as a matter of course, and ran out at the top end over the boggy lane. So violent was the wind that, though a second horseman was *seen* to be halloaing with all his might, not a sound seemed to issue from his lips. Once over the lane they ran nicely down wind right-handed up to the road from Field to Stramshall station. This they crossed without dwelling, and swung left-handed down to the river, which they crossed to the discomfiture of the field. The floods were out, and it was no easy matter to know where to cross. A gentleman [Mr. Caldecott], whose back we ought all to know by this time, galloped off and dashed into the flooded stream, from which, on the far side, issued a cart track. Fortune favoured the brave, and he emerged safely. It was a regular case of

> "How we plunged into the river,
> Led and cheered by Jersey's call:
> 'Come on!' he cried, 'the stream is wide
> And deep enough for all.'"

Into it plunged gentlemen averse to the taste of water, and soon to be up to their necks in it. Into it went the official timekeeper [Mr. Peacock], whom of all others we least can spare, and was lost to sight beneath the gurgling flood. But, out of sympathy with the hunt, the stream disgorged its prey, and he landed safely, dripping like a river-god, on the farther side, while his horse galloped off. No doubt, later on, like the whipper-in in the Tarporley run, "By application of spur rowel, he wiped him dry without a towel." Meanwhile the leaders overshot the hounds, and had to come back to them. The latter, after a right-hand turn, swung to the left, and crossed the road from Field to Withington—and then. Well, whether the water confused our senses or what, the writer knoweth not, but for a time geography was a dead science, till, groping about on the top of a pit-hole near Loxley, our fox was viewed fairly beat. So tired, indeed, was he that he preferred to face uncertainty above ground to the certainty of suffocation below it, and, leaving the open earths, toiled doggedly on till he met his death in the open, fairly hunted down after a good forty minutes. Nothing worth noting was done later.

Thursday saw a large field at Burnaston, where the hospitable host entertained every one. Burnaston Gorse, in spite of the good lying, did not hold a fox, but the osier-bed on the sewage farm sustained its reputation. The fox went away across the sewage farm, but hounds could not press him, nor were they likely to do so with the stink of the sewage in their noses. They carried a

line on to Dearle's farm, and the huntsman marked him to ground in a stick heap. The Green Wood and Egginton coppices were blank, but they found in Egginton Gorse. The fox was in no hurry to quit his quarters, and played with hounds for a long time, till he eventually made up his mind to go, and went away at the lower end as if he meant crossing the railway. He turned along the brook side towards Etwall, and, crossing it, induced two choice spirits of opposite sexes to attempt to do likewise with the hounds. It was too wide to jump, and the bottom was bad—so much so that the horses floundered about, and the lady came perilously near getting under her horse, and neither of the twain gained much by their bold adventure beyond a mud bath. Meanwhile the rest of the field galloped round by the road by Etwall Station and Hilton Cottage, and caught hounds in Hilton allotments. The fox was headed back by the railway, and crossed the main road to the Ash, where they lost him. Sutton Gorse, which seems to be shorn of its ancient glory, and Dussy Bank were drawn blank, and the hounds went home, thus ending another bad Thursday. But let us take courage. Prospect is better than retrospect, and without a doubt good Thursdays are in store for us.

Saturday, at Dunstall, calls for but little comment beyond the fact that there were plenty of foxes, which hounds kept on finding and losing alternately. The universal verdict was "a very poor day." So ends the first part of the season 1898. Nothing remains but to drink

"Success to the master, his wife, and the hounds,
The ladies, the sportsmen, the farmers, the rest;
This spot where each winter their music resounds,
Of all hunting quarters the fairest and best.
Where each man is a sportsman, each horse is a crack—
No heel taps, man, drink to our Derbyshire pack."

January 5th, 1899. Monday and Tuesday, on which days hounds were advertised to come to Osmaston and Newton village respectively, were *dies non*. The news of Mr. Clowes's death, and the consequent very proper decision that there should be no hunting till after the funeral, was a sad ending to Sir Peter Walker's very sporting house-party at Osmaston. But if any one has a claim on the sympathy of a hunt it is a late Master, and when that Master was such a man as the late Mr. Clowes the claim is doubled. For a better sportsman, a better horseman, or a better man to hounds—a not very common combination—never rode over Derbyshire. It was a treat to see him calmly and quietly sailing over one big place after another with an air of unqualified enjoyment and a complete absence of fuss or hesitation. Where hounds went there went Mr. Clowes, and it is related of him that, on going into a neighbouring country in the spring, when all the gaps were made up and every gate was locked, he jumped seven of those formidable obstacles in succession as if it was the natural thing to do. And not only in our hunting-field did he seek a bent for those sporting instincts which are inherent in every Englishman. Every country, where big game existed, accessible to white men heard the crack of his rifle; and thus he, too, when he went a-sporting far a-field, "asked for no meaner preserve than the primeval forest, no lower park wall than the snow-peaks of the Himalaya."

A sharp frost on Wednesday night was a bad prelude to the gala day at Radburne on Thursday. Men said it was a record gathering, even for Radburne, and of a surety there were men, women, and carriages enough! What with the

sun and the mist it was no easy matter for the leaders "to steer their own course o'er the billowy grass," as Bromley Davenport has it, when hounds started out after their fox from the Sand Pit. And if it was difficult to see clearly which way hounds went, it is equally difficult to describe it. At the end of the day the mind became dazed and confused in trying to disentangle the maze of circles and counter-circles, to say nothing of triangles, rhomboids, *et hoc genus omne*, which crossed and recrossed one another with bewildering persistency. Certainly hounds were hunting pretty nearly all day, and, if they did not catch the fox, they tired most people's horses, so it must have been at least half of a good day. They found five foxes on the Radburne estate, and hardly went off it—at least, so it seemed to the writer, though, no map of the estate being at hand, this may be a mistake. But what did they do? Well, they found foxes galore, they changed and they lost, they lost and they changed; people jumped the Trusley brook backwards and forwards, they fell, and they covered themselves with mud and glory, and seemed for the most part to have thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The best part of it all, perhaps, was from Boden's Thorns in the afternoon, when they ran nearly to the Spath, which lay on the left of their course, and back by Boden's Thorns, and lost him near Dalbury Lees Green after an hour and fifty minutes. There must have been a regular parliament of foxes at the latter place, for every fox was lost close to this spot. Every one was delighted to see Colonel the Hon. W. Coke out again, though his arm was still strapped up. In fact, there was a goodly company of maimed and wounded—what with the Master, and Messrs. Frank and Alton. Sir Richard FitzHerbert, who does not often come out with the Meynell nowadays, was going in his old form on a young one.

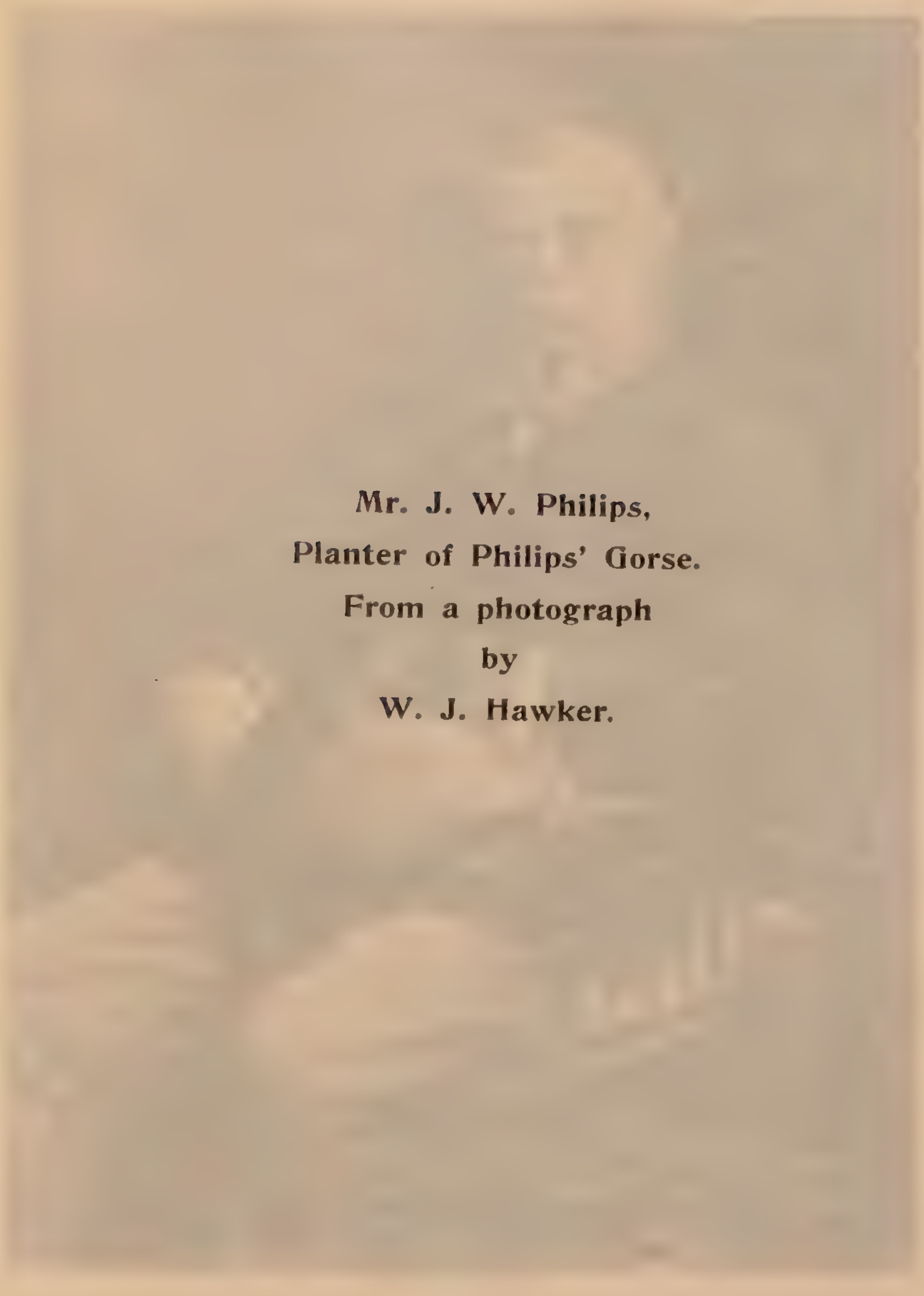
Friday, at Shirley Mill, was the first bye-day of the season. A mixed pack soon found a fox in Shirley Park, and rattled him right merrily in covert with a grand cry and a rare scent—the latter being something rather unusual in the rhododendrons. After running him hard up and down and round about, they forced him on to the island, and killed him. Another fox was halloaed away at the bottom, and hounds got away on good terms with him, accompanied by a trio consisting of Messrs. Brace, Winterbottom, and the first whipper-in, the remainder of the field being left behind in covert. Shirley Park is not the easiest place in the country to get a good start from, and many a good sportsman has found occasion to curse his luck in losing hounds there. Some years ago in a fog they slipped the whole field and ran by themselves to Okeover. To-day they ran out by Yeavely and right-handed slowly for Snelston and on into the "dimbles" beyond the Darley moor and Clifton road, where they lost him. The Master, who, with a few others, had caught them at the Yeavely road, very considerately gave the order to trot off to Longford, judging that the lost sheep would be found there. His conjecture proved well-founded, as the majority of the field had been patiently waiting there for some time. A lady viewed a fox going away from his lair and hounds were laid on to his line, but could do little with him. A fox was found in the Finney Bank covert and they ran fast, a few fields to Reeve's Moor, through it, and slowly nearly to Culland. Without entering that covert they turned back, and hunted slowly by Reeve's Moor back to the Finney Bank, where they lost him.

Monday, January 9, 1899, at Foston, was a rare, nice hunting morning, which brought a huge field to this favourite place of meeting. The Master and Mrs. Fort welcomed every one to The Cottage in a way peculiarly their own, and the first Foston covert, in the Hon. George Allsopp's park, which was drawn held

a fox worthy of its traditions, for he went away straight as a gun-barrel by Scropton across the Dove, and hounds dashed in after him, though

> "It was as fierce as a torrent, as full as a tank;
> That a hound ever crossed it, his stars he may thank."

But cross it they did, every one of them, and, shaking their sides on the bank, blazed away by Coton, scaled the heights of Hanbury, and ran merrily over Mr. Bullock's and Mr. Wallace's farms into the Greaves. How the chorus swelled and gathered, echoing amongst the trees as they pushed through the covert, while visions of a real old-fashioned run through the length of the woods, and, perhaps, on to Blithfield, filled our hearts "big with tumultuous joy," as old Somerville has it. But it was not to be. We may "nourish a verdant youth with the fairy tales of gallops, ancient runs devoid of truth," but such are not often realized. So with diminished ardour hounds turned back through the Greaves, out over Mr. Wallace's farm, through Squire Arliss's new gorse—where, haply, they changed—across the "dimble" by the Rectory, down the hill again over the Coton road, at the bottom of Hanbury Hill into the Plaister Pit coverts. Here the last became first, and the first became last, for those who had gone to the uttermost part of the Greaves, and even to the *ultima Thule* of Draycott Cliff, had a lot of leeway to make up, which they might have had cause to rue, if —— But why deal in "ifs"? The fox, of course, got to ground in the labyrinthine windings of the alabaster workings, and there was an end on't. Hounds were taken back across the river, and found and ran to ground in the top Foston covert. Another was halloaed away, and an effort was made to hunt him, but without success. They found again in the small covert next to the Pennywaste, and a rare good fox was he. Across the main Derby road he went, and turned right-handed towards Foston, with hounds running hard in his wake, and treating their followers to some fences garnished with "new-made graves." Right-handed again they swung without crossing the lane from Foston to Scropton, over the main road again, where the fox nearly ran under the legs of the first whipper-in's horse, back to where they found him. Hence the Squire of Radburne's well-known halloa "proclaimed his flight," to quote an old author, and sent a thrill through every man, woman, and child of us all, for somehow there was a sort of feeling that we were in for something better than common. There was too much plough hereabouts for hounds to run hard, but they proved that they could *hunt*, which is far better. Towards Hilton and its famous gorse they worked out the line, clustering together like bees, and turning handily with their fox as he turned left-handed for Church Broughton, just behind the house of that capital sportsman, the late Mr. Richard Bott. Scent improved as they ran along the brook side, and with the Church Broughton Boylestone lane on the right, pressed on for Boylestone. Crossing the Boylestone-Sudbury road, they embarked on a "pewy" country all along the holding valley between Boylestone and Cubley, and the more unfavourable it was for horses, the more favourable it was for hounds. Somewhere hereabouts a sportsman, well versed in such matters, who had all along been well to the fore, viewed the hunted fox standing listening to the diminishing cry of the pack, who had run past him on the line of a fresh one, and some ladies vouched for seeing a very draggled fox stealing into Potter's—perhaps this same one. Be this as it may, hounds continued their course up the valley, while it was a case of "lurching and lobbing and bellows to mend" with not a few of their followers, and more than one cursed the deep going and turns and twists over boggy water-courses, and longed for the end. Up to Cubley Mill hounds ran steadily, never racing, but always forging ahead



Mr. J. W. Philips,
Planter of Philips' Gorse.
From a photograph
by
W. J. Hawker.

and requiring no help, and then swung left-handed over the Sudbury-Ashbourne road, across the wild, grassy fields by Malcomsley, with only four men actually with them, for most people had to ride cunning by this time. Crossing Rigg's Lane, they chattered merrily along the snug-lying dingle below Mr. Peacock's house at Vernon's Oak, where a black spaniel did not help matters by running the line of the fox. Over the deep banks of the lane from the Oak to Somersal they swarmed, and ran slowly down to Sudbury Coppice, where they checked. Here the "black author of the mischief" was seen sneaking off, and hounds hit off the line again across the Oak Lane. Over Mr. Peacock's farm they hunted till they crossed the main Sudbury-Ashbourne road, and checked at the gravel-pit at Cubley Lodge. Here all but three men and the servants left them, their horses having had *quantum sufficit.* But hounds ran on past Cubley Rectory, nearly up to Cubley Gorse, where they were with difficulty stopped, after running an hour and fifty minutes. The best run of the season was the unanimous enthusiastic verdict. If it was not against the writer's principles he would like to give the names of the two who, by common consent, went best throughout this good run, but, like good sportsmen,

"They care not one jot for the fame,
But ride for the fun of the game.
If each in his heart was well pleased with his part,
What boots it to mention a name?"

Tuesday found a moderate-sized field sitting in a downpour of rain at Birchwood Park, but, alas! the old adage of "more splash, more sport," was not verified. Hounds soon found a fox in Birch Wood, who, being headed by some people who had posted themselves at the point where he was most likely to break away, turned back and promptly went to ground in the main earth. Hounds immediately got on the line of another, who crossed the road which skirts the wood, into a country bristling with wire, and turning right-handed, ran to ground a few minutes later in a pit-hole near Milwich. They found again in Fradswell dingles and ran him into Birchwood to ground not fifty yards from where the first fox got in. Evidently the earth-stopper had no relish for his task on the rough night preceding, but it is impossible for hounds to show sport and kill foxes if this most important matter is not attended to.

"Hounds stout and horses healthy,
Earths well stop't and foxes plenty,"

was a time-honoured Oxford toast, but of what use are the three essentials if the fourth is omitted. Chartley Gorse was drawn blank, but they found in one of the outside coverts, and ran slowly a half circle to ground again. After an unsuccessful attempt to dig him out, Chartley Moss was drawn and held a brace of foxes. One went away towards Newton Gorse with two couples of hounds after him, but unluckily the main body were hunting another in the Moss. This fox, however, could be done nothing with, and hounds went home.

Thursday at Kedleston Toll Bar was about as rough and disagreeable a day as could well be imagined. Hounds drew Darley osiers (famous for more than one good run in times past) blank, but found a fox at Allestree, and after running round and round, a heavy storm came on and obliterated what little scent there was. They then drew Colvile Wood blank, but found at Farnah and ran through Champion Car. Thence they crossed over the road, and, turning left-handed, got back to Farnah. From there they ran nicely for a few fields right-handed, leaving Duffield on their left, to Colvile Wood, where the fox got to

ground. They found again in Ireton Rough, ran up to Kedleston Park palings, and back to Ireton Rough, where they lost him, and hounds went home.

On Friday the Master generously treated us to another bye-day—Bagot's Park Lodge being the place of meeting. The result was a fair woodland day, hounds running well at times, though the fox had always the best of it. The woods were fairly alive with deer, but hounds were remarkably steady under temptation.

Saturday was a pleasant day to ride about, and hounds were at Foremark. They found in Robin Wood and ran to Calke, where they were stopped and taken back to Robin Wood, where, however, they failed to find again. They found later on in Repton Shrubs and ran out towards Repton. Turning right-handed, they ran by Orange Wood on towards Repton, and lost him. A good sportsman, and the best of fox-preservers, had a heavy fall through his girths breaking, but luckily was not seriously hurt.

Monday, January 13th, 1899, at the kennels. There was a large field of horsemen and horsewomen, and no end of carriages and foot people, to say nothing of bicycles. For a wonder the weather, though cold, was propitious. Hounds drew the Sudbury Bottoms, Aldermoor, and the Coppice blank. No better luck awaited them in the little, snug-lying covert at Somersal Herbert, while Brocksford Gorse also failed to hold a fox. They did find, however, in the Hare Park and ran slowly to the Lake Banks behind Sudbury Hall, whence the fox made an attempt to go away across the road into the park, but, being headed, went back to Brocksford, where they lost him. After an unsuccessful call on the Hare Park, they found in the Lady Wood at Doveridge, below the Upwoods, and ran nicely through Eaton Wood up to the boundary fence, and the fox was viewed away pointing for Wardley Coppice. Hounds, however, seemed to have got on the line of another one, for they turned back, and it was only after some delay that they were got out of covert, and cast round the lower side of Wardley Coppice, where they hit him off. They crossed the lane from Wardley to Rocester, and then, settling to the line, ran nicely with a fairly straight-running fox, over the Marston Brook, across the Rocester road by the Marston Factory, past the Thurvaston Arms, on to Mr. Gallimore's farm. Here he diverged from his hitherto straight line, and swung to the left over a "dimble," which is, in most places, impassable. But one of our boldest spirits, who is an adept at cutting such Gordian knots, went straight on, and into and out of it, without deviating from his course, thus earning the thanks of his followers, while hounds ran merrily on across the Marston-Ashbourne road nearly to Cubley Stoop. A quarter of a mile from the Stoop they crossed the Cubley-Marston road, and ran across by Malcomsley—beloved apparently by every Monday fox—into the dumble below Vernon's Oak. Either in the covert or just before reaching it the fox was viewed, but, nevertheless, he beat them—more's the pity. Had they only got away on better terms with him the verdict would probably have been in their favour, for there was quite a useful scent.

Tuesday saw an average field at Newton village, and expectation was fairly on tip-toe when the order was given to draw Coley Gorse. Unluckily, the fox's point was too well guessed, and those who placed themselves well forward for a start, cut their own throats by heading him. No doubt they will profit by the experience, and will keep with the rest of their neighbours next time. As it was, the fox turned back through the top end of the coppice, and proved that a mistake had been made in marking him to ground by appearing on the further side. After trying for him unsuccessfully in the gorse he was given up, and

hounds drew Blithfield Gorse blank, but found in the Round Plantation, and the fox went away in the direction of Stansley Wood. When hounds first got on his line there appeared to be little or no scent, but, as sometimes happens, the farther he got in front of them the better scent served. Consequently they ran nicely through Stansley Wood, and very prettily along the top of the Warren. After crossing the Bromley-Newton road, between Newtonhurst and Bagot's Bromley, the pace improved, and they ran past, with Heatley on their right, to the Uttoxeter-Bromley road, which skirts Bagot's Wood, where they checked. It was not very far, it is true, but it was a merry burst while it lasted. Hitting off their fox, they ran nicely through the woods, back again across the main road, nearly to Kingstone Wood, where there were two lines. They stuck to the fox, which turned left-handed, and ran him to ground close to Healtey. If only the fox had chosen a different line, or had not got to ground, the hounds would have had a good chance of catching him, as there was a very fair scent. In this gallop Mrs. Randall's good little chestnut horse was unfortunately very badly staked. After drawing Newton Gorse blank, they found a second time in the Square Plantation at Blithfield, but the fox was resolutely determined to remain where he was, and, as there was no scent in covert, the hounds failed to dislodge him, so he remained master of the situation, much to the disgust of a shivering field.

Thursday was the first day we have been stopped by frost this season, and Saturday was the second.

On Wednesday, on account of the Meynell hounds being so far away on the previous day, the Master very considerately invited Mr. Chandos-Pole to have a day in the woods with his hounds. It goes without saying that the squire accepted the invitation, for no one loves to show sport to his friends and neighbours more than he does. And rare good sport he showed. After a little riot with deer, which was not surprising with a keen pack unused to seeing them in covert, the hounds settled on to the line of a fox in Bagot's Wood, and bustled him with a rare burst of music, which it was a treat to hear, nearly to the Uttoxeter-Bromley road. Turning back, they drove him through the wood and out into Bagot's Park, across which they ran beautifully to the park palings, where they checked. But a quick, forward cast soon put them right, and they ran merrily in fine style with Bromley Park on their right by Moore's and Hart's farm, by Jock o' Wall, by Lord Dartmouth's covert, to Field House Coppice. Through this they ran without dwelling, over the brook, and by Daisy Bank to Tomlinson's corner. As the fox ran down the Agardsley Park side of this snug covert he was viewed by the keeper, very tired, crossing over into the Forest Banks. He then ran the whole length of the Forest Banks, over Marchington Cliff, into Swilcar Lawn, nearly to Bank Top, where, being headed, he retraced his steps, and was viewed dead beat between Bank Top and Marchington Cliff. Unluckily hounds ran nearly up to Bank Top before they could be stopped, which saved his brush *pro tem.* But the Squire and his pack are not easily shaken off, and casting back over Marchington Cliff he hit off the line of his fox, and eventually marked him to ground. Being speedily ejected, they dusted him round the wood in rare fashion till they marked him to ground again. So eager were they to get him that a hound actually had hold of him in the earth before the digging tools arrived. The first stroke of the spade settled the matter, and they killed a fox, which they had fairly earned after a very cheery hunt of considerably over an hour. They found again in Bagot's Wood near Park Side, and the fox went away on the lower side by Marlpit House, as if he meant going for Kingstone Wood, but turned back into Floyer's Coppice, through it, and ran a ring back to where he was found, going away again at the bottom. But hounds got on to another, and ran him up to the

Forest Banks, where they were stopped, and went home. So ended a really good sporting day, and it is to be hoped the experiment may soon be repeated, if it so please the powers that be.

Thursday, at Thurvaston, treated us to a rare, good old-fashioned hunting run. Finding at Culland, they ran fast up-wind across the brook and over the Hollington road, as if his point was for Shirley. But he soon turned very sharp left-handed down-wind, leaving Reeve's Moor on his right. He recrossed the Hollington road at Hollington, and they ran at a diminished pace to the left of Culland into the Pond Head Covert at Brailsford. Going away from here, he was viewed over the Derby road pointing for Wild Park. With this on their right they hunted him nicely—even running fast for a few fields whenever he happened to turn up-wind, as he did now and then in his erratic course—pointing for Mugginton. Passing Mercaston Stoop, he left Mugginton on his right and crossed the road to Hulland about three-quarters of a mile from the village at the exact spot where an Osmaston fox, which beat them, crossed earlier in the season. Curiously enough, too, our fox to-day took almost the exact route that the other one did up to the point where they lost him, and a very twisting one it was in both cases. But to-day instead of losing him they hunted him on, with a little well-timed help from their huntsman, nearly to Bradley. Here he turned back for Ednaston, across the brook, and by the osier-bed (famous for the great Winster run), where a useful halloa practically finished him. For, getting on good terms with him, they bustled him through the Ednaston coverts, past the lodge, and never left him till they rolled him over in the main road after a capital hunting run of an hour and twenty minutes. In the afternoon they found three foxes at Brailsford New Gorse, ran one to ground, and it was decided to dig him out. Meanwhile they hunted another one of the trio a twisting line to Ednaston, where they lost him. Then they came back and gave the dug-out fox a chance for his life, which he repaid by going to ground again, as is unusually the case. There they left him. They then drew White's covert and the car at Brailsford blank, but found in the small rhododendron covert in front of Mr. Cox's house, and ran fast up-wind to Culland, and, hanging there for a bit, they hunted him slowly by Burrows, through the Car, by Wild Park, where he ran them out of scent.

Saturday, New Inn. Another rough, wild morning tried the temper of men and horses. Holly Bank, Knightley Park, and Rangemore Gorse were drawn blank, but a fox was found in Mosley's Gorse in a blinding storm, which was disastrous to scent. Consequently the hounds could only run very slowly, checking in every field, over a nice bit of country, to the Henhurst, where they marked him to ground in the main earth. After chopping a fox in the New Inn plantation, they found rather late in the afternoon in Kingstanding Gorse. Contrary to expectation, for the gorse is very thick, our fox went away gallantly without much persuasion, and set his head for Hanbury. Just at the east end of Parson's Brake he turned towards that covert, and the leading sportsmen, two of whom were old hands, and ought to have known better—supposing hounds had gone into it, practically rode a steeplechase parallel with it, to the further end. Here they pulled up, looking foolish, not knowing where hounds were. Two or three ardent spirits continued their point-to-point steeplechase across the road, heading for Holly Bush. Meanwhile hounds had turned sharp right-handed at the east end of the brake, without touching it, and ran across by New Lodge, into the Greaves, and out again towards the new gorse, with only the huntsman, two gentlemen, and little Master Randall on his famous skewbald pony with them. Turning back into the Greaves, they slipped down-wind, crossed Draycott Cliff, with only the two whippers-in and one or two others with them, and ran nicely along the lower

side of the Forest Banks to Ash Bank, where a few more people joined them, and so on to Marchington Cliff. Here the fox broke covert in the direction of Hound Hill, and tried to get to ground in a stick heap just this side of the Uttoxeter road, but, being headed, he turned back, into the Banks, and hounds were stopped at Marchington Cliff.

Monday, January 30, 1899, Bradley. A nice hunting morning proved a welcome change after the frost of the last two or three days. No fox was at home in any of the Bradley coverts, but Shirley Park proved as staunch as ever. Hounds found a fox at the top end, and with a rare scent in covert, fairly drove him from end to end, from top to bottom, and forced him away by the mill. From here they fairly raced up-wind to Culland with one couple a field or so to the good all the way, and the main body going fast enough to try the speed of anybody's hunter. From Culland the fox just took a survey of the country on the Longford side, running about a field in that direction, but, possibly seeing something not quite to his liking, bobbed back again, and, breaking away at the opposite end, retraced his steps to Shirley with his pursuers naturally not running quite so fast down-wind. Scent served again in covert, for they dusted him merrily once round the wood, and pushed him out again for Longford, over the same good old line that some of us romped over even in the consulship of Plancus. But in fox-hunting there is no sameness. You may run the same line a dozen times, but always with fresh combinations, always with variety. It is like the course of another old, old story—old, yet always new. But a truce to moralizing! We may not stand dreaming, while yonder they're streaming—or, if we do, we shall be left behind—over the grass, nipping over or boring through the strong thorn fences in the marvellous way that fox-hounds do with a scent, till the undergrowth of Longford Car changes their modified chorus into a full-throated cry. Not for long, though. Again there is the unmistakable chatter of hounds running in the open, as they swung across the Rodsley road pointing for Alkmonton. Leaving this on their left, they hunted slowly over the road from Alkmonton to Yeavely, past Stydd Hall, and then, turning right-handed, ran their fox to ground beyond Yeavely by the bridle road from Osmaston to Shirley. It was a really good hound run of an hour and forty minutes, for they could stick to the line all the time without assistance—in fact, they were never off it. Later on they found in the Finney Plantation, and ran very fast through Longford Car to ground in the middle of a field just beyond the Rodsley road.

Tuesday, Bramshall. Philips' Gorse was blank, but a fox was soon on foot in Carry Coppice, and tried to break at the Loxley end, but, being headed, turned back. He went away at the opposite end, but unluckily hounds never got on to his line, for he was viewed making his way past Philips' Gorse down towards the railway. Returning to the Coppice they found again, and ran out slowly towards Loxley, and so by the Park Wood into Kingston Wood, and across the Uttoxeter road into Bagot's Wood, where they lost him. They then drew Kingston Wood, and a fox was halloaed away on the side nearest the main road, and hounds ran very prettily across the road right through Bagot's Wood, and out into the Park. Across its ant-hilled surface, which brought one good sportsman to grief, they ran well, as they always do, a half-circle into Dog Kennel Wood. But this was a woodland fox, who had no objection to trying conclusions with hounds in the open, and away he went gallantly, without giving any one a chance to view him, past Hart's Coppice, by Daisy Bank, towards Tomlinson's corner. By Mr. Loverock's farmhouse they checked, and a long cast across the road to the right below Holt Hall did not

help matters at all. Eventually hounds were thrown into Tomlinson's Corner, and a fox—very likely a fresh one—took them over that nice bit of country between the Forest Banks and Agardsley Park. Turning left-handed, they ran into the Forest Banks just by the top of Marchington Cliff, and bustled him along the lower side, full cry over Woodlands Cliff. But this good fox had had enough of the woods, and seizing a chance of slipping away unobserved, away he went across Mr. Moss's farm, setting his head bravely for Woodford. Hounds came tearing out after him, and for a moment it looked, if they could only keep up the pace, as if they would catch him off hand. But an undecided turn or two on his part bothered them, and it was only at a fair holding pace that they could run him to Stock Lane, where they checked. After making their own cast up the lane, their huntsman cast down and over the lane, and hitting it off, they hunted nicely across the Uttoxeter main road, and, leaving Brook House on their right, carried the line into the fox covert at Woodford. Here, possibly, they changed again. Anyhow, they ran out at the opposite end without any one having seen the fox, and across to Jawbones' farm, where, luckily, he did not try the earths, which were open. Hence they hunted slowly across Mr. Kent's farm and over the main road to Uttoxeter not far from the lodge gates of Smallwood. The fox had run the brook course parallel with the main road, in hopes, apparently, of finding sanctuary in some friendly drain, and they stuck to the line like a pack of otter hounds, till, at Mr. Preston's farmhouse, he gave it up as a bad job and turned right-handed towards Woodlands, recrossing Stock Lane not two hundred yards from where he crossed it on his outward journey, thus completing his circle. It now looked any odds on his going back to the Woods, but he knew a trick worth two of that, and, crossing the Uttoxeter road again close to Marchington Vicarage, set his mask resolutely for the impenetrable earth at Hound Hill, which he found open, and so saved his brush. It was a good, old-fashioned, Staffordshire hunting run of an hour and fifty minutes from Kingston Wood, or an hour and ten minutes from Tomlinson's corner. Hounds richly deserved their fox, for they had stuck to him (or his deputies) for between twelve or fourteen miles. There were various conflicting accounts of dead-beaten foxes being seen, which can only be reconciled either on the supposition that there were two or three beaten foxes, or that every fox that every one sees is a beaten one in the eyes of the seer.

Etwall was the fixture for Thursday, after the Hunt Ball, and there was a goodly muster, including many strangers. It was a regular case of—

"We had danced the night through
Till the candles burnt blue,
But were up in the saddle next morn,
Once again with Tom Rance
In the daylight to dance
To the music of hallo and horn!"

And a very forbidding morn it was, for there had been seven degrees of frost in the night, and the ground was like iron except where it was like glass. Most of us thought it was impossible to hunt, and we vowed one and all that nothing would induce us to jump. But the Master, whose one object is to show that sport to others, which he himself loves so well, swallowed his misgivings, and decided to try. Sutton Gorse held a fox, who did not give us long to think about the situation, but was off like a shot. As soon as hounds settled to his line they began to run as if they meant business, pointing for Trusley. A small branch of the big brook set horses skating, slipping, and refusing, and probably

every one experienced a feeling of thankfulness on landing in safety. Meanwhile hounds ran nicely nearly up to the road from Radburne to Sutton, where they checked. But, making a good swing to the left down-wind on their own account, away they went at a good pace over a branch of the Trusley brook by Dussey Bank and over the road from Sutton to Etwall, where they checked, and the best of it was over. Still they hunted on across the main Derby Road by Hilton Cottage, and then touched his line at intervals in the direction of Egginton till he ran them out of scent. The time up to Hilton Cottage was about twenty-five minutes, and fifteen more till they gave him up. Later on they found in the green covert at Burnaston, and, after running for ten minutes, killed close by. Two ladies, hurrying with information of a fox's whereabouts, got upset out of their cart in a ditch, and were rescued by Steve, while hounds ran their fox slowly by Mr. Waite's farm, and lost him near Spilsbury's Plantations, thus ending a day snatched out of the fire, or, rather, out of the frost.

Saturday, Newborough. Hard frost.

After the frost, which stopped hunting on Monday and Tuesday, every one was delighted to be out again on Wednesday at Blithbury. The latter used to be a name to conjure by, but, alas! Ichabod! the glory has departed, and so have the foxes, since Mr. Crossman left us. Consequently everything was drawn blank till we got to the Brakenhurst, where a brace of foxes was soon on foot, and promptly went away, one towards Hoar Cross, and the other in the direction of Yoxall. Hounds ran the latter across to Yoxall Lodge, and lost him. They found again in the Brakenhurst, and the fox went through Jackson's Bank and out at the bottom end. But they got away on bad terms with him, and, after hunting him slowly a small half-circle, with an indifferent scent, they lost him. After drawing Byrkley blank, hounds went home.

Thursday, Swarkestone Bridge. A rough, disagreeable morning did not seem much in favour of good sport, and the sequel did not belie appearances. The Lily Pool osier-bed was blank, but hounds found two or three foxes at the Back Cuttings. One they chopped, and another they ran across the canal to Chellaston village and killed him in an outhouse. Jule's Covert failed to hold a fox, but Hell Meadows sustained its reputation, and a fox went away at once on the Findern side, only to be headed promptly by a sportsman on foot, whose forecast of the fox's probable course was superior to his discretion in making use of it. Eventually, when one fox did go, two couples of hounds slipped away with him, and, of course, spoilt the fun for the others. So they could only hunt very slowly to Findern, where the fox tried the well-known refuge of his race, which, like the schoolboy's lie, has often proved "a very present help in the time of trouble." To-day, however, it was closed against him. Not that it made much difference, as things turned out, for he ran them out of scent a little further on towards the railway. Bunker's Wood and Mickleover Four-acre proved tenantless, but a good fox went away from Potlucks, across Radburne Park, leaving the Hall on the left by Silver Hill stud farm to Pildock Wood, just beyond which they checked, but ultimately they ran on to Meynell-Langley Gorse. Here they probably changed, as, with an improved scent, they chattered cheerily along to the right of Meynell-Langley Hall nearly up to Vicar Wood, where they swung to the right nearly to Markeaton, and back again to ground in Meynell-Langley Gorse, thus completing a nice little run of twenty-seven minutes. A short time spent in digging resulted in unearthing a brace of foxes, and hounds, probably getting on to the fresher one of the two, ran him at a rare pace over the Derby and Ashbourne road to the Pildock Wood, and on to the Derby-Radburne lane, where a sheep-dog coursed him and proved a friend in disguise to the object of

his pursuit, for, of course, hounds could do but little with him afterwards, and he had to be given up. They then went back to Meynell-Langley Gorse to try and pick up the other fox, which was said to be a mangy one; but, mangy or not, he had had sense enough to take himself off, and hounds went home.

Saturday, at Walton, was productive of a capital hunt. Finding at the Grove, at Drakelowe, their fox, after hanging in covert for some minutes, went away pointing for Walton. Hounds were no sooner on the line than they tackled to work in earnest, and twisted and turned with their fox in rare style, and were never really at fault till they reached the main earths in Walton Wood. Horses had barely time to get their wind before a fox—some said a fresh one—broke away on the Catton side, and hounds, getting away on good terms, ran nicely up to Mr. Cookson's farm, and, leaving Mr. Ratcliff's new gorse on the right, turned down-wind with diminished speed. Still, it was at by no means a slow pace that they hunted on to the left of Rosliston, and so back to the Grove at Drakelowe, thus completing a very good ring of forty minutes. Hence they carried a line slowly on by the old mill in the direction of the line from Burton to Ashby, till they were run clean out of scent. It was voted unanimously a very enjoyable hunt. Hounds found two or three foxes at the back of Drakelowe Hall, and, after some delay, got one away by the river, but being headed once or twice he proved an easy victim. After drawing Caldwell and Hamstall Wood blank hounds went home. Those who were out with him say that Mr. Chandos-Pole's hounds had a capital hunt on the same day. Finding in the afternoon at Cotton Wood, at the second time of asking, they ran nearly up to Woodseat, when the fox turned back through Chippy Ley, and over the very awkward bottom below it, where Mr. Frank had the misfortune to get his good chestnut horse badly staked. From here they swung left-handed, past Cotton Wood, across the Dove, to ground in Eaton Wood.

Monday, February 15th, 1899, Tutbury Station. Of course there was a large field, and, though every one is complaining of all their horses being lame, they came out as usual. A fox went away without any delay, but before hounds had run three fields, there were two lines, the leading hounds running in the direction of the Spath, while the body of the pack ran their fox right up to the foot of Hilton Clump, where he had been viewed by a keen group of foot people. Before crossing the road from Sutton to Hilton the leading hounds joined the others, and the now united pack hunted slowly to the top Foston coverts and through them to ground at Boylestone. They found again in the Pudding Bag at the back of Foston Hall and ran their fox at a good pace to ground near Pennywaste. Going back to the Pudding Bag, yet another fox was at home, whom hounds ran at a great pace nearly to Sudbury Park palings, where the fox made a very short turn back, and was lost between Scropton and Foston. A fox crossed the river, and was seen making his way into the Greaves, but whether he was the hunted fox or not is a matter of uncertainty. In all probability he was the same one which took the same line the last time the Foston coverts were drawn. The hunting field has been metaphorically compared with the lists of the days of chivalry, as giving an opportunity for the knights of the saddle to exhibit their prowess. Two gentlemen to-day seem to have taken the comparison literally, for they came into violent collision, resulting in the unhorsing of one of them.

Tuesday. Chartley is a name to draw people from far and near, so there was a goodly muster at the most picturesque spot in Staffordshire. It was a nice morning, too; and, if anticipation is the best part of pleasure, every one had a

happy half-hour or so, for there was a sort of feeling of good sport being in store for us. A cap held high in the air soon proclaimed the welcome fact of a fox being away, and the few couples of hounds which settled to the line—the others being considerably impeded by the dense crowd of horsemen who blocked the ride—ran fast for a few fields, though not quite fast enough, perhaps, for their eager followers. At the first lane they checked, but, hitting it on forward, ran nicely down-wind to Gratwich. Here the fox had turned right-handed down the road, and hounds were able to run his line briskly for a couple of hundred yards down it, when they suddenly threw up, and never touched his line again. After drawing all the Fradswell coverts blank, they found in Chartley Moss, but, unluckily, ten couples of hounds slipped on, and, dropping on to a fox, coursed him along the top side of the covert down-wind of the huntsman and the field, and, getting away, ran fast to Newton village, with only the whipper-in and two others with them. They were stopped as soon as possible and brought back. It was unfortunate their finding so quickly, and that the direction of the wind prevented Steve's halloa being heard, as this might have developed into a good hunt. They found again in a small copse between Kingston Wood and Woodcock Heath, and the fox—perhaps a vixen—rang the changes round and round Woodcock Heath, Kingston Wood, and Wanfield Coppice, till they finally lost him near Kingston village.

Thursday was a nice day to ride about, being warm and sunny, but it was not productive of much sport. Mercaston Stoop is not a very favourite fixture, but all the same it is the centre of a good wild country, and not at all an unlikely place at this time of the year for a great run up into the hills. Moreover, there are plenty of foxes, as the sequel will show. New Gorse was drawn blank, but there were three or four foxes on foot in Mugginton Old Wood. One of these was chopped, and another ran a small ring and then went away on a twisting course nearly to Cross o' th' Hands, and, after taking us winding about the hills and valleys of a rough bit of country, was lost just beyond the Lilies. Breward's Car held a brace, one of which got to ground in covert, while the other was hunted slowly through Champion Car, Farnah Wood, and Colvile's Wood to Allestree, where they marked him to ground. After an ineffectual attempt to dig him out, an effort was made to get on the line of a brace of foxes, which had gone away during the digging operations, but they had been gone too long, and hounds could make nothing of it. After drawing Markeaton and Bowbridge blank they went home. As an addendum to last Thursday, it has transpired that hounds never ran faster this season than they did with the dug-out fox from Meynell-Langley Gorse for twenty minutes, when nearly every one had gone home. Indeed, if they ran fast enough for the intrepid sportsman [Mr. Caldecott], who seems by common consent to have been the only one really with them, they must have fairly flown.

Of all places of meeting in the Saturday country there is none better than Newborough, so a rather large field for a Saturday met the Master and the hounds there on quite a nice hunting morning. If there was no fox in Chantry Wood, at any rate there was a black thorough-bred horse ready and willing to afford sport for the ladies on wheels. A harder bout of bucking and kicking has seldom been witnessed, and his rider [Mr. F. Gretton] deserved great credit for sticking to him as he did. Hounds found in Roost Hill and drove their fox right through Birch Wood in rare fashion, and out on the Abbots Bromley side. For the first few minutes they ran well, and the field, which followed them, soon resembled the tail of a comet. Then they checked, and for that matter kept on checking. Still, they managed to get on with their fox without any assistance,

beyond an occasional cheer, and a note on the horn to keep them going, as they hunted along on the left of the Abbots Bromley road, till they reached the road which bears off left-handed for Blithbury, and beyond which lies a section of country right for homicide, bristling with wire, and decorated with the scarlet brand of shame.

"Remember, fair sportsmen fair usage require,
So up with the timber and down with the wire."

Luckily our fox to-day saved our necks and our tempers by turning left-handed by Bromley Hurst, where there were two lines, and we may have changed. Be that as it may, the hounds ran their fox, whichever it might be, left-handed by Gilleon's Hall, nearly to Rough Park, over a nice country without any wire to speak of, unless you looked for it, and then turned left-handed back by Hoar Cross into the Birch Wood again, whence they started, after hunting him about forty minutes. Two foxes—for a wonder said to be fresh ones—were viewed over the Newborough road, and it was probably the line of their hunted fox which they got on to, and followed past the Hoar Cross end of Chantry Wood in the direction of the Brakenhurst. But their fox, even if he was not the hunted one, was at any rate a very short-running customer, so, turning back, he zig-zagged by Hoar Cross back into Birch Wood again. Hounds carried the line straight through and out on the far side, crossing the little brook and the Newborough-Bromley road. For a few fields they ran briskly, and then checked. They made a beautiful cast on their own account, and a couple and a half seemed to have hit the line forward towards Field House Coppice. But the body of the pack failed to endorse it, and the fox was given up after a nice hunting run of an hour and twenty minutes. They found again in Nichol's Wood at Hoar Cross, and ran across to the Brakenhurst, and, after a turn or two up and down and round about the wood, with frequent checks and a bad scent, they hunted him through Jackson's Bank and into the open—the same line that he took the last time they were here—in the direction of Moat Hall. The leading hounds took a line forward—one hound, in fact, going on into Chantry Wood—but the main body turned back again into the Brakenhurst, right through it to Yoxall, on to Scotch Hills, and so on to Vicarage Wood, Rangemore, where they lost him.

Monday, February 20th, 1899, Cubley Stoop. A wild, rough morning, and an "idle" wind did not augur well for scent, nor did subsequent events falsify the augury. As a matter of fact, it is generally fairly safe to prophesy a poor scent, for unluckily there are far more bad scenting days than good ones. To-day proved no exception to the rule, for hounds could never really run a faint-hearted fox, who, after hanging in the gorse as long as possible, never went far from it. Returning to shelter, he paid the penalty of his lack of proper spirit, and died ignominiously—a warning, it is to be hoped, to others of like kidney. A good fox, going best pace down-wind, would probably have run them out of scent and escaped scot-free. Just as this fox was killed another was halloaed away, and hounds ran him, with an indifferent scent, up to the Snelston-Norbury road. They then turned left-handed and lost him near Raddle Wood. They drew Raddle Wood, Hope Wood, and all the Snelston coverts blank, and were then trotted off to Bentley Car. A fox was soon on foot, and broke covert at the Bentley brickyard end. Turning left-handed over the brook one field from the Car, he ran up the hill to Alkmonton school, and then turned back into the Car again. But the hounds stuck to him, and, pushing him through the wood, ran him fast down the hill pointing for Cubley. Leaving Bentley Hall on the right

they crossed the Bentley-Cubley road about halfway between Bentley Hall and the brook at the bottom of the hill, and, bearing right-handed still, ran by Cubley Cottage farm to ground in a large rabbit-burrow in the orchard at Stydd Hall. A bright twenty-two minutes, which might have developed into a good run if only our fox had not found a refuge, as there was quite a scent. An attempt was made to dislodge him, but, after digging for about twenty minutes, the game was found to be not worth the candle, and the hounds went home.

Tuesday dawned more like a "red March morn" than a February fill-dyke one, and warned us that the evil days of glaring suns, cold winds, and hard ground are upon us. Never mind. Hope whispers a flattering tale. Hounds can run under all and any conditions, and who knows that a travelling fox or two may not set hounds and horses galloping best pace with a burning scent, even though pastures be dry and though fallows be baked and dusty, before the *summer* of our discontent is upon us. It has happened before now, and may do so again, so let us even take heart of grace and hope for

> "A merry March when east winds blow, and suns are hot and glaring,
> And everybody's nose is cold, and visage flushed and staring."

But what of to-day at Thatched Lodge? Well, "what is life, with all it grants us, but a hunting run," and to-day was life-like—a tangled skein of joy, hope, and disappointment. How they did run up-wind through the big wood, across the open for a few fields pointing for Floyer's Coppice, right-handed, with Steve capping and cheering them on, into Frame Wood. Up-wind still, chiming and clamouring, the dog hounds drove him straight for Buttermilk Hill. Dipping like swallows down to the lower side, about opposite to Mr. Leason's picturesque house, it looked for a moment as if our fox was away for Woodford again, but it was not to be. A fresh one jumped up and led the main body of the pack best pace down-wind for a few hundred yards parallel with the wood, and then turned into it, when scent failed, and they lost him. Meanwhile the leading hounds, after running a short distance up-wind, were stopped in Dog Kennel Wood. Another fox was before long on foot, in the middle of Bagot's Wood, and they ran well, at times, in much the same direction as before (without paying the least attention to a herd of deer which ran the same line as the fox for a bit and then diverged), and crossed over Buttermilk Hill into the Bank Top Wood, where there seemed to be two or three lines, and both hounds and their followers got scattered. It was a very bad hearing day, owing to a strong wind blowing half a gale. Finally the hunt joined forces by Mr. Cottrell's house, and there was a halloa away on the lower side below Marlpit House, which set every one slipping and sliding down the steepest of steep rides to the bottom. But it all ended in nothing, except the losing of the fox. They found again in Lord's Coppice, and ran right through the woods, over the Uttoxeter-Abbots Bromley road, past Heatley and Bagot's Bromley, to Duckley Wood, and on to Blithe Moor, whence, turning right-handed, they rolled over a great dog fox in Mr. Neighbour's garden. They take some catching, these Staffordshire and Woodland foxes. So the day began and ended well.

Thursday, Sutton Mill. It froze so hard on Wednesday night that the ground was not in a fit state for hunting till twelve o'clock, nor would it have been so then but for the sun having so much power. With a bright sun and no wind the day was what old-fashioned sportsmen used contemptuously to style "a washerwoman's day," but there was a very fair scent all the same, and, given that, what does it matter what the weather is? By the time these and similar topics had been discussed, the frost had relaxed its grip sufficiently to allow of

hounds moving off to draw the Spath, which, however, for a wonder, did not hold a fox. Boden's Thorns sustained its reputation, and held a brace, one of which was soon away over the Thurvaston lane as if he meant going for Longford. Take it all round, let a fox go where he will he cannot go wrong so far as the country is concerned hereabouts, but in front of us now danger loomed, and red boards afforded bits of positive colour to the landscape, which, however pleasing to the artistic sense, mar its beauty sadly in the eyes of a sportsman. Luckily our fox, while thinking of his own safety, kept us and our horses out of danger by turning left-handed with a view to trying an earth on Mr. Radford's farm, and so took us out of the way of a possible mangling in the wire. Thus the hunt went on its way rejoicing, over a capital line of country, for twenty minutes all told, and our fox effected his object and got to ground. Back we went to Boden's Thorns, nothing doubting, and faith was rewarded, for a fox, and a good one to boot, was awaiting us, who took us the same line as the first for a bit till he swung right-handed over the Long Lane and over the brook. The latter favoured hounds by checking the onward rush of the pursuing squadron, and, with plenty of room (which holds the same place in fox-hunting as charity does amongst the virtues), they hunted nicely on nearly to Reeve's Moor. Here our fox turned up-wind for Culland, and, though the breeze was but light, hounds naturally quickened their pace, and ran merrily just to the right of Culland, across Brailsford Park, and then parallel with the Derby-Ashbourne road to within a few fields of Langley village. Here he turned right-handed, and it looked pretty even betting on his going either to Parson's Gorse or Radburne Rough, and any odds on its being either one or other of them. One fox the Master did view going Radburne way, but hounds were busy on the line of another, which they ran fast enough for most people's horses, leaving Nunsfields on their right. Crossing the lane from Sutton to Thurvaston, they pointed for Longford, but their fox was headed and turned short back to Boden's Thorns, where horses, who had been galloping for the best part of an hour and a half, were glad to stand still. Cast your eye over the field, and heaving flanks, and red stains, where stubborn stake and thorn has struck home, dirty coats and flushed faces tell their own tale. One of our boldest spirits has been down and received a nasty kick in the face, but otherwise every one seems to have turned up all right. Probably most of us were, in our secret hearts, not sorry when a fresh fox was allowed to go away unmolested, unless, indeed, there is still any one left who is suffering from a plethora of horse-flesh. By degrees the cry of hounds in covert died fitfully away, till at last not even one doubtful note disturbed the silence of the gorse, not even the tenderest-nosed hound could own the scent, and a good fox was left to run another day, while the prolonged notes of the huntsman's horn blowing hounds out of covert ended a good, old-fashioned Thursday.

Saturday, New Inn. A good many strangers out, and a bitterly cold day. The hounds found a brace of foxes in Rocket Oak, and, after ringing round Rangemore and Dunstall, lost their fox. After drawing everything else blank, including that capital covert, Mosley's Gorse, a fox went away gallantly from Kingstanding, and ran exactly the same line as the last time we were here. With a capital scent they ran well past the Hanbury Wood end corner of Parson's Brake, through the Park at New Lodge, down to Fox Holes, where they checked, the fox having been turned from his point—the gorse on the top of the hill—by a gentleman in black. After casting through the lower side of the Greaves, the huntsman made a clever cast right beyond the gorse on the top of the hill, and hit off the line of his fox into the dimble below the Vicarage. From here they hunted nicely across Mr. Bullock's farm, nearly to his house, where some sheep

foiled the line, and they never got on to it again. It was a merry burst to Fox-holes, and had the merit of sending a lot of half-frozen fox-hunters home warm.

It transpired to-day that that capital sportsman, Mr. Campbell, of Woodseat, whose horse fell with him on Tuesday, near Floyer's Coppice, sustained concussion of the brain, and, though reported to be better, is still far from being as well as his many friends could wish him to be.

March 1st, 1899. On Monday and Tuesday there was no hunting on account of frost, but on Tuesday night there was a sudden rise of temperature, and by Wednesday morning the ground was in a fit condition for hunting. So hounds went to Newton Gorse, the fixture for the previous day. On a warm, sunny morning we tried various places for foxes, but found them not. Newton Gorse, two or three small spinnies in the park, Blithfield Gorse, Spencer's Plantation, Blithe Moor, and Stanley Wood were all blank, and it was not till we got to the Rhododendron Covert that our ears were gladdened by the welcome note of opening hound. And then a little boy shrieked tallyho in the fox's face and headed him. But the reprimanding which the little boy got so frightened the fox that he thought it best to shift his quarters, and made off as if for Bagot's Bromley, but promptly turned back into Duckley Wood. Hounds could not run him a yard, but opportune information was forthcoming of his having gone across to the Warren, and of his having a snare on his leg. They hit off his line and ran him across a few fields to ground in the pit-hole below Heatley. They found again in Lord's Coppice, and a good fox was away across the open pointing for Bromley Park in no time, but there was next to no scent, and two and a half couples of hounds slipping on spoilt what little there was. However, some one had seen the fox, and they got on his line and walked after him a little ring back into Bagot's Park, and into the woods, where they ran him fitfully till they went home.

On Thursday hounds did not hunt, out of respect to the memory of Colonel Levett. In him the county has lost a genial, kindly friend, landlord, and neighbour, while the Hunt will miss his keen interest in its welfare.

Saturday saw hounds at Foremark, and a very small field assembled to meet them. A fox was found in Robin Wood, was bustled sharply round the covert, and rolled over –a fine old dog fox. They found again at Bretby, but could do nothing with him.

DEATH OF COLONEL T. J. LEVETT.

We very much regret to state that Colonel T. J. Levett, of Wichnor Park, died on Sunday in the south of France. By the announcement which we made on Saturday as to the hopeless condition of the Colonel our readers will have been somewhat prepared for the sad event, but it will nevertheless come as a shock to all who knew the deceased, for it was only within the past few weeks that the medical advisers began to despair of their patient's recovery, and even then the serious state of his health was not known far beyond the family circle. Some time ago Colonel Levett began to manifest signs of general breakdown, and the symptoms increased with alarming rapidity. Speedy removal abroad was decided upon by the doctors as a last resource, and when a few weeks back the Colonel left Wichnor for Pau, the belief was pretty general that the gallant officer would never return alive. He was accompanied abroad by his wife, Lady Jane Levett, and medical attendants, and the services of two English nurses were obtained from Paris. The accounts of the state of the patient which from time to time reached his relatives in England only confirmed the fears which prevailed on his departure, and a day or two ago the intelligence came that the case was

absolutely beyond recovery. This sad intimation was made known by the Colonel's eldest son, Mr. Basil Levett, to the Mayor of Lichfield, in view of the cordial relations which had existed between the deceased and the city he had so faithfully represented, not only in Parliament for five years until 1885, but on the County Council for Staffordshire. A very unfortunate circumstance in connection with the residence of the party in the hotel at Pau was the fact that an outbreak of fire caused the sudden removal of the patient to another portion of the building.

Colonel Theophilus John Levett was the eldest son of Mr. John Levett, of Wichnor (who died in 1853), by a niece of the first Marquis of Ailsa. He was born in 1829, and was consequently sixty-nine years of age. He married in 1856 Lady Jane, a daughter of the seventh Earl of Denbigh, who is about one year older and survives her husband. The issue of the marriage is two sons and one daughter—Theophilus Basil Percy Levett, who was born in 1856, and married in 1884 Lady Margaret, eldest daughter of the eighth Earl of Shaftesbury; a daughter (unmarried), and a second son—Captain Berkeley Levett (Scots Guards), who is at present in India as aide-de-camp to Lord Sandhurst. The deceased held a captain's commission in the 1st Life Guards, and on his retirement from the Army attached himself to the 2nd V.B. North Staffordshire Regiment, becoming lieut.-colonel commanding, and from 1886 to 1891 was colonel commanding the Queen's Own Royal Regiment, Staffordshire Yeomanry. His association with the volunteers extended from 1861 to 1882, and it is only three weeks since he was made hon. colonel of the yeomanry. He was a Justice of the Peace for Staffordshire and Derbyshire, and in addition D.L. of the former county. He represented the city of Lichfield in Parliament, in the Conservative interest, from 1880 to 1885. He took a keen interest in local government, and while concerned with various parochial bodies, was an active member of the Staffordshire County Council, on which he represented the city of Lichfield.

As a County Man.

When, owing to indifferent health, Colonel Levett retired from again seeking Parliamentary honours on the occasion of the redistribution of seats, he devoted himself more ardently than ever to agricultural pursuits and county and poor-law administration. With regard to the former, he never tired, whether by personal attendance at public meetings and participating in the debates thereat, or through the medium of his able pen in the Press, in endeavouring to solve the problems which then and to-day beset the tiller of the soil. He threw in his lot, heart and soul, with the agriculturist, with whom he was always in strong sympathy, and he was no less earnest in his efforts in the direction of county government. In this connection, alike on the administrative authority at Stafford, and at the Burton Board of Guardians, he brought to bear on the deliberations of those bodies a knowledge born of wide experience of men and things, and his arguments were invariably characterized by sound reasoning and good common sense. He was not one who had something to say upon everything; his observations were rather reserved for questions of substance and moment, with the result that they always carried more or less weight. Colonel Levett was proud of his county, and it caused him no little concern, when, in 1889, by reason of the new Local Government Act and the consequent rearrangement of county boundaries, there was a vague suspicion that Wichnor might be taken out of Staffordshire and placed in Derbyshire. "It is not a pleasant thing for me to reflect," the Colonel was overheard to remark, "that my family, which has been so long associated

Colonel Levett.
From a photograph
by
W. W. Winter.

William L Ellis Photo

with Staffordshire, should at this stage of its history be drafted into Derbyshire." But the Colonel's forebodings were not realized, much to his gratification. In stating that Colonel Levett gave up the idea of again entering Parliament, it must not be supposed that his loyalty to the cause of Conservatism suffered.

His Political Activity

continued, as his adherence to his party remained staunch; and on political, as indeed on social topics, he was a fluent and an effective speaker—cool, calm, and collected, but cutting, and, to his audience, convincing. He never resorted to long and wearisome speeches; he was concise and definite, and would frequently spice his remarks with a telling tale or a little caustic wit. He never minced his words or went round the bush; he took the nearest cut and hit straight home. He was a cavalryman, even in his political warfare—riding relentlessly at the foe with unvarying dash and vigour—blunt, frank, and breezy, carelessly open-hearted. These were the characteristics which delighted his hearers and certainly did not offend his opponents, who were equally appreciative of the Colonel's honesty of purpose and his disregard of ceremony. The Colonel was

Our Oldest Country Magistrate.

In the days before the formation of the borough Bench he was one of the most regular attendants at the Burton court, and the pains he took in sifting the evidence and preserving an unprejudiced mind were proverbial. He was never disturbed by a protracted case, for he ever possessed the means of varying its monotony—he was an accomplished etcher, and his pen-and-ink sketches, taken during the hearing of a case which, say, was bound at the outset to go for trial, and therefore allowed a little freedom of thought on the Bench, were marvels of artistic taste and skill. His scenes were generally landscapes, invariably relieved by a pool, and often with the spire of a village church in the perspective. As a fact, sketching was a favourite pastime with the Colonel, and in his charmingly situated house at Wichnor, overlooking as it does a most picturesque panorama, he found ample opportunity for indulging and developing his refined and artistic acquirements. Of late years the deceased had to some extent relinquished his public duties, and his visits to the police court, the Board of Guardians, and other bodies upon which he served, had become less frequent. This was due entirely to an affliction in the nether limbs, which increased with his years, and rendered physical exertion additionally painful. His interest, however, in public life and the various movements for the social well-being, and particularly when pertaining to his own county and district, remained unabated.

As a Sportsman.

Amid all his numerous and public engagements Colonel Levett succeeded in developing into a keen and accomplished sportsman. He rode regularly to hounds until his limb affliction—caused, by the way, through an injury to the thigh while jumping over a gate—compelled him to relinquish active interest in the sport, but he always retained a warm affection for the hunt. In passing, if may be mentioned that he presided at the famous meeting at Derby, called for the purpose of electing a successor to the Mastership of the Meynell hounds in place of Mr. Hamar Bass (resigned), and it was due to his great tact and judgment that the gathering which, owing to circumstances which need not be repeated, was on tenterhooks anticipating a sound breeze, was steered clear of

personalities and ill-feeling. He was a remarkably good shot, and the way he used to work his coverts made the hearts of true sportsmen to rejoice.

As a Benefactor.

The demise of Colonel Levett not only deprives the county of Stafford of one of its most conspicuous and respected personalities, but it takes from the picturesque village of Wichnor and the surrounding district a truly benevolent man—one who, no less than his devoted helpmeet, was ever mindful of the necessities of the poor and needy. Lady Jane Levett has been untiring in her exertions in the interest of her poorer neighbours, and her work in connection with the Burton Board of Guardians, as president of the Ladies' Committee, constitutes one of the brightest episodes in the history of our local poor-law administration. It was at her invitation that the aged and the sick who were inmates of the workhouse annually spent an afternoon at Wichnor, and in their wandering about the hall and the grounds, which were unrestrictingly thrown open to the indigent guests, they received the cordial co-operation of Colonel and Lady Jane Levett, who laid themselves out on that occasion solely to promote the enjoyment of the company, who can never forget the lavish entertainment of which they were recipients.

The Levetts and Wichnor Church.

The Levetts have long been associated with Wichnor, and all the dead Colonel's predecessors lie buried in the churchyard. The late Colonel was devotedly attached to the Church of England, and it is a noteworthy fact that until a few weeks ago, just prior to his departure to the south of France in search of health, he regularly and without interruption, while he was at Wichnor, read the lessons in the village church for twenty-two years. When, in 1874, the nave and aisle were newly seated with open benches, Colonel Levett placed in the edifice a stained window to the memory of his mother, while his wife, Lady Jane, in 1875, presented a new organ to the parish. The living was in the gift of the deceased as lord of the manor and chief landowner.

The funeral will take place at Wichnor on Friday afternoon.

WITH THE MEYNELL HOUNDS.

Monday, March 6th, 1899, Osmaston. A hard frost on the two preceding nights left the ground in very bad order for hunting; in fact, a good many people thought that hounds would go home. However, a long and ineffectual jog to draw the Bradley coverts gave the ground time to thaw, and, consequently, the going was not at all bad when a fox was found in Shirley Park. One was halloaed at the top side towards Rodsley, but was promptly headed and turned back. This halloa, and two or three couples of hounds on the line, led about half the field astray, for the huntsman, with the body of the pack, had almost simultaneously gone away with a fox at exactly the opposite side towards Bradley. They turned left-handed, and ran by Ednaston to Brailsford Gorse, whence the fox was viewed making his way back to Ednaston Gorse, where, however, hounds could barely own the scent. A halloa forward towards Shirley Park took them in that direction, and a very mangy fox was viewed several times in the wood, but scent was so bad that it was impossible to hunt him, and he had to be given up. They found again, in the Finney Bank, and ran by fits and starts to Rodsley, where there were two foxes on foot, one being viewed towards Shirley Park, and the other back towards the Finney Bank. After a long check by Rodsley and a long cast back, hounds hit off the line of their fox,

but could make nothing of it beyond the covert, where they found him. After drawing Longford Car blank they went home.

Tuesday, Bramshall. Another sharp frost overnight left the ground in bad condition, which was answerable for a fall or two, but luckily without any serious consequences. As a matter of course, thanks to Mr. Blount's fostering care, hounds found three or four foxes in Carry Coppice, and ran one nicely out on the lower side. They turned right-handed up the hill again, across the Uttoxeter road, and hunted prettily towards Woodcock Heath. But before he got there the fox was marked to ground in a pit-hole. They found again in the Alder Car, on the farm of Mr. Smith, whose father was such a good man to hounds, and ran across the Uttoxeter Road, and then turned left-handed over the road leading to the level crossing over the railway at Bramshall, into the long plantation near the railway. From this covert a few couples slipped on with a decided lead of the pack and ran at a good pace between the railway and the Uttoxeter road into Loxley Park Wood. A labourer viewed the fox crossing over the main road from the wood into the little spinny on the opposite side of the main road, but there was some delay in forwarding the information, which caused a check. The huntsman cast forward beyond the spinny, but, not hitting off the line, cast back, and, dropping on to his fox, brought him to hand just outside the covert, where he had been headed. They found again in Philips' Gorse (where Mr. Lovett, the sporting tenant of the farm, never grudges a share of his poultry to the fox), and ran across to Carry Coppice, and thence into Loxley Park Wood. From there the fox must have got a long start, for only a hound or two could own the line, which, oddly enough, was exactly the same one which our Alder Car fox had taken, only the reverse way, for a few fields. Then they checked on a fallow, and there was a halloa forward, but unluckily its whereabouts could not be accurately defined, and there was an end of it. After drawing Kingston Wood blank, the hounds went home.

A nice, warm morning, and a huge field of horse-folk, carriage-folk, and foot people at Radburne on Thursday. A hound or two spoke in the Rough, but there was a rumour of a vixen, or something not quite orthodox, and nothing came of it. The Squire's Gorse, Brickyard Wood, and Potlucks were blank, but Sandpit Wood held a fox, who went away across the G.N. Railway. Hounds flashed over the line on the start, and the field did their best to drive them on, so there was some delay to begin with. When the pack had a chance to settle to work they hunted slowly to Bearwardcote osier-bed, where they may have changed, as a brace of fresh foxes went away at once. The one they ran crossed the turnpike road, and, swinging left-handed, hounds ran him at a good pace just past the asylum, which they left on their right. For a minute or two it looked as if we were in for a good thing, but just past the asylum they checked, and it was evident that there were two foxes in front of them. A left-handed cast back to where we started from proved successful, and, leaving Potlucks on their right, they ran up to Silverhill, through Pildock Wood, slowly and hesitatingly, nearly up to Langley Common, where an innocent-looking fence, with a small ditch on the taking-off side and a much bigger one on the other one, caused some diversion. Just beyond this the fox was marked to ground, but, as sometimes happens, he had thought better of it, and had gone on, as hounds testified by running prettily, with Dalbury Lees just on the left, to within a field of Burrows. Here the fox turned sharp back across the Derby road, over the two well-known bottoms which were crossed handily by culverts, and then swung left-handed. For a few fields hounds chattered along merrily, as they had done once or twice before in the course of the run, and a few strong fences caused

some grief amongst their followers. One hard-riding welter weight * got a severe fall and broke his nose, much to every one's regret. But hounds were soon at fault again—a farmer's information, which put matters right, was welcome. So they hunted slowly on and got on to their fox, or a fresh one, in Parson's Gorse, and ran him to within a field of Radburne Rough. This part of the run was responsible for bringing disaster on a rare good sportsman, Mr. Maynard, who got a bad fall, and had to be taken home in a cart. Meanwhile hounds hunted slowly on by Rook hills, over the Trusley brook—which, like the poor, is always with us in these parts—till the hunt came to an end, after two hours, between Trusley village and Crop-o'-Top. Ash Grove and Arbour Field were blank, and a Hilton Gorse fox was like the Tarwood one of glorious memory, "He waited not, he was not found," but was away before hounds even got to the covert. Over the brook he went, and for five blissful minutes hounds ran fast. It was uncommonly pretty to see them fleeting like shadows, with the modified cry which betokens pace rising up in the still evening air, while the few who really were with them enjoyed the feeling of space and freedom as "they shaped their own course o'er the billowy grass," after the crowded turmoil of the earlier part of the day, while the hounds themselves must have appreciated it even more. But, alas! a turn down-wind brought them to their noses, the fire died out, and they could only work out a line a short distance further, and then had to own themselves beaten. Still, like the dying reprobate, those who saw it felt that no one could rob them of "the bit of fun they had had."

Saturday, Walton village. Such a nice, balmy morning, that it was a pleasure merely to be out of doors, and on horseback; and, when all is said and done, can there be a pleasanter way of spending the day than in riding a good horse about on good, sound grass, in good company, even if hounds do not show much sport? It is true that there was more plough thrown in to-day than the favoured followers of the Meynell hounds are accustomed to; but even so it rode light. So a contented field rode off to see Walton Wood drawn, and a fox was soon on foot and away. For the first few grass fields hounds looked like running, but a wheat field soon brought them to a check. A halloa from the carriage folk proved useful, and they puzzled out the line of a well-intentioned fox on the whole (though he meandered a bit), with the help of another halloa, to Drakelowe, and then on slowly to Caldwell, when he beat them. The biggest part of the field was left behind at Drakelowe, and followed on in an extended line of a mile and a half in length, so perhaps it was as well for some of us that the pace was slow. They found again at Drakelowe, or rather a fox was halloaed away a long way in front of them and they hunted him, or her (for some said it was a vixen), to ground on Messrs. Whittingham's farm at Rosliston. After drawing Catton blank, hounds went home.

Monday, March 13th, 1899, Doveridge. After drawing the Hare Park and Lea Hill osier-bed blank, hounds found in Uphill Wood at Doveridge. There may have been a brace of foxes, for opinions differed very much as to the description of the fox which went away. Some people averred stoutly that it was a bob-tailed one, others that it was not, while one good judge pronounced it to be a heavy vixen. Anyhow, there seemed to be two lines when they got to the Waldley-Doveridge lane. A single hound appeared to have a line up the road, while a few couples were equally busy across the road towards the Somersal brook. Quite half the pack swung towards the road as if the fox's point was for

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* Mr. Gisborne.

Waldley Coppice, and it was noticed that hounds were feeling for the scent with their heads in the air, as if it lay high. Meanwhile the rest of the pack hit a line down a hedgerow towards the brook, and began running fast. Their cry brought the others flying to them. Down to the brook charged their pursuers. A very hard-riding soldier [Captain Dugdale] picked his place and went sailing down to this "dread stream of historic disaster," as hard as his good, hog-maned, bay horse's legs could carry him. It was in or over, and "over" had it, for this bold-hearted pair landed on the far side with a fall, and, picking themselves up quickly, galloped on with a lead. Some of the oldest amongst us may remember Charles Leedham jumping this same brook at an outrageously wide place on a wonderful four-year-old, and how his immediate follower did not succeed in landing much farther than half-way. To-day the rest of us went in and out, and those who took advantage of the master's quick eye, and followed his lead, were the quickest over, and hounds went running on. If only there was always a brook in the first field how much the better would our sport be. Should we ever hear such sentiments as, "Curse the scent, and hang the huntsman, rot the foxes, damn the hounds?" Not we. We should only be cussing ourselves for not being with them.

> "So for sundry fair minutes they run and they race,
> 'Tis a heaven to some, 'tis a life-time to all."

With no one to override them, with plenty of room, and a more than useful scent, they chirruped along in close order pointing for Marston Woodhouse. Right-handed they swung, happening on convenient places for us to cross two awkward bottoms, over Mr. Cottrell's farm, to Somersal, past the picturesque, old-world hall, where their cry made most tuneful melody, dear to the sporting souls of its owners, than whom none loved better to follow it. Would that they were here to-day with us in the flesh, as they may have been, who knows, in the spirit! A short turn to the right, an equally sharp one to the left, and hounds were at fault on the lane which leads, through grassy fields, to Brockford. Not for long, though. "Rose again the joyous rally," as the veterans of the pack fling eagerly forward, left-handed, and, hitting off the line, call eagerly to their mates to join them, as they scud along past the old oak, which has seen the same merry game played out with chiding hound and flying quarry by Englishman, Norman, Saxon, Dane, or Celt, for aught we know, and will see it for many a decade yet, till that, it is to be hoped, far distant day when the horn shall sound no more, when the note of opening hound shall no longer gladden the heart of man, when the fox, sole remnant of a race as extinct as the dodo, shall take his place in the Zoo, and the old oak be rotting piece by piece in the sod where now it stands. But forward, leave oaks and dodos to whom you please. It is by thinking of such things when galloping across country that folks, as Mr. Jorrocks observes, "brick their necks," or lose the hounds, which is nearly as bad. So forward on, nurse your trusty hunter, an you will, up the opposing slope, and then take your fill of the pretty fencing and sound grass which you will encounter, as hounds run merrily on straight for Maresfield Gorse. Into the lane from Somersal to Sudbury they pour and over the fence out of it. Of course our fox is off for Sudbury Coppice, and what not beyond! "Of course" only—a man ploughing has headed him, and he has turned right-handed, very short, by Ling's farm, across the road again, over the Uttoxeter main road, past Lake Banks, into those alluring meadows by the Dove. Alluring truly, but alarming too, after thirty minutes, best pace. Is not a horse full of mettle wanted to cope with these strong, broad-ditched fences, instead of one with the steel half out of him? But

the steel is out of the run, and out of the fox too by this time, and he is creeping about scentless, while the huntsman is pitting human brains against his. Man, the many-counselled one, is after thee, thou robber of hen roosts. And in this case thy cunning is no match for his. In vain hast thou turned, twisted, and doubled, down this deep ditch, and up that, along under the river bank, and hast crept by every depression in the ground, into thy last fancied stronghold. Vixen, and Verity, Wonderful, Lullaby, and Witchcraft are on your tracks, and death is not far off. These same lake banks have heard the who-whoop sounded over many of thy brethren, and they shall hear it over thee. Hark! they have him. No! Yonder he goes. One last effort in the open, but he dare not face it, and turns back to meet his fate, and to yield his bobbed and draggled brush to be carried home as a prized trophy, and kindly memento of the huntsman, by the little boy [Master Basil Randall] on the skewbald pony. "Is it a vixen?" some one asked the huntsman. "No, sir, quite the contrary," was the dry rejoinder. The afternoon was spent in running backwards and forwards about Eaton Wood and the adjoining coverts.

"Life," as Tom Brown somewhere remarks, "is not all beer and skittles," and, as in life, so in hunting, for Tuesday was to Monday as small beer is to champagne. A small field met hounds at Yoxall, and jogged off Blithbury way in good spirits and sunny weather. Why deal with a long string of disappointments? Not till they got to the Brakenhurst did hounds find a fox, and him they lost after a very short excursion out Yoxall way. After drawing Byrkley Gorse, Jackson's Bank, and Dolesfoot blank, they went home.

Thursday, at Willington, was a horse of quite a different colour, as our American cousins say, and yet it does not lend itself to lengthy description. There was a thick fog in the morning, a hot sun afterwards, and a scent all day, but rather of the brilliant than the holding order, as was proved when hounds got away on the back of rather a poor-looking little fox at Burnaston Gorse. The leading couples for a great part of the pack were some time in getting up, ran at a great pace, past the Haycock, and into the little plantation on the sewage farm, where they checked; but the fox had been viewed away, and even over the sewage farm they could run nicely. Over the Burton road they went, and just beyond a lady [Mrs. Dugdale] had a narrow escape of a bad accident through the saddle turning round. At the spinny by Mr. Waite's farm they checked, but a man on a cart had seen the fox, and they got on to his line, and ran him past Spilsbury's Plantation, and quite nicely for a few fields beyond, bearing left-handed up to Little Derby. But scent was decidedly evanescent in the hot sun, and though they did touch the line when the huntsmen cast back round Spilsbury's, they could not make much of it when their fox had got a bit in front of them, and he had to be given up. Hounds were some time in covert at Egginton Gorse before a fox was on foot. But, like Charles Lamb at the India Office, he made amends for beginning late by leaving early, for, when once found, he was soon away at the bottom end, crossing the brook and great Northern Railway. As soon as hounds had fairly settled to the line they began to run with a vengeance. Heads up and sterns down, they raced by Horgate Manor on their left, by Ivy Croft, over the big brook, with Hilton Mill on the right. Over the lane leading to Marston-on-Dove they ran at an undiminished pace and with only a select few in their immediate wake. Right-handed, they swung over the main Derby road, and raced their fox to ground in a pit-hole on Mr. Tipper's farm at Hilton Fields. A real, soul-stirring little gallop of fifteen bright minutes, only marred by a series of accidents caused by that awful curse to a hunting field—barbed wire, to wit. The principal victims were a lady [Miss

Vickers], a visitor to our country, who finds no fence too big for her, and a gallant soldier [Captain Dugdale], who always likes to be in the van and usually is.

"When thickest the fences and quickest the burst,
'Tis a hundred to one this soldier is first."

It was a melancholy spectacle to see a leading spirit like this condemned to walk sadly home by the side of his torn and bleeding horse, and shortly afterwards to meet a fellow-sufferer garbed in a habit in equally evil case.

"Now twist us your binders as strong as you will,
We must all take our chance of cropper or spill;
There are scores of young ashes to stiffen the gaps,
And a blind double ditch is the surest of traps.
But remember, fair sportsmen fair usage require,
So up with the timber and down with the wire."

One thing, too, farmers often forget. It is not the gap-jumpers and hedge-breakers who get caught, but the leading spirits—the men whose horses jump big and clean—the men whom, so the writer has often been assured by farmers, the latter like to see riding boldly over the country. It is a pity to kill the good ones. Remember that

"Here all are equal. No class legislation,
No prejudice hinders, no family pride.
In the image of war show the pluck of the nation.
Ride, ancient Patrician! Democracy, ride!"

and give them a chance. Foster the one school which is left us, to engender that spirit, which has made England what it is—that grand exercise ground for

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill."

And all this has come out of two accidents. Bear with it, kindly readers, "out of a full heart, the mouth speaketh," but the subject shall not be touched on again—at any rate, not in this year of grace 1899.

Saturday saw a small company hospitably received at Coton, and if any one went away empty it was no fault of the host or hostess.* A bitter, black morning took the place of the sunny previous days, and plunged us back into mid-winter without giving us a scent to make up for it. But the master's arrangement for the day proved a very happy one. For, finding a brace of foxes in the Fauld Plaster Pit coverts, thanks to Mr. Shelly's careful earth stopping, hounds ran one over a charming line of country towards Hanbury, but turned left-handed, and ran over Mr. Shelly's farm, past Hareholes, over Mr. Foster's (another good friend to foxes) to Blackbrook, where they turned left-handed past Mr. Snow's house, and ran by Mr. Archer's, Castle Hayes. Here the fox turned short back, as if he meant going back to the Plaster Pits, but, being headed by a man ploughing, turned back, very short, and ran straight for Rolleston, where the park palings stood him in good stead by causing a check, which saved his brush. Hounds never ran fast, and our fox twisted and turned a good bit, but everybody enjoyed the fun, for thanks to the good farmers of Hanbury and neighbourhood, there was not a fence which was not fair and jumpable anywhere. After drawing the Forest Banks blank from the Greaves to Bank Top, they found a little vixen in Tomlinson's Corner, who contrived to make herself scarce as soon as found, and hounds went home, thus bringing a very enjoyable week's sport to an end.

* Captain and Mrs. Dugdale.

Monday, March 20th, 1899, Sudbury Station. A very sharp frost overnight very nearly put a stop to hunting to-day. However, the Master decided to try, and gave the order to trot off to Foston. Hounds found in the Pudding Bag, and, getting a good start, ran rather nicely across the Scropton lane and over the beautiful meadows by the Dove up to the osier-bed on the main road near Sudbury station, where a lady in a pony-cart headed the fox. But, unlike most people in a similar position, she had seen him and told the Master where he had gone. So with very little delay the huntsman had hounds on the line, and they ran back to Foston. After a turn or two up and down the coverts in the Park, the fox went away the same line as before, but crossed the Sudbury road this time without intervention. After a very short excursion beyond it he recrossed the main road near Archdeacon Freer's house, and made his way into Sudbury Park. Hounds ran him quite nicely about halfway across the Park, but checked by one of the small plantations, and never got on his line again. It is possible that he had taken refuge in a tree close by, which foxes often use. After drawing Sudbury Bottoms and the Coppice—where they had been felling timber—blank, hounds found at Sapperton. Settling to the line, they ran across the lane which leads to Church Broughton, and across the road from Foston to Boylestone, and ran nicely up to the main road from Sudbury to Boylestone, which they crossed just at the top of Boylestone Hill. Beyond the road they bore rather right-handed, and ran slowly towards Cubley Mill. This is an awkward strip of country to cross, and most of us were content to watch hounds hunting slowly down to the brook. Up the opposing slope the pace improved, but they were soon brought to their noses again, and treated us to a pretty bit of hound work as they stuck perseveringly over dry fallows and wind-bitten pastures to a short running fox, which did his best to baffle them by turning at right angles, acute angles, tangents, and every intricate figure known to the professors of geometry. Nearly to Bentley Car they worked out the problem, and "a man we all swear by, a friend of our own" [Mr. Caldecott], looked like solving a problem still more obscure, when his good hunter slipped on taking off on the treacherous ground, and went smash into a very strong fence, which luckily broke. So with inward rejoicing at his escape the Hunt rode happily along, while hounds turned like harriers with their fox, who went to see why the Rector of Cubley was not out after him. Merrily they ran for a few fields, and their cry sent the rooks clamouring and protesting from the trees where they were busy building. Some of us knew the way through the Rector's garden, but others knew better still, and sat in the road below waiting for hounds to come to them. "Where are they?" people are inquiring anxiously, for, though but a few seconds before "the barns, the cots, and leafless elms return the joyous sounds," now all is silence, and not a hound to be seen. Ah! here they come, the trusted comrades of the chase, questing warily, if haply they may hit his labyrinthian windings. What has caused the check? Was it the Rector's great, slashing foxhound puppy joining unbidden in anticipated joys? Wait a moment. Flapping nostril and waving stern will in one moment find a vent in melodious sound? Mark those leading hounds. Did you ever see such eagerness repressed? But see, doubt is giving way to certainty. An electric thrill is running through every nerve of that old hound's body as she feathers on the scent and proclaims the fact in a note of tremulous joy. It hardly requires the huntsman's half-unconscious "forward" to bring up Daylight and Wonderful, Twinkle and Verity, and many another "comrade brave and true," to follow old Goodness' lead, as with swelling chorus they sink the hill, dash over the brook, shaking their sides on the bank, and swarm up the steep bank of the Cubley-Longford lane, while

their clamouring voices disturb the children at their lessons in the school hard by.

> "A puppy just entered a music can speak,
> More sweetly sonorous than Homer's own Greek,"

or whatever may be his substitute in our national schools, and if put to the vote in Cubley school this day, would not the "ayes" have it? I trow, yes. Look how they are running—the hounds, I mean, not the children. As about the tenth horseman follows his leader up the steep bank of the lane the hounds are just disappearing over the brow of the hill running for Stydd. They are bustling along now, not racing by any means, but dashing and flinging, making their ground good, all life and eagerness, and getting on with their fox. Their followers are in two divisions, nay three or four perhaps, but, of the two little knots nearest to them, one is headed by a gentleman on a brown mare and the other by a good sportsman [Mr. Tinsley] on a great, slashing, brown, long-tailed, blood horse. Now hounds swing towards one division and now towards the other as "they guide the dubious scent" wavering. Now they swing right-handed with a decided turn, over the great wide drain which runs between Stydd and the Yeavely road. The leaders on the left diverge from the line of the hounds to walk in and out of it, but a very forward light-weight [Mr. Ratcliff], like the man in the song, rode down to the little innocent-looking fence, "thinking a bit to save," and like him of the said song, "found it was a bally new-made grave. But the pace and his good hunter carried him over safely. Right-handed still the little bitches are skipping along, disturbing the cows which, with distended udders, are drawing up to the homesteads with pleasurable anticipations of the hour of milking. There is a passage of politeness between the first whipper-in and a farmer's wife, whose cow is doing her best to join the chase, as it crosses the Yeavely-Alkmonton road with Yeavley on the left, and the cow's intentions are frustrated. Who is it says "civility costs nothing, and often brings in large returns"? Perhaps it was Solomon, or, if not, it was somebody else, but, authorship apart, it is a golden maxim for people who go a hunting. But hounds are pressing on in a determined sort of way which looks bad for the fox. Longford is not far off, and Osmaston looms up on the left. Can he reach either if they keep on as they are doing now? A man must look to his steps as he rides, for are there not queer bottoms, whose width is a very variable quantity, to say nothing of wire? One of our cheeriest and best heavy-weights [Mr. Wallroth] is piloting his division as he gallops joyously on in all the peaceful serenity of one who is quite at home. "To shake him off 'tis vain to try who all the country knows." Everything looks propitious. There is a more than useful scent, and our fox is travelling straighter, as if he had some fixed point in his mind. What it was no one will ever know, for, all of a sudden, just beyond the bridle-road from Alkmonton to Shirley, and one field from the Alkmonton-Longford road, hounds were at fault. They made their own cast to the right over the road, and the huntsman made his to the left, but both efforts failed. And so the fox won the trick with honours after hounds had treated us to a very pretty hunting run of five and forty minutes.

On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Jack Frost had it all to himself.

Monday, March 27th, 1899, Brailsford Bridge. A delightful change in the weather made hunting not only possible to-day, but pleasurable. With everything in favour of a day's good sport, a large cavalcade moved off in capital spirits to Culland. A fox was soon on foot, but our high hopes were doomed to disappointment, for he was chopped in covert. The only consolation consisted in the fact of

his being mangy, and therefore, of course, better out of the way. Brailsford Gorse and the Ednaston coverts were drawn blank, but Shirley Park sustained its reputation. Hounds were some time before they found, and there was some delay in getting on to the line of a fox, which went away on the Bradley side and was viewed across the Derby road. Whether he turned back or whether there was a brace of foxes was uncertain, but, anyhow, hounds ran one back into Shirley Park. Going away again, he went to ground in Ednaston Gorse. They found a good straight-necked fox in Reeve's Moor, and ran best pace to Shirley Park to ground. The pace fairly spread-eagled the field, who followed in a string a mile long. Going back to Longford Car, a fox was away like a shot, and hounds fairly raced across the cricket-ground, over the road by the park palings, and, swinging left-handed, crossed the Tutbury road near the school. For five or six minutes they absolutely flew, and it was a treat to see them dashing and flinging, every hound eager to be first, as it were, romping with the scent like children at play. By Hill Top farm, where the Guards point-to-point started from, the pace sobered down, but still they ran nicely, till over Longford Marsh, when a couple of hounds stole a march on their comrades, and the latter were at fault. A cast to the right failed to mend matters, but, luckily, some one had seen the leading couple, and the huntsman, galloping on, hit off the line forward, and thus united his forces. Disdaining to take shelter in Boden's Thorns, which he passed on his right, our fox went fairly straight for Thurvaston, which lay on his right. Hounds hunted nicely on, with a little help, across the Trusley brook, and over Long lane nearly to Parson's Gorse, when they lost him, after a very good hunt of about forty-five minutes.

Tuesday found a moderate muster of Meynell people, and a fair sprinkling of strangers at Birchwood Park. Birchwood and the Fradswell Coverts were blank, but a fox stole away from Chartley Gorse, with a couple of hounds after him, so the main body got but a poor start. In spite of this, however, they ran him quite nicely, down-wind, across the Blythe to ground near Carry Coppice. It was short, but sweet, and exciting enough to induce a hard-riding gentleman [Mr. Caldecott], on a good-looking bay mare, to jump a rail gallantly into the river in preference to making use of the hunting-gate at the ford. Chartley Moss, Gratwich Wood, Carry Coppice, Loxley Park Wood, and the Alder Moor were drawn blank, and hounds went home. It was a great pity they did not find again, as there seemed to be a very fair scent in the morning.

Thursday at Walton gave us a sort of week-turned-upside-down feeling, and made it hard to realize the fact that it was Thursday and not Saturday. After drawing sundry small places blank, hounds found in the gardens at Drakelowe, and ran in a half-hearted sort of fashion round and about and to-and-fro the Drakelowe coverts till they lost him. But the feature of the day was the first call on the new gorse planted by that capital sportsman, Mr. Ratcliff. Nor was the call in vain, for a fox was on foot at once and away. As soon as hounds settled to the line they began to run fast towards Lullington. But the plough soon brought them to their noses, and it was a treat to see how closely they stuck to the line of a wavering fox, in spite of dusty plough and the too close attention of an eager field. Right-handed they bent towards Homestall Wood, making every inch of ground good over the plough, and driving gaily on where pasture favoured them. A very hard-riding doctor got a nasty fall and lay still for a few moments as if he was badly hurt, but to our great relief he was soon on his feet and, when once mounted again, was sailing along, proving himself to be one of the right sort. Into Homestall Wood they chattered merrily and out on the other side, where an awkward bottom with wire on the farther side barred the progress

of their immediate followers. Hounds ran straight on into Catton Wood, and right through it. Some men were halloaing and holding up their hats on the hill to the left. But the pack, adopting Bromley Davenport's advice to "beware of false halloas and juvenile riot," stuck to the line and turned short with the hunted fox, making rare play up the grassy slope to the right to the covert on its summit. Rattling him through it, they ran from scent to view, and rolled him over in the spinny across the lane after a capital hound run of forty minutes. Scent was catchy, and the nature of the ground and other things against them, so that they deserve every credit for their performance, while our thanks are due, and no doubt were duly offered, to Mr. Ratcliff. After drawing Walton Wood blank, hounds went home.

Saturday at Dunstall calls for but little comment. In warm, spring-like weather we rode about on beautiful, springy turf. No pun is intended, but as a rule there is less spring in the turf as spring comes on. Before long a fox was on foot, and they ran him across Dunstall and Rangemore, and round about. Eventually, they ran through Scotch Hills and Yoxall Wood to the Byrkley boundary, but they could carry the line no farther. A fox was viewed going away from Scotch Hills, making his way to Rangemore, and this may have been the hunted one, though of course it is only guesswork. After drawing sundry Rangemore and Dunstall coverts blank, hounds were moved off to Sinai Park, but though there was a report of five foxes having been seen together hereabouts lately, not one was forthcoming. The Henhurst was blank, and so, alas! was our last hope, that beautiful cover, Mosley's Gorse. It was a great pleasure to every one to see Mr. Gerald Hardy driving about, looking none the worse for his recent severe accident.

Monday, April 3rd, 1899, Hilton. With everything in favour of a good day's sport—fair weather, a small field, a capital country, and the certainty of a fox, to wit—hounds trotted off to draw Hilton Gorse. Cast your eye for one moment on the beautiful pastoral landscape, which stretches itself out mile upon mile beneath you to where the soft outlines of the Weaver Hills bound your horizon, and congratulate yourself, as you probably have done a thousand times, on your lot being cast in the fairest hunting country in England. If there is one thing wanting in that Paradise of grass to complete the picture it is the life and movement of a pack of hounds scudding for dear life across it, and the red coats of their followers to give a dash of positive colour to the subdued green of those fair meadows below. Have patience one moment and you will have it, for is not that a hallea, which barely reaches your ear from the leeward side of the covert, endorsed by the shrill notes of the huntsman's horn, blowing "away." Away, hoic, away!

"Away! ere yet that blast was blown
The fox had o'er the meadow flown;
Away, away, his flight he took,
Straight pointing for the Hilton brook."

Is there anything in life more exhilarating, anything which sets the blood dancing in a man's veins, like that first maddening stampede when the fox is first away? Men say the first rush of a salmon, the sight within range of the monarch of the glen which, for what seems like hours, has been stalked warily, or the wild gallop after the mighty boar, can equal it. It may be so, and if it be, thrice blessed the man into whose favoured life Fortune showers them all. Meanwhile let the present content us, as, with glad music of straining hound, jingling bridle, and deep bass of thundering hoofs, the chase sweeps over the

grip-cut surface of the Hilton meadows. Mark those tail hounds threading their way through the maze of glittering hoofs, threatening destruction, but forging steadily forward to reach the pack which is a field in front of them across the Sutton-Hilton lane. See, their efforts are rewarded, for the pack is at fault three fields farther on, and the stragglers have joined the main body once more. One cannot help being glad of it, and how they seem to enjoy their share in that swinging forward cast. A low inviting fence is before us, and fretting horses and eager riders are edging towards it. "It's no use jumping in there," a farmer remarked. "Why not?" "Because the fox has got into this stick heap here. I saw him." Even as he spoke some wide-casting hounds hit off the line forward, proving that the farmer must have been mistaken, or that there were two foxes. So they hunted nicely over the ploughed land, which came in their way as they turned left-handed for Sutton. Passing underneath the church, the pace improved on the grass, and they ran quite nicely to Arbour Field, where scent unaccountably failed. Hilton Gorse failed to respond to a second call on its resources, but a fox jumped up as hounds were trying a ploughed field between the gorse and Church Broughton, and ran a few fields in the direction of the village to a pit-hole, where hounds checked. The fox may have gone to ground here, but there was a halloa forward, and they got quickly on the line. The fox turned back, and, getting a view, hounds coursed him up a hedgerow, and looked for a moment like catching him off-hand. But the pursued gained the first cross-fence before his pursuers, and losing sight of him, they had to trust to their noses. This they did to some purpose, for they ran fast across the brook and over the Sutton-Hilton lane to Sutton Mill, where there was a considerable delay, while hounds patiently worked out a puzzling line over the brook, through cottage gardens, and a network of lanes, on to the sound pastures beyond. Here they began running again prettily up to the lane from Sutton to Hilton, which they crossed, and it looked as if their fox meant going on. But, changing his mind, he re-crossed the lane, and turned right-handed for Hilton Gorse, where he never dwelt for a moment. A couple of hounds slipped on with him, but luckily without escaping the master's eye. A note on his horn gave the office to the huntsman, who lost no time in bringing on the main body of the pack. Catching up their leaders, they ran nicely across the Hoon Farm, and over the Hoon Lane to Pennywaste. Running through this, they carried the line slowly through the top Foston Covert, and then ran smartly to the lane to Foston, where the fox was viewed just in front of them. With his back up and his brush down, he plodded across the Park into the Pudding Bag, and it looked any odds on their catching him. But there was a brace of fresh foxes in the covert, and with one of these, they came away past the Hall, through the top covert, to a point beyond Pennywaste, where, being a long way in front of them, he was given up. The hunted fox was seen, after hounds were gone, crawling about somewhere between Foston and Scropton. It was a capital hunt of about forty minutes up to the Pudding Bag, which every one voted most enjoyable. Later on they found at Potter's, and ran fast for about ten minutes, over the little brook pointing for Longford, but turned right-handed nearly to the Spath, and on to the big field beyond Barton, where they checked, but, hitting off the line a bit to the left, ran nicely towards Sapperton, and then more slowly, right-handed, across Mr. Wainwright's farm in the parish of Boylestone, back to Potter's.

Tuesday, Hoar Cross. They found at once in the Birchwood and ran up to the top end towards Chantry Wood, where they checked. The huntsman cast back into the wood, but, hearing a halloa towards the Abbots Bromley road, lost no time in getting to it. Hounds got on the line just before they came to the

road, and ran, intermittently, through Field House Coppice and the spinny opposite Daisy Bank, to Dog Kennel Wood, where they lost him. They found again in the Brakenhurst and ran across the Yoxall road towards Yoxall Lodge, but turned back again into the Brakenhurst, and ran nearly to the road which divides the latter from Jackson's Bank. Here there were two lines and there was a halloa towards Yoxall. But hounds must have got to very close quarters with one fox, for, with a rare crash of music, they raced down the hill, over the brook, and, bearing left-handed, ran at a great pace to Hoar Cross. Two people of opposite sexes seemed to be particularly enjoying riding the exact line of the hounds across a very strongly-fenced bit of country. Hounds checked near the Old Hall, but the fox was viewed, and, getting on his line, hounds ran at a good pace to Birch Wood, where they checked just inside the fence, and never touched his line again. There was a halloa to the right towards the Hall just as they got to the Birch Wood, and their fox may have gone that way. No fox was to be found in Yoxall, and, though they say there is luck in odd numbers, Kingstanding failed us at the third time of asking.

Thursday, Swilcar Lawn, where Mr. Arliss entertained all comers with his usual hospitality. The clerk of the weather also treated us very well by sandwiching a nice still day—quite a perfect one for woodland hunting—in between two very rough ones. Hounds drew from Bank Top to the middle of Bagot's Wood before they found. The fox set his head for Parkside, but promptly turned short back. There were two simultaneous halloas in different directions soon afterwards, so there must have been a brace of foxes, but hounds got on to one of the right sort, for he ran as straight as a gun-barrel the whole length of the wood into Lord's Coppice, and out at the end of it. The pack ran well through the wood, and great was the grumbling of their followers as they plunged into a soft place here, jumped a ditch to avoid one there, cannoned against a tree, or scratched their faces in the bushes. However, everything comes to an end, and so did the wood, but it was not a very large party who got away on good terms with the hounds, and accompanied the huntsman and first whipper-in, as the former went blowing his horn for dear life, with the pack striding away best pace across the open. The master, of course, was one of them, but he had the bad luck to get hung up in a deer snare in the second field from the wood, but, luckily, without any bad results. Meanwhile hounds ran fast down to the Bromley lane, and looked for a moment as if they were going to Bromley Park, but the fox had been turned, and had run down the lane for a couple of hundred yards, till he turned out of it to the left. The huntsman cast forward, and hitting off the line of the fox at once, the pack ran at a good pace left-handed and then right-handed to where three roads meet, and where the Blithbury road diverges from the main road from Newborough to Abbots Bromley, where the run was practically over. They found again in the Rhododendron Covert at Blithfield and ran very fast to the Warren, all along the top of it, across the road to Newton village by Newton Hurst to ground just outside Kingston Wood.

At the end of the season Harry Bonner resigned and retired into private life, taking the King's Arms at Bicester. He had shared the general bad luck of the season, having illness, bad scenting weather, and sickness in kennel to contend against.

Field, April 1st, 1899 :—

MEYNELL HUNT POINT-TO-POINT STEEPLECHASE.

Ednaston—a prettily-situated village near Osmaston Manor, the stately seat of Sir Peter Walker, Bart., was the scene last Wednesday of the annual point-to-point meeting in connection with the Meynell Hunt. A keen frost over night had rendered the course rather hard, and for some little time doubt was entertained if a start could be made under the circumstances. An hour's postponement, however, rendered matters more safe underfoot, and eventually it was decided to run the events. The weather at the commencement was most winterly—a cold, piercing wind, with occasional snowflakes, lasting throughout the whole of the day. Notwithstanding this drawback, there was a large and distinguished assemblage, most of the county families being represented. The prize-givers were Sir Peter Walker, Mr. R. Fort, and Mr. F. A. Brace. Results :—

LIGHT-WEIGHT STEEPLECHASE.

Miss Ida Firman ns. Mr. F. M. Freake's Bilbery II. (owner), 1; Mrs. R. Knowles ns. Mr. Cave-Brown-Cave's Triton (Mr. Green), 2; Miss Saville ns. Mr. Greville Clayton's Sambo (owner), 3. Twenty-two ran. San Juan drew away, followed by Bilberry II. and Triton. The leader maintained his position for about three and a half miles when he fell. Bilberry II. and Triton then took command, and the first-named was leading a long way half a mile from home, but Triton got on almost equal terms, and Bilberry won by a length; Sambo was four lengths in rear of Triton.

RED-COAT STEEPLECHASE.

Miss Ethel Okeover ns. Sir Peter Walker's Victoria (Mr. C. F. Crawshay), 1; Miss Marian Hartley ns. Mr. Wm. Nuttall's Gordon (Mr. Chas. Garnett), 2; Miss Chandos-Pole ns. her own mare Duck (Mr. A. Payne Gallwey), 3. Fifteen ran. Gordon took the lead up to the top of the hill, with Victoria and Duck at close quarters. Reaching the summit of the hill, Victoria headed Gordon and held her own to the end, winning by a length and a half.

FARMERS' STEEPLECHASE.

Mr. O. Dixon's Polly (Mr. T. Archer), 1; Mr. Wm. Hall's Lilley (Mr. F. H. Unwin), 2. Polly made all the running, and won in a canter.

WELTER STEEPLECHASE.

Mrs. Walter Boden ns. Captain Hambro's Salt Fish (owner), 1; Miss D'Arcy Clarke ns. Mr. C. H. Simpson's Gambler (owner), 2; Miss E. Roylance Court ns. Captain Higson's Batsman (owner), 3. Monte led to the third hurdle in the straight for home, when Salt Fish went to the front and won by two and a half lengths; the same between second and third.

CHAPTER XXI.

"STEVE"—A COUPLE OF HOUNDS DUG OUT OF A DRAIN—GOOD BRAILSFORD DAY—A BISHTON FOX—WEDDING PRESENT TO MR. AND MRS. FRANK COOPER—A GOOD CUBLEY BYE-DAY—A BATCH OF YOUNGSTERS—SPORT IMPROVES—A TERRIER KILLS THE FOX—A CLINKING GALLOP FROM REEVE'S MOOR—GREAT DAY WITH THE "SQUIRE'S" HOUNDS—A HARD DAY FROM LONGFORD—THE LAST DAY OF THE "SQUIRE'S" PACK.

1899–1900.

This season was full of promise, and every one felt satisfied with the staff. Stephen Burtenshaw had been a universal favourite as first whipper-in, and justly so, for a more civil, pleasant-mannered, obliging man there could not be, while he was as keen as mustard. It is not going beyond the mark to hazard an opinion that, if the Hunt had been canvassed, a very large majority would have been in favour of his being huntsman. William Weston from Colonel Chandos-Pole's hounds, a fine horseman, was first, and Tom Taylor, a hard-riding, active fellow, second whipper-in.

WITH THE MEYNELL HOUNDS.

Monday, October 30th, was the opening day at Sudbury, and for the first time for many years the Coppice was chosen for the place of meeting, as the song says. The stars in their courses, we are told, fought against Sisera, but the elements fought on the side of the Meynell. A down-right soaking rain, which made the going excellent, made way for a perfect day. Every one could don their new habit or coat without fear of damaging it, and the rain had rendered it soft falling for any one who was destined to soil a new pink. No less than three fulfilled that destiny at the first fence. But we have not got to it yet. We must have a look at the hounds first, and a pleasing sight they are with their well-filled backs, fine coats, and bright eyes. It does not take an expert to tell that they are in rare fettle. Then, are not old friends arriving every minute, and cheery greetings

being exchanged; yet, as the poet sings, "Half is mirth and half is sorrow," for do we not, one and all, miss many a face we would fain see amongst us once more? Had they been there they would have rejoiced with us, and, being absent, they would not grudge us the sport that followed. Sudbury Coppice, of course, held a fox, who went away across the Oak Lane, and hounds followed at a good pace over the main Ashbourne road, opposite Cubley Lodge, and, swinging left-handed, ran down to the Cubley brook near the mill. Without crossing the brook they turned right-handed, and checked on the top of Boylestone Hill, where hounds divided, a few couples going for Sapperton, while the huntsman, with the main body, hunted a cold line to a point beyond Boylestone, where scent failed. Coming back to the coppice, after a turn or two round the covert, the fox went away on the Vernon's Oak side, ran through the Oak plantation, and so out across Malcolmsley, right-handed over the Oak lane, to ground in the coppice, where he defied all efforts to dislodge him. They found again in the Alder Moor, and ran across the Twelve Acres farm to ground in Sudbury Park. They found again in the Lake Banks, and killed. Finding another in the osiers by the river, they ran to Smith's Gorse, whence a brace of fresh foxes went away, while they ran their hunted fox back to the osiers. Being a stout-hearted customer, he swam the river boldly and set his head straight for the great earth at Houndhill. But the gardener there, having a sporting soul, was one too many for him, and stopped the earths just in time. So our friend went on his way towards the woods, rejoicing or not, as the case may be. Meanwhile the first whipper-in, not to be outdone by a fox, plunged equally boldly into the swollen Dove in pursuit of the hounds, who had already swum the stream. After him followed a lady [Mrs. Walter Boden], over whose horse's back the water swirled, and a few others, all of whom got over in safety. Lower down a solitary horseman [Mr. Leonard Carlisle] essayed to cross by the lower ford, but ill-luck attended his plucky attempt, for he and his horse parted company mid-way, though they both emerged safely, in detachments, on the farther side. It is ill swopping horses, say our Yankee cousins, in the middle of the stream. While all this was happening in full view of those more prudent wights who preferred the Sudbury bridge, an old hand [Mr. Peacock] had viewed another fox stealing back from the river towards the Lake Banks. So the huntsman got hold of his hounds, slipped back with them, chased his fox into the Lake Banks, and killed him forthwith. To be strictly honest, it is necessary to add that there was a difference of opinion on this point—many people asserting that the same fox crossed and recrossed the river, which reminds one of the story of Beckford and his huntsman. The latter having made an unsuccessful cast, gave his master so many good reasons why the fox ought to have gone where the huntsman supposed he had, that Beckford laughingly remarked, that "if the fox was a fool that was not the man's fault."

Tuesday, at Blithbury, resulted in the finding of many foxes, reminding us of the palmy days when Mr. Crossman held sway in those parts, and one of a leash in Rough Park led hounds a merry dance late in the afternoon to the big wood at Wichnor, where they were stopped, and did not get back to kennels till seven o'clock.

On Thursday every one was, as usual, hospitably entertained at Radburne, and the Squire was full of the capital day his own hounds had had for their *début* for this season at Hopton on the Wednesday. Hounds drew the Sand Pit blank, but they found in the Potlucks, and ran to the fishpond in the park by the rectory, and caught him, a result with which perhaps the human brigade had as much to do as the canine. Common Nursery was then drawn, and held a brace, one of which went away as far as the main road, where he was headed, and,

retracing his steps to the Common Nursery, was lost. They then drew Parson's Gorse, which has been laid since last year, making a grand fox covert, but one which it takes a very resolute hound to face. A fox was there, and they forced him into the open, across the road to the left, ran him down the lane to ground in a drain on one of Mr. Meynell's farms. The famous Rough proved the *pièce de résistance* of the day, for it furnished a fox, who ran a nice ring of eighteen minutes round Mr. Frank Newton's house, and back through the Rough to a point beyond, where they lost him. The bridges by the Rough proved unequal to the call made upon them, and gave way, so it was lucky hounds did not run far or fast beyond the Rough, or there would have been nobody with them probably. Sutton Gorse, Arbour Field, and Dussy Bank were all blank, but they found in the osiers below the Ash, with only a score or so of followers left out of a field of nearly three hundred, and ran along the brook by Dussy Bank and Sutton Gorse, over a line of country which takes a lot of doing, to ground in a field by the Ash, after a capital hunt of thirty-eight minutes.

Saturday, Wichnor.—They found in the big wood, and ran out towards Dunstall and lost him, scent being wretched. Found again in the Fishpond Covert, ran up to the Dunstall road, and lost him. They found again in the White Wood at Hollyhurst, and ran back to Wichnor to ground in the covert on the side of the hill, where they killed something like five brace of cubs in one morning, cub-hunting two years ago. Hounds then went to the Brakenhurst, where there were plenty of foxes, but not an atom of scent.

Rough, boisterous weather is not usually accompanied by brilliant sport, though, as every one knows, hounds can and do run under all sorts of climatic conditions; nor can we expect great things of young foxes in November, and it is not surprising that there is nothing much to chronicle in the past week.

Monday, November 6th, Tutbury Station.—Hounds drew Marston bottoms and osiers blank, but found no less than four foxes in Hilton Gorse, a brace of which were chopped in the gorse. A third went away as if for Sutton, but turned left-handed by the brook, and, making the best of his way downhill, crossed the main Derby and Uttoxeter road. Bearing a little left-handed, he found refuge in a drain in a cottage garden at Hatton. Hence it was decided to eject him at all cost, for it was quite possible that he was *the* robber of henroosts who has been creating sad havoc amongst the poultry in these parts. As the digging proceeded, "the first thing they did find" was Dampish and Truelass, who had followed their fox down the drain and could not get out again, thus adducing a novel argument in favour of the unpopular practice of digging. No sooner had they been rescued than a good terrier bolted the fox handsomely, who ran parallel with the road from Tutbury Station up to the turnpike road. Crossing this, hounds ran him on to Mr. Archer's farm, Hoon Cottage, and caught him. They had been running twenty minutes when he got to ground, and they ran him seven minutes up to the time when they killed him. They then trotted off to Barton Blount, and found in the Rookery Plantation. Crossing Mount Pleasant farm, they ran pointing for Hilton Gorse, and, turning left-handed, came back to the Rookery Plantation. Without dwelling here, they ran another ring nearly up to Church Broughton, and back again to where they found him. To make a long story short, they kept ringing and changing for an hour and twenty minutes, by which time most people had had enough, and hounds went home.

Thursday, Swarkestone Bridge.—They drew the Osiers and Back Cuttings blank, while the same bad luck pursued us at Sinfin Moor and Sale's Covert. Hell Meadows, however, held a fox, who took us a ring by Mickleover to the

Burnaston road, where he turned short back through Bunker's Hill, and so, by Findern, to Hell Meadows, after a nice thirty minutes. Here he elected to remain, and, after being hunted round about the covert for twenty minutes or so, contrived to efface himself somehow. In all probability he got into a rabbit-burrow, as the earths were securely stopped. Spilsbury Plantations were next drawn, and held a brace of foxes, one of which led hounds by Mickleover and Bearwardcote to Burnaston, where, unluckily, hounds divided. The main body of the pack hit a stale line down one side of the avenue, and, while every one's attention was concentrated on them, six couples slipped away back on the other side of the avenue, and were seen running unattended towards Spilsbury's, no doubt on the line of the hunted fox. The stale line, which was meanwhile occupying the main body, grew colder and colder, till hounds could follow it no longer, and it had to be given up as hopeless. An old sportsman used first of all to ask, "Did you kill your fox?" and then, if that was answered in the affirmative, "Did you tire your horse?" If the answer to this was "Yes" also, he used to remark, "Then you had a good day." So, as most people's horses were tired, Thursday might lay credit to having been at least half a good day.

Thursday, November 16th, at Brailsford Hall, was a typical hunting morning, nor were those who predicted a good scent out in their reckoning. For, finding at once in White's Wood, hounds got a good start, and pushed along merrily, leaving Mercaston on their right in a generally straight direction for Hulland. Of course on a nice fine day at this time of the year there are always people at work in the fields, and with the best of intentions a fox cannot go quite straight. Still, in spite of a zig-zag now and then, and a sharp turn or two, this fox kept making his way as if he had a definite point in his head. So things went well till we got to Tait's Wood, pretty nearly opposite Hulland Hall, where something untoward usually happens. To-day four or five hounds seemed to have a line at the bottom of the hill below Tait's Wood, and, as a matter of fact, Mr. Hall, coming out to join us later on, riding bare-backed on a rare good black mare, reported seeing the fox pointing for Blackwall. But meanwhile a fox had been viewed in Tait's Wood, and may possibly have got to ground there. Anyhow the huntsman cast on forward towards Hulland, till a halloa back caused him to retrace his steps. Just at this moment there was a faint halloa out Blackwall way. Hounds, however, got on the line of the fox halloaed back, and re-crossing the lane to Hulland, ran nicely back, and down to the Spinnythorne Brook. Up to Tait's Wood they had been running twenty minutes, and those twenty minutes had been most enjoyable. After that it was a case of slow hunting, luckily, too, as they crossed and re-crossed the brook, which was wired in most places. The huntsman got his horse's hind leg caught up in a strand of plain wire, and was extricated by the aid of some good sportsmen with wire-clippers. Thus the chase wended its way slowly onwards, bearing always left-handed, following more or less the course first of the Spinnythorne and then of the Brailsford Brook, over a wild, rushy country. Along the osier-beds below Ednaston they made out the line with difficulty, till at last it looked like a forlorn hope, which was made none the rosier by the pressing forward of an over eager field. But Hasty helped her comrades out of their difficulties, and, bearing left-handed still, they carried the line to Brailsford Gorse after hunting for the best part of two hours. Hence after some delay a fox went away to the right of Ednaston Gorse, and, turning back, got to ground by the bridle-road, which leads down the valley between Brailsford Gorse and Ednaston Gorse, into the Brailsford road. They drew Brailsford Gorse again, and the fox, trying to break on the Brailsford side, was headed and killed.

After drawing Culland and Brailsford Car blank, they found in Boden's Thorns a fox, who went away on the Sutton side, and ran the lane to Sutton for a short distance, till he made a detour to the right, only to return to the lane again shortly, which he followed for a hundred yards, and then turned out of it to the left and then made off towards the Spath. Hounds came into the lane, crossed it, and ran a line briskly, in the opposite direction, back to Boden's Thorns, when they dwelt for a few moments, and then went away towards Thurvaston Stoop. During this little ring a very popular and hard-riding young lady [Miss Geraldine Mosley] got down through her horse over-jumping himself, but picked herself up pluckily, declaring that no harm was done. Leaving Thurvaston on their left, hounds ran hard by Dalbury Hollow to Radburne Rough. Here they swung right-handed round Mr. Frank Newton's house at Bearwardcote, as if they were going for Potlucks, but turned short of this left-handed, pointing for the earths beyond the Derby and Etwall Road. Before reaching them there were two lines, but Muslin and Verity were racing up a hedgerow as if they were fairly coursing their fox, and the huntsman naturally cast in his lot with them. For some unaccountable reason, however, scent changed in a moment from hot to cold, and the hounds, which had been chasing like fire, were suddenly brought to their noses; so much so, in fact, that eventually all trace of the fox was lost, thus bringing a capital run of nearly forty minutes, three-quarters of which had been decidedly fast, to an end. This was voted by a good many people the best day we have had so far this season.

Saturday.—A dense fog prevailed at Newborough and elsewhere.

Tuesday, November 28th, at Birch Wood Park, and a good old-fashioned Tuesday too. Hounds never, it is true, ran any great pace continuously, nor did the fox make any distant point, but when this is said, there is nothing more to be urged against a very enjoyable day. To begin with, they found at once in the Birchwood and ran across the Field-Milwich road pointing for Chartley, but soon swung right-handed for Fradswell dimbles, where they checked. Hitting it off again, they ran, leaving the Hall on the right, down to the lane below, where the fox ran the road for a bit, and hounds puzzled it out prettily, till this fox left it, and turning right-handed, gave them a chance of running a little faster over sound pastures. Thus they forged ahead over the Gayton-Milwich road, and across the Gayton brook, till they checked in Gayton Gorse. After being headed once at the bottom end towards Sandon, their fox broke covert at the top and led them over a rough sporting country, intersected by deep ravines, and decidedly hilly. Here the little bitches, having plenty of room, chattered along merrily till they got to Sandon big wood, whence their fox must have got a long start of them, for, although they could just feel the line back towards Gayton, there was not sufficient scent to make it worth while to persevere and run the risk of unnecessarily disturbing coverts in a neighbour's country. They had been running for over forty minutes up to Sandon Wood, and as far as Gayton Gorse, or perhaps even a mile beyond it, in a very fairly straight line. They found again in the Birch Wood, but could not make much of it, so Chartley Gorse was called upon, and, as usual, not in vain. Like the famous Tar Wood fox of immortal memory, this one "waited not, he was not found," but slipped quietly away on the Gratwich side, so that some cattle running about excitedly three fields away, and hounds striking a line simultaneously, alone gave notice of the fact. Hounds were away in no time, or a good part of them, at any rate, and turning short left-handed up-wind fairly raced, with only a gallant captain [Captain Dugdale], on a rare hog-maned bay, really with them, to the Birch Wood. They checked in the

lane on the Chartley side of the wood, but only for a few seconds, for, dashing over the lane, they ran the whole length of the covert. The fox, however, headed probably, turned short back towards Chartley, and they ran him right-handed by Summer Hill, where they checked. Luckily information came to hand that the fox had gone on from Birch Wood, so the huntsman lost no time in getting them on, and they ran nicely to Brinsley Wood. On going away from here the huntsman and whippers-in got their second horses, while hounds accommodatingly checked. Hitting it off again, they ran prettily, pointing for Leigh, over a nice line of country, till they checked in the road to Leigh station, just before reaching the railway. Loyalty before all is a good adage, and little Loyalty, a very promising youngster in her first season, gave us a proof of it by hitting off the line, single-handed, to the right of the road. With a cheer of encouragement the huntsman clapped on with the rest of the pack, and they ran on with the railway on their left till they crossed the river and down the road towards Field. Here Vestal and Precious alone stuck to it all down the road to the Field farm, where the huntsman held them on past the buildings, when, getting on the grass again, with a cheering cry, every hound could own the scent. Their fox tried the pit-hole here, but either the earth was stopped or he was too hot to go in, for they ran on past it as if for Carry Coppice. But no, he would not have that either, so, forging on, probably fairly tired by this time, he made for another shelter. That, too, he passed by and ran parallel with the Carry Coppice lane, till he got past the coppice. Then he turned left over the lane, where they checked. Only for a moment, though, for, hitting it off through the gateway, they ran fast, parallel with the lane, to the four lane ends at the beginning of Loxley Park Wood. They carried the line down the road towards Woodcock Heath for two or three hundred yards, and then could hit it off nowhere. They made their own cast to the right, and Stephen made his to the left, in the wood, and then a wide one all round and forward to the right, but to no purpose. So a good fox beat them after a capital hunt of over an hour.

The Meynell hounds met at Foston Hall on Monday, December 4th, and drew together what was generally regarded as a record attendance. It was "open house" at the Hall, and the Hon. George and Lady Mildred Allsopp entertained all comers with the most generous hospitality. Those present included the Master and Mrs. Fort, Col. R. W. Chandos-Pole (Radburne), Col. the Hon. Wenman Coke, Lady Mosley and the Misses Mosley, Mr. and Mrs. Wallroth, Mr. and Mrs. Brace, the Misses Gretton (Sudbury), Mr. and Mrs. Kempson, Miss Firman, Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Boden, Capt. the Hon. Herbert and Mrs. Allsopp, Mr. and Miss Victoria Okeover, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Charrington, Mr. Maynard, Mr. and Miss Hartley, the Rev. J. S. Penley, Mr. Caldecott, Mr. and Mrs. Jervis Smith and Miss Smith, Mr. Brenchley, Mr. Power, Mr. Wade, Mr. Winterbottom, Mr. Henry Boden, the Rev. Charles Boden, Mr. Henry Charrington, Mr. Bristowe, Major Meyrick, Mr. Thynne, Mr. and Mrs. Petre, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cooper, Mr. Mainwaring, Mr. Tinsley, Mr. Alfred Duncombe, Mr. J. Smith, Major and Mrs. Dugdale, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Newton, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ratcliff, Mr. Richardson, Messrs. Carlisle, Mr. and Mrs. Arliss, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Peacock, Mr. Jacobson, Mr. Gisborne, Mr. Sitwell, General Fowler Butler, Mr., Mrs. and Miss d'Arcy Clarke, Major Roy, and Mr. G. Statham. A start was made with a fox in the Pudding Bag, who broke away boldly at the Scropton end, crossed the main Derby road, and pointed for Pennywaste. Scent was bad, so hounds could only poke along after him as he turned for the top covert. Here they chopped one and got away with another, who led them back to the Pudding

Bag. Going away from there he pointed for Sapperton, but turned short of it right-handed, and back again past the Hall on to Mr. Nash's farm between Foston and Sudbury, where they lost him. They chopped one in the snipe bog, and found another in the old Dove osiers, who took them into the Fishpond Covert and away past the Hall, pointing for Sapperton. After running a few fields in this direction, there was a brace of foxes on foot, and hounds changed from one to the other till they eventually got back to the Park again, where they lost him. They found again in the Pennywaste a fox who went away on the Sutton side, but was promptly headed, and turned back through the covert. He then crossed the main Derby road, and ran a few fields in the direction of Tutbury, but soon turned back and ran towards Foston. There was, however, not scent enough to do anything with him, and they lost him on Mr. Shipton's farm. Every one was very sorry indeed to see Mr. Cooper, of Barton Blount, being driven home in the Master's carriage, owing to his having sustained severe injuries to his head through a fall.

Tuesday, Newton village.—A moist, warm morning, not to say foggy. Warmth in the air and moisture in the ground are usually supposed to be the two essentials which make for scent. Unfortunately, there are frequent exceptions to the rule. Hounds drew Coley Gorse blank, and then started on their annual pilgrimage to the Bishton coverts. The popular owner * was unusually sanguine that we should find in the gorse, nor were his hopes doomed to disappointment. No fox was viewed away, but, when a batch of young hounds came bustling out on a line, and Affable proclaimed it that of a fox, the whipper-in felt justified in halloaing them away. A few musical notes on Squire Chandos-Pole's horn—he was acting master for the day in the unavoidable absence of our master—stamped the hall mark of certainty on a somewhat doubtful prelude, and the band began to play. A gate let us into the lane, but an uncompromising-looking bit of timber barred the way out of it, and hounds were running on. It did not take the huntsman many seconds to make up his mind, and a very bold welter weight [Mr. Power], following the good example, hit it hard all round, and, shaking it, disclosed its frailty. "It is easy enough now," some one exclaimed, as the pent-up field issued out of the lane over it one by one. Meanwhile hounds, after checking in the second field, slipped away at a good pace over the Moreton brook, close to the culvert, into Spencer's plantation. Without dwelling, they dashed along with a left-hand divergence, which soon swung back into a straight course, with Blithfield Gorse close on their left, over the road which leads from Newton village to the main Rugeley Road, by Admaston, over the Rugeley Road to Blithe Moor. Through this they ran and through Stansley Wood, past the square covert, turned short under Duckley Wood, and out on to the hill beyond. Just short of the road this side of Bagot's Bromley they checked, after a stirring gallop of twenty-four minutes with an accommodating fox, who chose an easy riding line, well-gated. A flock of sheep came wheeling over the line, as is their wont, especially at a ticklish moment. A wide, forward cast toward the woods, ending in Duckley Wood, failed to recover the line, but they got on to their fox, or a fox, outside Duckley Wood, at the Abbots Bromley end, and hunted him slowly to ground in the pit-hole by Forge Coppice, in seventeen minutes from Duckley Wood. Had they only got away on the back of their fox at the start, with such a scent, they must have fairly flown, and it would have been a stout fox indeed if he had reached Duckley Wood before they caught him. As it is, he lives to run another day, and is the sort every one likes to see save his brush, if it must be so. Unluckily they did not find again, having run through all the coverts which were

* Major Charles Wood.

counted on to furnish a second fox, except the gardens, in which the churchyard is situated, and here a child's funeral was being held, so, of course, hounds were taken quietly away.

Thursday, December 21st, was the first day on which these hounds have been out since the frost began on Saturday, December 9th. The field, which mustered at Lees Green to meet them, was probably the smallest on record for a Thursday, because a great many people thought it was not fit to hunt. In reality, the roads and gateways were the only slippery places. Parson's Gorse was drawn blank, but a fox was soon on foot in the Nurseries, whom they ran for six or seven minutes up to the road from Radburne to Derby, where they lost him. They found again in the Brick-kiln Wood, but lost him after a short run of a few minutes. Scent was very moderate with these foxes. They then drew the four-acres and gardens at Mickleover blank; while the Potlucks, too, was tenantless. The famous Rough was the *pièce de résistance* of the day, and amply sustained its reputation, for it held that *rara avis* in these days—a good, straight-necked fox. On the first blush there did not appear to be much scent, as hounds checked in the second field, but this was owing to a sharp right-handed turn on the part of the fox, who had started as if he meant going to Sutton Gorse. Hounds, however, flinging eagerly to recover the line, hit it off without assistance, and then ran—sometimes fast, but always at a good holding pace—for twenty-five minutes. During these, the brightest from a riding point of view of the run, they left Dalbury Hollow on the left, ran merrily down to the Trusley brook, and, bearing right-handed, chattered along parallel with it till nearly opposite Grange fields, where they crossed it. It would not have been like the Trusley brook not to have taken toll of its passengers, and to-day at least two of our number had to pay their fare. One of them will soon know all about the bottoms of the brooks in these parts, like the hard-riding squire, who claimed to have tested every ditch in Bucks, Oxon, and Northants, in the course of a long career. With plenty of room and a smaller train, hounds ran on to Over Burrows, where the fox was viewed, and we hoped to have caught him. But these hill gentry laugh at twenty-five minutes, unless the pace is a cracker, and we had been running barely as long as that up till now. Carrying the line over the road from Brailsford, they ran nicely till the cold, snowy ploughs, just short of the Car, fairly brought them to their noses, and probably saved the life of this good-travelling fox. Some foxes might have dwelt in the Car, but not so this Hector of the hills, for hounds ran straight through and out on the main road side. Crossing the Derby and Ashbourne main road, they hunted on, at times even running fast, past Wild Park, over the road between Mugginton and Mercaston, and over the Mugginton brook. Hereabouts, two men running, gesticulating, and shouting, two fields in front, naturally raised hopes of our being close on our fox, but it was their newly-sown wheat which was still more naturally the source of their anxiety, and every one rode most carefully round the extreme edge. Meanwhile hounds were getting behind their fox, owing to the cold, half-frozen ground on the hills carrying no scent, and by the time they got to the new gorse at Ravensdale Park, it was found to be hopeless to pursue their fox any longer. So ended a capital run of an hour.

This was a day snatched out of the fire, for on Friday we had snow again.

On Monday, January 1st, 1900, hounds came to Osmaston, but, owing to a thick fog, were unable to hunt. However, the occasion was utilized for presenting the Hunt wedding present, a beautiful silver gilt rose bowl, to that best of sportsmen, Mr. Frank Cooper, and Mrs. Cooper, of Barton Blount. The Master presented the

bowl with a few well-chosen words, suitable to the occasion, to which Mr. Cooper replied in an equally happy vein. The latter has always taken the keenest interest in the welfare of the Hunt, and his coverts are never drawn blank, so it was but natural that the Hunt should wish to give him some token of the esteem in which he is held, and this, owing partly to Sir Peter Walker's initiative, took the form of a wedding present as mentioned above. For the rest the well-known Osmaston hospitality did all it could to dispel the cold and gloom of an unpropitious New Year's morning.

Tuesday, Newton village.—Here another fog lay in wait for us, though half a mile on the Blithfield side of the village the atmosphere was fairly clear. So men, women, and hounds wandered about like spectres in the mist for an hour or more, till the Master gave the welcome order to dive down into Blithfield to see what it was like there. Much better it was assuredly, and a charitable fox earned our goodwill by turning back towards daylight and Kingston Wood after a brief ring from the square covert, where we found him, by Duckley Wood, and back again. From the square covert one fox crossed over into Stansley Wood and the fog, while, as has already been said, the hunted fox made his way across to the left of Bagot's Bromley and to the right of Heatley, trying the pit-hole *en route*, to Kingston Wood. Twice round the big wood they drove him, till he was fain to cry, "Enough," and to lie down in front of the hounds. How he escaped is a mystery, but escape he did, though they were all round him, and went on across Woodcock Heath, sorely tired, down to the river. But a cold bath, it seemed, was not to his liking, for though the huntsman cast his hounds across the swollen stream, while a few hardy spirits followed them, they could not speak to the line on the further side, so they and their followers had to come back again, which was a poor reward for enterprise. However, they hit off the line again on the hither side, and puzzled out an intricate course patiently into Loxley Park Wood. Here the fox was viewed dead beat, but it seemed as if they must have left him behind them and must have got away with a fresh one. Him they hunted slowly to Ashcroft, by Mr. Bateson's farm, where he beat them. They found again in Bagot's Wood, but six couples slipped on and were out of sight and hearing in no time, so, as it was getting late, it was decided to go home. Meanwhile the truants ran by Floyer's Coppice, passed Mr. Leason's farm with a brace of foxes in front of them, and by Smallwood back to the woods.

Thursday brought a large field to Sutton village. Boden's Thorns held a good fox, who took a capital line, parallel at first with the Sutton road. Turning left-handed, hounds crossed this road, and ran nicely by the Spath to Sutton Mill. There were fences which took some jumping on the way, as a good sportsman [Captain Holland] found to his cost when he fell headlong into a wide and watery ditch, and emerged dripping like a retriever. Nothing daunted, he got a change of clothes—better suited, it is true, for shooting or fishing than for fox-hunting—and was soon sailing away again in his accustomed place at the tail of the hounds, thus bearing testimony to the lines which claim that "'Tain't the red coat makes the rider, breeches, boots, nor yet the cap." Hounds meanwhile continued their course along the brook till they turned right-handed over the Sutton and Church Broughton road, through the Rookery plantation, just outside the Barton Blount gates, and ran their fox to ground in a stick heap after a very nice run of forty minutes. And what is more, their fox was unearthed and killed. In the afternoon they found in Hilton Gorse a ringing fox, who eventually ran across the High road to Marston Fields, and back to Hatton, where they lost him. Penny-waste was blank, but they found in the top Foston Covert, and ran fast through

Mr. Bentley's stackyard, across Firs Lane, where their fox was headed close to Sailors' Home osier-bed, and turned sharp back over the Marston Fields. Hounds slipped along at a good pace over the high road, through Simon's home, and over the Scropton lane, on to Mr. Shipton's farm, down to the railway. Crossing this, they ran down to the Dove, and turned parallel with it towards Tutbury. But this bold-hearted fox was not to be beaten by any river, for he crossed it bravely, and set his mask for Castle Hayes. Hounds dashed in in his wake, and pursued their course, while their followers had to gallop best pace for Tutbury Bridge, with the exception of the second whipper-in and three or four more, who made use of the bridge of the alabaster railway. Luckily, hounds ran but slowly after swimming the river, as is usually the case, so the field, who went by Castle Hill, Tutbury, caught them up before they got to Castle Hayes, and the fox saved his brush, as he deserved to do, by getting to ground in a strong badger's earth hard by. So ended a capital day's sport, which sent every one home delighted.

On Friday the Master treated us to a bye-day at Cubley Stoop, where a small but very keen division assembled. Finding in Cubley Gorse, they ran across to the Car, and drove merrily the whole length of it and out over the lane at the end. Forging nicely on up-wind, though at no great pace, they hunted up to Mr. Thorley's farm, Birch Wood Park, and so over the Marston-Montgomery-Snelston road, pointing for Roston. Perhaps our fox was headed here; at any rate, hounds could not carry the line any further, so the huntsman made a quick cast back over the road again, and, hitting off the line, hunted his fox back to Cubley Gorse. After some delay he was halloaed away at the bottom end, and they ran nicely along the Car towards the lane at the end, where the fox was headed. Only momentarily though, for he slipped out behind the people who had headed him, ran parallel with the lane for three or four fields, pointing for the Marston-Snelston road, and then, crossing the lane, ran nicely to Birch Wood Park farm again, but this time our fox turned to the right, and, leaving the Birch Wood on his left, ran nearly up to the Cubley-Ashbourne road. Being headed by the carriages, he turned right-handed, parallel with the road, back to Cubley Car and across into the gorse. Hounds had now been running for the best part of an hour, if not more, and if we had not changed foxes meantime our friend should be getting tired. But in all probability we had changed, as two, if not three, foxes had been in evidence. After bustling about for some time in the thick covert hounds got away with a fox, who crossed the Marston-Cubley lane, halfway between Marston and Cubley Stoop, and set his head for Malcomsley. But he was going a good deal faster than scent would allow hounds to go, and the too pressing attentions of an over eager field did not improve matters. So the pace slowed down, till hounds had to look to their huntsman for assistance. Nor did they look in vain, for a good forward cast put matters right, and they began running again merrily towards the green lane from Cubley to Vernon's Oak. Here the fox was headed by a group of second horsemen, and, turning right-handed, parallel with the main Ashbourne road, made for Sudbury Coppice. There were two lines in covert, and hounds got away with a fresh one, a good, straight-necked fox, who took them in a nearly direct line to Bentley Car. Here the hunted fox was viewed, but there were three or four others on foot, and, if in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, in the multiplicity of foxes there is safety. So this one beat them after all, after two hours and twenty minutes, which was a pity, as both huntsmen and hounds deserved blood, having hunted right well. They found again in Sapperton, and ran hard to Mackley House. Here, after a momentary check, they hit it off, and ran just outside Sudbury Park as if they were going for Foston. But they turned right-handed and fairly

danced across the park with a capital scent, till they checked just in front of the Hall, and it looked for a moment as if this fox might have found refuge in a tree. But he had not, for, hitting it off again, they scudded along to the Sudbury end of the park, turned sharp down the lane by Bakewell's shop, over the main road by the Rectory, right-handed behind the hall, and, bearing left, slipped along at a great pace to Wimcombgee. Dwelling here for a moment, they hit it off again, and ran into the Twelve Acres by the river. Hence a single hound [Brigand] slipped on, and was not caught till he had gone half a mile or so, which did not help matters. However, they settled to the line again, and ran prettily underneath Brocksford Gorse across the Sudbury-Uttoxeter turnpike, by Ley Hill, and along the Somersal brook side, till they turned right-handed, and ran nicely up to Hill Somersal, where they were stopped after a capital and most spirited hunt of forty minutes.

Saturday, New Inn. There was a crispness in the air which felt very hunting-like. Nor were those who predicted a good scent disappointed, for with their first fox from the plantation close to New Inn they ran fast. Crossing the road from New Inn to Kingstanding they ran into Byrkley Park, and by the Home Farm into Knightley Park, thence across the main road to ground at Tatenhill, after a nice gallop of about a quarter of an hour. After this scent went from bad to worse, and the day resulted in finding foxes and losing them as soon as found. Thus they found in the Holly Wood, ran through Knightley Park to Shore's Wood and lost. Found a third near Rangemore, but could do nothing with him. Then, in a cold, soaking rain, found in Byrkley with a like result, while the same ill-fortune attended the finding of one in the first of the Kingstanding gorses and a brace in the other.

Monday, January 8th, Osmaston Manor. There was a large field out, partly owing to its being the last day of the holidays for those who are going to serve their country and their Queen in South Africa, and who belong to the Derbyshire Yeomanry, which was to be mobilized in Derby on the following day. If they charge the Boers as gallantly as they do the fences they will render a good account of themselves, and may all good luck go with them. But to return to the subject in hand. Hounds went to draw the Bradley coverts, which were all blank, as were the Osmaston ones for a wonder, and they did not find till about two o'clock in Reeve's Moor. This fox took them a ring, by the Longford gardens and back again, when all trace of him disappeared. They found again in Longford Car, and ran at a good pace across Bailey's close, over the Longford-Derby road, crossed the little brook to the left of Alkmonton Bottoms, and ran parallel with the lane from Longford to the Dairy House. Turning right-handed, they crossed the lane and ran merrily in the direction of Bentley Car, but, swinging still right-handed before they reached it, they ran through Longford Car to ground close to the cricket-ground, after a nice run of twenty-eight minutes. Every one felt the deepest sympathy for the Master and Mrs. Fort in the sad loss which they have sustained by the death of her brother, Captain Gerard Leigh, and which prevented the former from fulfilling his duties.

Tuesday saw a remarkably small muster at Blithbury. After drawing Stannaford Wood and Black Flats blank, hounds found a very little fox in Carwarden Springs, which promptly took refuge in the adjacent farm buildings, where he remained safely ensconced, in spite of every effort to discover his hiding-place. They found again in the Grove, a good fox, who was off like a shot across the Abbots Bromley road and through Hill Ridware. No sooner were hounds clear of the houses than they settled to the line, and ran merrily on the line of a

straight-running fox. Up-wind he went, setting his pursuers an easy task as they flitted along over a charming line of country by Hunger Hill pointing for Laurence's Wood. So they ran for seventeen blissful minutes to within a field of the wood—

"Till at last a check compelled them
In his face to look;
Forward then their huntsman held them,
Right across the brook.
Rose again the joyous rally,
Clamoured louder still,
Woke the hamlet in the valley,
Echoed round the hill."

Would that it were possible for humbler pens to describe all runs in such mellifluous verse, but there is but one Whyte-Melville, and this is a prosaic world. In everyday parlance, then, a man with a dog had turned the fox, so, after making sure that he had not made his up-wind point into Laurence's Wood, the huntsman cast down-wind over the Blythe by Hamstall Ridware bridge, and, hitting off the line on the further side, hounds hunted their fox nicely, leaving Rough Park on the left, into the Brakenhurst, after a good forty minutes. Mr. Arliss's stud-groom viewed him very tired over the road near the bottom of the hill into Jackson's Bank, and, curiously enough, a few seconds later, Mr. Arliss himself viewed him back again near the top. Unluckily, there were two lines directly they crossed the road, the main body going on with the fresh one, while only a few couples turned back and stuck to the line of the hunted one. But they could not get on very well with him, and, by the time the huntsman came back with the pack, the tired fox had got too far ahead, so he beat them in the end after a capital hunt and close on a six-mile point. They found again in the Birch Wood, and, after a ring or two round and about the wood with seemingly a moderate scent, hunted him over into the Chantry Wood, where they checked. But, hitting off the line between the Newborough road and the wood, they turned right-handed, and ran like wildfire up the hill for Hoar Cross Park by Mr. Watt's house, with only one gentleman [Mr. Caldecott] really with them. Across the park they raced by Bath Wood, and then pointed for Rough Park. This, however, seemed to be too far a cry for their fox, or perhaps they changed, for they ran back into the Brakenhurst, through it, and across to Yoxall, losing him close to the Forester's Arms, after a capital thirty minutes. No doubt he found safety in some outhouse.

Thursday, Spread Eagle. We rode off in great hopes of a good gallop to draw that favourite covert, Hell Meadows. Before long a fox broke away at the lower end, and ran along the brook pointing for Mickleover, with a couple and a half of hounds after him. Every one galloped to the corner, and Squire Chandos-Pole, who was acting as Master in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Fort, blew his horn, while we waited for the huntsman and the main body of the pack. But we waited in vain, for while we had been chattering about the war, or our horses, or anything else you like, the hounds had got away right on the back of another fox on the other side, and were running up-wind as hard as they could go, with no one with them but their huntsman, and were not caught till they had run their fox to ground close to Littleover after a sharp burst of seven or eight minutes. It was an unfortunate contretemps, and of course every soul laid the blame on everything and everybody except the right person, which was himself. For after all one's self, and nobody else, is to blame, if we fail to be with hounds; but most of us try to lay it on something or somebody, which is possibly more comforting, but does not alter the fact. After every device had been

tried to smoke this fox out or dislodge him in some way or other, we had to leave him after all and ride off to draw Bunker's Hill. Hounds found at once, and getting away on good terms, ran fast to Pastures, where they checked. But their huntsman lost no time in casting them to the right of the road, and they began running again just as if there was a scent. But they soon needed encouragement to push on with their fox, for scent was evidently failing. A view close to Mr. Wallroth's house at Mickleover helped matters, and, hitting off the line again, after a momentary check, they ran up to the high road to Derby, but turned back through Mr. Wallroth's garden, and got back to Bunker's Hill, after running about twenty minutes. On going away again, there seemed to be a brace of foxes, and the huntsman had some difficulty in getting his hounds on to the line of one which they eventually hunted slowly up to Chain Lane, which leads from the Burton to the Uttoxeter main road. Here they checked, and could do no more good with this fox. After a long jog to Burnaston, they found again in the gorse, and ran to the sewage farm, where they lost their fox, after losing a great many of their followers *en route*, as it was getting foggy. They found again in Egginton Gorse, but did nothing beyond hunting slowly towards Etwall Station. The most cheering feature of the day was the sight of so many keen young hands out on their ponies eager for the fray, amongst whom were Masters Chetwynd (2), Robinson, Montgomery, Holland, Miss Walkden and two brothers, and Evelyn Charrington on his mother's bay mare. Every one was glad to see that good sportsman, Mr. Hartley, out again after his illness, while the absence of another of the right sort in Mr. Dudley Fox through being laid on the bed of sickness elicited universal expressions of sympathy.

Saturday, at Walton, was a red-letter day indeed; in fact, one very competent judge [Mr. Maynard] pronounced it the best day the Meynell have had for four years, but his opinion may possibly have been biased by the fact that he and another [Mr. Caldecott], who generally sees more of a run than most of us, admittedly had the best of the first-rate gallop in the morning. This started from Drakelowe Gardens, where hounds killed one fox, and, getting away with another, ran him, as if they were tied to his brush, through Grove Wood and on to Walton Wood. A good horse of Mr. Winterton's broke his back before getting there, making the third which has succumbed to the vicissitudes of the chase this week. Through Walton Wood the dog-hounds drove their fox with a rare dash and cry, and, swinging in their gallop, turned without a moment's hesitation on the line of their fox, as he bent left-handed to the Lullington road. With Catton Rough on their left, they went ding-donging on with a bit the best of the horses, who probably did not quite agree with the old adage of "more splash, more sport," through Catton Wood, within a field of Homestall Wood, and ran him fairly to ground in a pit-hole on Lady Lee Farm, Lullington, after a clinking gallop of forty-five minutes—as good a gallop as you want to see. Hounds ran fast with great dash and drive. "The best scent we have had this year; no wire in a single fence, and the farmers all pleased to see you," was the verdict of a rare good sportsman, who knows more about such things than most of us, and an account of a good run could hardly be summed up in a more pithy sentence. The one thing wanted to make it perfect was blood, and that hounds would undoubtedly have had but for their fox getting to ground. They found again at Catton Rough, but, curiously enough, with this fox there was no scent. They then went to what bids fair to be a famous covert, Mr. Ratcliff's gorse to wit. Hence a grand bold fox was away in a twinkling, with hounds close on his brush. So fast, indeed, did they go, with the deep ground all in their favour, that they were not overhauled till they got to Mrs. Colvile's house at Lullington. Unfortunately, she

was not out, otherwise no one would have enjoyed this grand run more than she would have done. From Lullington hounds ran on to within a field of Seal Wood. Bearing left-handed, they ran back to Caldwell, where they lost him after a capital run of forty minutes, thus bringing such a day's sport to a close as must have satisfied the veriest glutton. If one may be allowed to tamper with the lines of a poet, nothing seems more applicable to the day than these:—

"Fill your glasses! All good fellows,
Lovers of a burst;
Sportsmen safe, or riders jealous,
Bruising to be first.

"Never spare it! Let the donor
Drain his cellar's wealth!
Here's the gorse! And here's its owner,
Mr. Ratcliff's health!

"Surely now with each November
In the yearly rounds,
Walton shall we all remember
And the Meynell hounds."

Mr. Ratcliff here mentioned is a nice light-weight and a good rider to hounds. He married Miss Vaughan Lee, who also goes very well, and for some years they hunted from Hilton Cottage. After his father's death, in 1900, he went to reside on his own property, Stanford Hall, in Leicestershire. His father, Mr. Richard Ratcliff, lived at Byrkley for some time, and at Radburne Hall for the two or three years which preceded the purchase of Stanford.

THE MEYNELL HUNT.

Monday, January 14th, Doveridge. A nice morning and a hearty welcome, with open-house hospitality, are two good things in this work-a-day world, and both of these boons were in store for us at Doveridge. There were foxes, too, galore—*cela va sans dire*—and if scent was indifferent, and foxes would not go where they were wanted to, why, that, as poor Charles used to say, has happened before. To make a long story short, hounds found in Eaton Wood and circled round Doveridge for three mortal hours. A fox did, it is true, go boldly away, pointing for Norbury, but hounds were busy with another which did venture as far as the Dove, opposite Crake Marsh, only, however, to come back again, which also has happened before. Then we went to the Hare Park, and from there a fox went away, who looked as if he might have been bustled a bit earlier in the day. Three couples of hounds got away on good terms with him, and after them did "their vexed associates pant," as old Somerville has it. The leaders ran fast, and a long stream of hounds and horsemen dotted the fair meadows which lie stretched in verdant beauty between the river and Brocksford Gorse. Up the hill at the Sudbury end of the gorse dashed an augmented pack, though how they had got together is a mystery. Can anything beat the dash and courage of a fox-hound, making up leeway through a field of horsemen? Past the gorse

Somersal Hall, Somersal-Herbert.

From a photograph

by

Keene, Derby.

they ran right merrily up to the main Uttoxeter road. Turning right-handed they ran parallel with it to Broughton Hollow, where they crossed it, and then the brooklet, and went chattering over a beautiful line of country, when a little boy [Master Basil Randall] on a right good bay pony, going gallantly, charged a fence too big for juvenile effort, and was turned over handsomely. But hounds kept running on, all in a cluster now, over the road from Sudbury to Somersal, by Mr. Ling's farm, past Maresfield Gorse, and into the corner of the Alder Moor. Here the fox, finding people at work, dashed out again in a rare fluster, and, turning at a right angle, made his way up the hill again by Somersal House, past Somersal village, nearly to Lea Hill, where he crossed the Somersal brook near the osier-bed. Then turning right-handed he followed the brook course till he got to ground in a pit-hole on Mr. Smith's farm at Wardley, almost opposite Wardley Coppice, after a very nice gallop of forty minutes, which made ample amends for a bad morning.

Tuesday, Bramshall. A rainy morning developed into a nice day, and though the drops hung on the bushes, there was a scent. It was but a small field—though composed of those who "by hook or crook would have a look, I'll undertake to say," at hounds, go where they might—which followed the pack as they settled to the line of a fox who went away on the side of Philips' Gorse nearest Mr. Lovat's house.

> "There's a scent you may swear by the pace that they drive,
> You may tackle to work with a will."

And that hard-riding little field did tackle to work, as hounds ran right merrily to the right of the road, which goes past Philips' Gorse to Field, and parallel with it, but bearing towards it. Diverging from the road, they ran by Godstone, with Dodsleigh on their right, pushing along steadily and determinedly up-wind, fast enough for any one, unless we except the gentleman [Mr. Caldecott] on the chestnut, who was leading the hunt by two or three fields as the pack dashed over the road near the boundary of the Meynell and the North Staffs. hunts, and made a sharpish right-handed turn for Dobson's Gorse ere bearing for Newhouse Sprink. They went into the Old Gorse at the top end—twenty-four minutes of the best, a four-mile point, up-wind, on the whole, all the way, except where the fox made a sharp zigzag here and there, which promptly brought hounds to their noses—and came out at the bottom, so that of their following the last became first. The dog hounds were in as good voice to-day as a prima donna. "I have not heard such music," as the old sportsman said to the young lady when she rose from the piano, "since my old hound, Bellower, last opened on a woodland fox." How they threw their tongues as the spray flew over them while they dashed along the flooded meadows by the brook, and mounted the hill for Bromley Wood. Yet a little while and they ran merrily, and then came the inevitable. With an up-wind fox, one of three things, if you do not change, must happen. You must either kill him—a consummation most devoutly to be desired—run him to ground, or turn down-wind again. Unluckily to-day the latter was our fate. It is one thing to run a fresh-found fox up-wind with a good start; it is quite a different matter to walk after a half-tired dodging one some way behind him the reverse way. Besides, do not we all hate retracing our steps? The up-wind forward is like the descent of Avernus, easy and lovely; the down-wind backward resembles the climbing up again, which the poet tells us is a matter of toil and difficulty. In hunting the latter fall to hounds and huntsman. Now is the time to watch the former an you will, but, after all, is i not the pace that gives life unto the chase? So after leaving Bromley Wood on

our right we went slowly, if not sorrowfully back, checking and casting, till a friendly farmer put us on the line of our fox, pointing for Leigh, and "gone three minutes," he said. But foxes travel fast, and the huntsman was soon forced to make a wide, speculative cast, based on experience, perhaps, of the run of a former fox. Galloping off to the right across the river towards Field, he hit off the line, and they ran, with Carry Coppice on their right, across to Philips' Gorse. Just beyond the gorse towards the railway the fox, or a fox—two or three had been disturbed—was viewed back towards the gorse. Hounds spoke to the line in the gorse, but, as bad luck would have it, he beat them in the end after a good hunt of over an hour, more than half of which was in the North Stafford country. In the afternoon they found in Carry Coppice, and ran partly over the same ground as in the morning, across the Stone turnpike, by Mr. Lovat's house, and then left-handed between Field and Leigh. Crossing the Blythe, they left Dodsleigh on their right, as they did in the morning, and ran by Brindley Coppice, through Sherratt's Wood, out on to the Fradswell side, and swung round by Birch Wood Park Farm to Brindley Coppice.

Tuesday, January 22nd, Chartley. This was a beautiful, warm, cloudy, morning, but there seemed to be little or no scent with the fox they found first in Handleasow Wood—a mangy one. They just managed to hunt him into Gratwich Wood, where they killed him—a good riddance of bad rubbish. As they were on the point of drawing the gorse, a fox was halloaed in the park, but some deer ran across the line and caused confusion, and so hounds were thrown into the gorse, where perhaps they picked up the same fox. At any rate, one was soon halloaed away, pointing for Birch Wood. Settling to him, hounds ran sharply to the farm this side of the Birch Wood, where the fox was headed, and, turning at right-angles, pointed straight for the road to Gratwich. After a momentary check they hit off the line and began running hard. Some of the field kept to the left of them, and a lady [Miss Vaughan Lee, now Mrs. Payne-Gallwey], charging a gate gallantly, got a nasty fall, fortunately without any ill effects, and cleared the way for her followers. Meanwhile half a dozen or so went to the right, and hounds turned sharply in that direction. But these fared little better than the left-hand division, for they were stopped by the well-known big double, which has brought down many a bold rider from his pride of place. To-day it was some little time before they could find a way over, and, with hounds running best pace, even a momentary pause is fatal. So the pack raced away from them across the Gratwich road, dashing over the Blythe, which proved as awkward an impediment as the double, and never gave their fox a moment's respite till they bowled him over handsomely just beyond Gratwich, after a very sharp burst of eleven minutes, all down-wind. By the time the leading horsemen arrived there was not much left of the fox. So hounds won the trick with honours. After a proof of such a capital scent there were naturally high hopes of a brilliant sequel, but these were doomed to disappointment, for the simple reason that they did not find again. A hound or two spoke in Chartley Gorse, and one or two people thought they saw a fox, but nothing came of it. Turner's Gorse, the withy-beds, and the Park coverts were all blank. There seemed to be a stale line in the Moss, but you cannot extract much from a stale line. So after drawing Anglesea Coppice and Grindley Wood blank, hounds went home.

On Monday, January 29th, hounds went to Darley Moor, but were unable to hunt on account of the snow.

On Tuesday, at Newton village, snow was still on the ground, and balled a good deal in the horses' feet, which was responsible for the fall on the flat later

on in the day of a well-known member of the Hunt, but it luckily only resulted in spoiling a good hat. The day began badly in a series of disappointments, for Newton Gorse, the Rectory Plantation, Spencer's Plantation, Blithfield Gorse, and the Bishton coverts were all drawn blank. A fox, however, was at home in Coley Gorse, but whether the covert being drawn the reverse way to what it usually is upset his ideas or what, he obstinately refused to quit his quarters, and had to be left there. They found in the square covert at Blithfield a mangy fox, who sought shelter and a substitute in Duckley Wood, and found both. For after being there for the best part of ten minutes hounds got away with a fresh one, and ran him nicely across to the Warren, and then by Newtonhurst and Bagot's Bromley into Bagot's big wood, where a rare good terrier, who was rabbiting with Abberley, the keeper, nailed the fox and held him till the hounds came up and finished him. Time, twenty-five minutes, including the interval in Duckley Wood. They then drew Kingston Wood, and, finding a good straight-necked fox, ran him by Dowry Wood, and left-handed by Callow Hall on to the Warren. Here their fox made a loop before reaching Stansley Wood, and hounds, overrunning the line in their eagerness, came to a check. The huntsman, however, soon set them right—in fact, all through this good hunt they never looked to him in vain—and they bustled merrily through Stansley Wood out on to the far-stretching meadows by the Blythe down to Blithe Moor. Here they swung left-handed over the lane, and with Forge Coppice well on the left, hunted slowly, but prettily, to ground in a rabbit-warren one field beyond Ox Close Wood on the Blithbury side. They never ran very fast, it is true, as the time, fifty-four minutes with a five-mile point, goes to show; still, those who were with them had the pleasure of watching hounds hunt in peace and contentment, while they rode at their ease over a charming line of country, undisturbed by a large crowd of emulous horsemen, than which nothing so mars the enjoyment of a hunting run.

On Thursday we looked out on a white world, and there was just room for doubt as to whether hounds would hunt. However, on they went to Thurvaston Stoop, and, as good luck would have it, the snow went too, so that, though it balled a little in the morning, by the afternoon it was all gone. Culland was drawn first, and every one must have regretted the absence of its owner, Mr. Gisborne, who, in company with others of our best and bravest, has exchanged the image of war for the reality—all honour to them. There was a brace of foxes, and one—a mangy brute—did his duty by falling a victim. The other they ran slowly, crossing the boggy brook *en route* to the Fishpond Covert at Brailsford. Here they probably changed, and, bearing left-handed, ran out over the Ashbourne-Derby road, through the corner of White's Wood, pointing for Mercaston, before reaching which they lost him after a slow hunt of twenty-five minutes with an indifferent scent. A miserable, cold hour, or the best—if there was any best—part of one, was spent by Brailsford Gorse with a bad or unlucky fox, for, breaking on the Ednaston side, a sheep-dog coursed him back again. Perhaps the memory of the sheep-dog headed him when he turned back after going two fields on the other side, and nothing would induce him to venture forth again, so he had to be left where he was. They found again in the Fishpond Covert, and ran slowly back for Burrows, turned to the right, and with Pool Head on the right, passed Culland on the right, crossed the brook, and hunted slowly along the wet meadows pointing for Hollington. Bearing to the left before reaching it, they checked by the old stud farm at Longford. A backward cast recovered the line, and they hunted slowly back towards Culland till they were quite run out of scent, as the fox had got a long way in front of them, after twenty-seven minutes. Boden's Thorns holds good foxes, and one of the right

sort was there to-day, for, in spite of being headed in such a way as to daunt any but a bold fox on the Long Lane side, he went away on the Sutton side with equal courage. After a long check by the cross roads the huntsman hit him off by the bridle-road to Longford, and hounds began to run towards the Spath, as far as the road to Longford. Here they turned sharp right-handed in the direction of Culland, crossed the Longford-Derby road half a mile or so on the Derby side of the Longford inn, hunted on over the brook, and checked. Hitting it off again, they hunted slowly on over the Longford-Brailsford road, left Reeve's Moor just on the right, Longford Car on the left hand, and made their way over the lane to Rodsley by the end of the Car. Here they checked, but a good forward cast set matters right, and they hunted on, parallel with the bottom, pointing for Yeaveley. Just behind Yeaveley church this fox was given up, as it looked as if hounds would probably disturb coverts wanted for the next day. This was the best hunt of the day, as the fox had made a fair point after they had hunted him for nearly an hour, with a very catchy scent.

Friday was devoted to a bye-day at Snelston, though a sharp frost overnight made the possibility of hunting doubtful. However, the going on the grass was all right, even if the roads and the arable land were hard. Hounds found at once in the New Gorse, and ran across to the Holly Wood, after checking beyond the road which divides the two coverts. They re-crossed the same road close to Darley Moor, and ran into the road from Darley Moor to Snelston village, which they followed for a short distance, till they turned right-handed over the Park, and crossing the road to Clifton just short of the top of Colliecroft Hill, ran into the Holt. Coming away at the top, they crossed the road from Rodsley to Ashbourne, swung first left-handed and then right-handed over the road from Edlaston to Osmaston, by the little brook in the bottom, and so on into the osier-bed at Osmaston. Here they checked, and the wire-netting had evidently puzzled the fox, whose windings equally puzzled his pursuers, till Tuneful cut the Gordian knot by getting away on his line at the Shirley Park end. Up the hill they went, with Shirley Park just on their left, and sinking the hill again, ran nicely up to the earths in the spinny by the bridle-road which leads from the Yeaveley-Shirley road to Osmaston. Luckily the earths were stopped, and our fox had crossed the last-mentioned road, pointing for Longford. There was a good deal of wire hereabouts, which somewhat hindered our progress, but hounds were some way behind their fox and could run but slowly, till they were checked by the brook this side of the road which leads from Alkmonton to Longford. A cast towards the last-named place set matters right, and they hunted slowly through the corner of the Car up to the earth by the cricket-ground, which the Colonel [Colonel the Hon. W. Coke] had promptly occupied in anticipation of the fox's move. Some thought that our fox had turned to the left past the Hall, but Wedlock and one or two other trusted comrades of the chase ruled it otherwise by hitting the line down the road towards Mamerton. It was wonderful that they could own the scent on a hard-frozen road, but own it they did and carried it nearly to Mamerton. Just beyond this the huntsman cast to the right and hit off the line of a fox pointing for Barton Blount, which, however, they could not carry for more than two or three fields before they checked again. A cast to the right hit off a line pointing straight for Potter's, which it was not deemed advisable to disturb, and the hounds were stopped after hunting for about an hour and twenty minutes, during which there had been a fall or two, but with no ill effects. Take it altogether, it was a much better hunt than we had any reason to hope for under rather adverse climatic conditions. They found a fox, or rather a brace, in Cubley Gorse and

ran one into the Car, whence they went away at the north end and ran quite fast parallel with the lane which leads past Cubley Car into the Marston-Montgomery-Snelston road. Before they reached this, however, the fox was headed and turned sharp left-handed, pointing for Marston-Montgomery. Here Mr. Charles Garnett, well known between the flags, got a very ugly fall over some high, strong timber, into the squelchy lane from Marston to Snelston, and lay where he fell for some time before he was able to get on a very quiet horse and start home to have his injuries attended to. Hounds, meanwhile bearing still more left-handed, completed their circle back to the gorse in about ten minutes from the find. There the thickness of the gorse saved him, and he had to be given up. Hounds did not find again.

Monday, February 27th, at Brailsford Bridge, was the sort of day which was fit for nothing but fox-hunting. What else would induce any one to stay out of doors all day with any prospect of pleasure?

"The hunter knows no sorrow here,
The cup of life to him,
A bumper bright of fresh delight,
Fill'd sparkling to the brim."

And so it proved on Monday. In spite of torrents of rain, in spite of deep ground and sobbing, labouring steeds, every one came home jubilant, for had not the Meynell hounds had a capital run and killed their fox handsomely at the end thereof? So would they far oftener than they do if the ground always rode as deep as it did that day. A country which is favourable for horses is unfavourable for hounds, said a great authority. "The worst of this country is," poor Charles used to say, "that it rides too sound; they are always on their backs." It will not require much ingenuity to substitute the nouns for the pronouns. What boots it to tell how hounds caught a mangy fox at Ednaston; how they drew desert places at Bradley to find them deserted indeed; how for a wonder the Shirley coverts dishonoured the Master's draft; and how many thought longingly of their firesides as hounds went off to draw Reeve's Moor. But all such regrets were cast to the winds by the welcome note of opening hound. "Now where are all your sorrows, and your cares, ye gloomy souls? or where your pains and aches, ye complaining ones?" One halloa has dispelled them all. Ay, there, it is. Wait a moment, though; the fox has turned back into covert. Hark! he is away again. No; his heart has failed him. Tally-ho! Huic away, awa-a-y, awa-a-ay! Ah, now he is gone; you may gallop your best. Just one hover, and the little bitches have hit the line; there is a sort of electric quiver through every nerve of the leading hounds' bodies as the maddening scent strikes their questing nostrils, and, dropping their sterns straight as pipe-stems, they fly to the front with a whimper of delight, while their comrades score to cry straining every muscle to overtake them. Who cares a fig for the rain now?

"Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past."

Chime they do, too, as they dash over the Hollington road, and sweep on for where the plantations of Culland show dark against the stormy sky. Horses are labouring and struggling along in their wake. The Master's office, as he gallops on, as near hounds as any one, is a sinecure. "My friends, I give you leave to ride and catch them if you can," may find an echo in his heart, as he watches the pack turning and twisting with their fox, never giving him a moment's respite. What a

cry there is, too, as they slip along past Culland, over an extremely awkward line for their followers, pointing for Ednaston Hall. Deep ground may make horses sob, but it brings out the music in a pack of hounds. The high road again—but what do roads matter with such a scent as this? Vixen, and little Laundress in her first season, who have been leading the van all the way—youth will be served—are into it and over it, throwing their tongues gladly as they top the bank. The field, like sweetness long drawn out, files through the farmyard into the road, the leaders galloping on in hot pursuit. But still "hounds have it" is the honest verdict. Now they swing towards Shirley village, now they set their noses northwards, and run right through Mr. Cowper's gardens at Ednaston close, treating their followers to a bit of the steeplechase course *en route*, and picking up a fresh addition to the company in the shape of a hunter of Mr. Cowper's out at grass, who enjoys the chase none the less, perhaps, for being rider-free. On over the main road they go by Ednaston Lodge, where the fox is headed, and for the first time the huntsman has to come to their assistance. The knot is soon unravelled, and they run on through the Oak Wood, past Yeldersley Hall and the old hall, past the Firs, and into Job's Wood, over a wild, pew-y country, better fitted for pewits and fox-hunting than for aught else. The Bradley brook, better loved by fishermen than by fox-hunters, should drain it, but does not, and has to be reckoned with a second time to-day, as hounds recross it with a very tired fox close in front of them, pointing back for the outside Osmaston coverts. Longingly, no doubt, he thinks of a possible substitute for the main earths at Ednaston, but it is not to be. Harassed and weary, he meets first one straggling sportsman and then another. His heart fails him. But one shelter offers itself, and of this he avails himself in sorest need. Crouching amongst the old iron in an outhouse, he meets his doom, and pays for years of rapine and license—for a veteran was he—as every fox should. Full fifty minutes had he stood up before hounds for close on nine miles, and had afforded as good a run as has been seen for some time.

Tuesday, Kingston village. Drew Kingston Wood, all the Woodcock Heath coverts, and Loxley Park Wood blank, but found at once in Carry Coppice. The fox went away at the bottom at the end nearest the main road from Uttoxeter to Stafford, and turned left-handed for Philips' Gorse. After a short check at the start, hounds ran quite nicely into the Stone turnpike this side of the gorse. After carrying the line well down the road for a hundred yards or so, they turned out of it left-handed and ran nicely through the plantation at the field end of Carry Coppice to the pit-hole just beyond. But the earth-stopper had done his work well, and they ran on pointing for the river. Before reaching it, however, hounds divided, one lot turning short to the left, and running nicely along the river, up the hill back again, past Carry Coppice, to Philips' Gorse. Five couples crossed the river, the Master and first whipper-in, followed by most of the ladies, forded the river, which was brimful, and, stopping these hounds which were pointing for Chartley, galloped off in pursuit of the huntsman and the main body. Casting round by Gratwich and Carry Coppice, he caught them up near Philips' Gorse. After making his ground good first, the huntsman tried back into the gorse, where a fox had been viewed. This customer was headed once, and, on breaking away the second time, was chased by a sheep-dog. Hounds got on the line, but checked on the Stone road. A cast up the road set matters right, and they ran nicely to ground in a pit-hole close to Field. They found again in Chartley Gorse, where our old friend the woodcock was also in evidence, and ran smartly in the direction of Fradswell, with the Park on their left, as if they meant going for Turner's Gorse. But they turned sharp right-handed, and

ran down, with Fradswell on their right, to the main road from Milwich to Gayton, where they checked. Hitting it off beyond the wood, they hunted slowly up to Sandon Wood. Without touching this, they bore right-handed nearly to Milwich, and, working round by Coton, lost their fox at Witheysitch. He must have been a travelling customer, for, though they ran mostly up-wind, he fairly ran them out of scent. A curious incident of the run was the picking up of four couples of the North Stafford hounds, who had met that day at Sandon. These joined ours, and went home with them. If we killed no fox, we at least saved the life of a sheep, who was rescued by some keen fox-hunters on foot from a thicket, where he lay fast bound on his back, and where he would inevitably have died, had the Hunt not happened to have passed that way.

On Thursday, from Radburne, the Squire's hounds had a remarkable run of over three hours, with an eight-mile point and fully twenty miles as hounds ran. It was a great day and deserves a longer account than it is possible to give in these notes. Langley on one side of the country and Sapperton on the other were the farther points. The hunted fox went to ground in Hilton Gorse, and no doubt the rest of it, from Hilton Gorse by Hatton, Pennywaste, Sapperton, and Barton Blount, was with a fresh one.

On Friday, Walton sustained its reputation, for hounds found in Walton Wood, ran fast by Mr. Ratcliff's Gorse, nearly to Lullington, turned right-handed by Homestall Wood to Catton, where they ran into him handsomely in the hollow by the keeper's house, after a capital thirty-five minutes, in the very spot where they killed one this year, and also one last season. In the afternoon they found in Edengale osiers, and ran by Haselour down to the Mease. Here the fox crossed the river by an overhanging pollard willow, and every hound in turn followed suit. So they ran in a long streamer, unaccompanied, for no horseman can cross the river here, to Elford Gorse, where the field got up to them. Hence they hunted on to Harleston and lost him.

Saturday, Anslow.—They ran fast from behind Needwood House to the Deanery and lost him. The rest of the day calls for but little comment.

Monday, March 12th, at Bentley Brickyard, was a day which rather lent itself to lengthy description. It began well and ended well, while the middle part was not without interest—three things which, they say, go to the making of a good novel. And has not every hunting day somewhat of romance in it? A good deal, a cynic might remark, if you listen to some people. Well, to make a start after this preamble. Hounds found a fox in Bentley Car and ran him right merrily to ground in the well-known earth close to Osmaston, by the side of the bridle-way from the Alkmonton-Shirley road to Osmaston Manor. Short and sweet, and indicative of better things to come. Yet faith was needed, for they were long in coming. Bentley Car foxes had taken the hint from the first draw, and were not there at the second time of asking. Nor was there a fox in Cubley Car, though the gorse proved staunch. A small ring thence and back again, with a poor scent, was the prelude. Away again over the Cubley-Marston lane, then right-handed by the Thurvaston Arms, down towards Roston, where three forward riders [Mr. Barnsley, Mr. Maynard, and Mr. Tinsley], each picking his own place, gallantly charged the Roston bottom, and each and all, side by side, kissed their Mother Earth. Each one had cause to remember the embrace, though no serious harm was done. Bearing right-handed, hounds lost their fox near Cinder Hill. He may have got into the old quarry workings. Another fox—verily, the Snelston and Norbury estates held foxes galore this day—was viewed going away from Shutt's Dumble (whence the great run in the Squire's time, in 1888,

from Snelston to Mickleover, started), but they lost him in Snelston Park. They then drew the Holt, and ran out towards Osmaston, slowly, with a poor scent, back again by the Holt, and lost him. The Holly Wood, Snelston, held a fox, who led them, slowly again, by the Holt, out towards Osmaston, back by the Holt, into Snelston New Gorse, whence he was viewed away by a man at work, "very tired." Most foxes that people see are in that condition. However, "very tired" or not, as the case might be, he made good his escape. Then came the good thing at last. No one seemed anxious to go to Longford, so, as a last resource, the Master bethought him of trying the undisturbed Cubley end of the Holly Wood, and sure enough a fox was there. Hounds came away with a great dash, ran two fields towards the Cubley-Darley Moor road, and checked. The small band who were left looked in one another's faces as if to say, "Ah, a mere flash in the pan; no scent; all over." The huntsman cast forward over the road. No go. But a cast back to where they had checked proved successful, and hounds set to and ran hard. Back through the Cubley end of the Holly Wood, out over the road, the little bitches flew; parallel with the Cubley road they chattered away merrily, making up so much leeway that, halfway to Cubley Gorse, they were in the same field as their fox. Had they caught sight of him it must have gone hard with their quarry. But bustled foxes travel fast, and this one reached the gorse in front of them. A short pause, and they were away again, across the Marston-Cubley road, right-handed nearly to Marston, left-handed just short of Rigg's Lane, nearly to Vernon's Oak, and then back again by Malcomsley to Cubley Car. Through it they ran to ground close by the main road to Ashbourne, a few fields further on. Forty minutes, a four-mile point, and as many miles as hounds ran as any one likes to call it. No bad scurry for a bitter cold evening in merry March.

Monday, March 19th. Marston-Montgomery. Hounds came at twelve instead of eleven o'clock for the first time this month, and a goodly number of people, including a fair sprinkling of farmers for these days, arrived to meet them. Marston Wood was blank, but a brace of foxes was soon on foot, and one went away boldly at the Marston end, but the other was mangy, so it was decided to stick to him and to try and kill him. Fortune, however, was on his side, for scent there was none. Still they poked about and got him across to Red Niche, and back again into Eaton Wood, while people rode about with cold noses and faces shrivelled with the bitter March wind. When he did go at the Marston end hounds got away a long time behind him, and could barely hunt their fox for three or four fields, when scent failed on Mr. Smith's farm, between Wardley and Marston. Wardley Coppice, Uphill Wood, and Lady Wood were all blank —matters not being improved for the moment by a cold, drenching rain. This, however, seemed to do good in the end; or was it in the change of soil? Anyhow, hounds ran smartly with a fox—well found and well started with—from the Hare Park, coming away with a rare dash and cry. It is an intricate bit of country from here to Brocksford, a bridge and a locked gate checking the pace of horsemen, while hounds, running the inside track, improved theirs, and came over the road at the bridge below Ley Hill with a clear lead, and on excellent terms with their fox. Up the brook side they ran like mad, all together, carrying a rare head, and crossed over to the Doveridge side by the Snake Grove osiers. And a nice dance they led their followers over a line that took some doing. But have we not the authority of the Meynell Hunt song for the fact that—

> "A Derbyshire man, when he's leading the van,
> Of the biggest fence ne'er had a dread."

Who it was that led the van to-day, let those say who were near enough to see, but he had his work cut out as he, and those with him, galloped best pace all along the brook side till they came to the old lane from Doveridge Woodhouse to Somersal, where they shot across the Doveridge-Wardley road, and breasted the steep ascent to Uphill Wood, catching hounds, who had checked, at the top. At a much moderated pace these hunted their fox to the corner of Eaton Wood, back again to Wardley Coppice, over the Somersal brook, by Wardley village, and so to Marston Woodhouse, where they lost him. Sudbury Coppice and Vernon's Oak were next drawn, and those who availed themselves of Mr. and Mrs. Peacock's never-failing hospitality, got the best start when hounds went away with their fox across the Oak Lane, pointing for Cubley. Unluckily he was headed before going half a mile, and turned back for Marston. Meanwhile another was halloaed between the Coppice and the Alder Moor. Bravo, Sudbury! The hunted one went on to Rigg's Lane, where he turned left-handed, through the Marston end of the Oak Coppice, and, after twisting and dodging about, was lost between Somersal House and Marston-Montgomery, scent being indifferent.

Monday, March 26th, Longford Village. The day furnished a good object lesson in the geography of the Monday country, for it was fairly drawn from end to end. The Car, of course, held a fox, who broke away across the Rodsley lane, and hounds hunted him slowly up to the bridle-way to Shirley, whence he turned back and was lost close to Reeve's Moor. This covert was drawn blank, and on the way to Alkmonton bottoms there was a halloa, to which hounds were taken, but it proved, to every one's amusement, to be nothing more than a woman shouting to her husband to come to dinner. A mangy fox was found in Alkmonton bottoms, and was promptly killed, owing to the first whipper-in's exertions. Potter's Covert was blank, but an outlying fox—another mangy one—jumped up on a ploughed field near Barton and shared the fate of his predecessor. Hilton Gorse, where it was said there was already a litter of cubs, was blank, and then came a snowstorm. The Foston coverts were all drawn blank—all those, at least, which were tried—but a mangy fox was found and killed in Brocksford Gorse. It was after six o'clock when hounds found in the Hare Park, a good fox who led them straight to the Alder Moor, adjoining Sudbury Coppice. A lady [Mrs. Walter Boden], who seldom turns away from any fence, no matter what, got an ugly fall at a place with a wide ditch at the taking-off side, near Ley Hill, and, report says, injured her back, while a gentleman [Mr. Caldecott], for whom no fence is too big, successfully cleared the dreaded Sudbury bottom. The fox was lost by the Alder Moor at about half-past six, bringing a long day to an end. One enthusiastic sportsman did not get home till nearly nine o'clock.

Saturday, April 7th, when Colonel Chandos-Pole, by the courtesy of Mr. Fort, brought his hounds to Quarndon, was no common day in the annals of fox-hunting. For was it not the last day on which the Squire of Radburne, who has shown unrivalled sport in Derbyshire and Dorsetshire for twenty years, was to take the field as a Master of hounds? In both masterships good runs were as plentiful as blackberries, while the woodland foxes of Staffordshire had as good cause to rejoice over his retirement as had their brethren in the wild Cattistock country. In other papers abler pens have had the privilege of recounting the glorious runs of former times. It is our sad task to sing a requiem. Thus it was with mixed feelings that many of us followed for the last time the killing pack, descended for the most part from the Irish hounds purchased some years ago while the Squire was Master of the Meynell, and which accompanied him to the Cattistock, to return in due course to Radburne. Gossamers hung on the bushes,

boding evil for the prospects of scent, with a glaring sun, parched pastures, and dusty fallows, adding their baleful testimony. In Colvile's hollow wood, which generally holds a fox, hounds spread and tried, like the famous drawers they are, to the encouragement of their huntsman's familiar voice, but all in vain. Nor in the Allestree big wood did they fare any better. Meynell's Gorse held a fox, as indeed it seldom failed to do within the memory of man, but it was the wrong sort, and a heavy vixen found a refuge in the buildings on Mr. Smith's farm at Kirk Langley, where she was left in peace. Brickyard Wood held a fox, which narrowly escaped being chopped, and sought refuge in hot haste in an open earth two fields away with Bender close on his flank. Just as the fox got in, Miss Chandos-Pole, riding resolutely at a great rotten-banked dyke, got her horse in too, though she saved herself cleverly by slipping over his shoulder before he fell back into the chasm. So two digging operations went on simultaneously not far from each other, and the horse was the first to be got out. Soon after a big dog fox was unearthed and eaten, while the Squire's who-whoop woke the echoes, so that it was not surprising that Pildock Wood hard by was tenantless when called upon. Parson's Gorse was blank, but our spirits rose as we neared the famous Rough—*fons et origo* of many a glorious gallop. A banging great dog fox stole away at once towards the Hall, and might have escaped scot-free had not the Squire's butler proclaimed his flight with a ringing halloa. An inspiriting blast of the horn, the meaning of which was as unmistakable as it was musical, brought hounds flying out of covert, and a galloping field in their wake. But their fox had got a good start—too good for a quick thing. Still, the fact brought out the good scenting qualities of the hounds, which is what we all come out for to see. They ran him across the Dalbury road, and for a moment, when they checked by a small plantation, it looked as if their fox had got to ground, but he had not, for, hitting off the line in a swinging cast on their own account, they ran on slowly across the Etwall road down to the brook, which they crossed close to the bridge on the Dalbury road. This our crafty friend ran for a good quarter of a mile, and it was a treat to see old Alfred, Druid, and Bertram go feathering along, picking out a cold scent on its dried-up surface. Sharply they turned out of it to the right, throwing their tongues right tunefully, with their admiring comrades scoring to cry. Patiently they hunted a twisting fox over wheat and dusty fallows. Beyond the Lees Green road to the right of Dalbury Hollow they got on the grass, and, mending their pace, pointed for the brook. But a vacillating fox changed his mind, and turned back again. By the Trusley road they checked, and the Squire just tried a short cast to the right of the road before casting to the left towards the brook, while old Cottager feathered along the road, showing where the fox had gone. But the huntsman got a little nearer his fox, and hounds ran better down to the two brooklets and over them, before they checked again. A field sown with soot had bothered them before, and now a highly flavoured muck-heap and well-spread fields added to their difficulties. Holding them on well beyond these fox-favouring savours, their huntsman got them going again, and they got up to their fox in Boden's Thorns, carrying a line right into it. Hence they did not get well away with him, but an awkward slip stile proved no obstacle to their huntsman in getting them on the line. A lady and one or two others followed him—a weight-carrying chestnut walking through like a man. This by the way. To the left of the road to Sutton they ran nicely for a few fields, and might have gone on doing so had not our fox begun to zig-zag again. A difficult brute to hunt was he. So they checked, and checked again just short of the road up to Sutton church. Perhaps he thought of going on to Dussy Bank, but if he did he thought better of it, for a cast towards the Spath

hit off the line just under Sutton church, and once again rang out that joyous chorus—surely

"A cry more tuneable
Was never hallooed to nor cheered
with horn"—

as they hunted him, making good every inch, through the corner of the Spath on to the fair pastures beyond. Oh for just a little bit of luck to aid their efforts! But Fortune frowned. Beyond the brook he ran the road this side of Mamerton, and only left it for dusty fallows, over which they unravelled a tangled skein towards the Rookery Plantation on the outskirts of Barton Blount. Beyond this carry it they could not. A cast, which must have crossed his line, met with no success, and thus an interesting hunt of over an hour, full of good hound work, with close on a four-mile point, came to an end. Sutton Gorse, alas! held no fox, and thus, long after six o'clock, the musical notes of the Squire's horn, blowing hounds out of covert, fell with a saddening cadence on the still evening air.

So ended a season, of which the reader can form his own opinion, but it is not likely that he will call it a good scenting one.

THE MEYNELL ENTRY, 1899.

Born.	Name.	Sire.	Dam.	Walked by Messrs.
June 8th ...	Abbot Archer Artist Amabel ...	Damper.....	Amazon ...	Wakelin, Yoxall. Bagshaw, Hanbury. Bathew, Wanfield. Miles, Tatenhill.
April 4th ...	Derelict Despot 3 Detriment 1	Grafton, Despot	Lullaby	H. Bond, Uttoxeter. Webster, Cubley. Collier, Draycott.
April 4th ...	Doric Draco Drover 2 Dragoman	Grafton, Dissolute	Glossy	Wainwright, Boyle-stone. Ditto. Smith, Lees Hall. Wibberley, Yeaveley.
March 26th	Dryad	Damper.....	Lilac	Brenchley, Derby.
April 16th ...	Gadfly	Challenger	Goodness ...	Caldecott, Foston.
April 4th ...	Laundress Laughter 4	Marvel	Languid ...	Smith, Brocksford. Watts, Hoar Cross.
March 29th	Lecturer Linguist License Loyalty ...	Damper.....	Lozenge ...	A. Salt, Tutbury. J. Shipton, Foston. Tunnicliff, Hilton. Schwind, Breadsall.
June 22nd ...	Legacy 3 Ludicrous	Lounger ...	Listless ...	Hawkesworth, Barton. Robinson, Brereton.
April 13th ...	Manfred 1 Mystery 2	Manifest ...	Dangerous	Bagshaw, Marchington. Randall, Hanbury.
March 29th	Merlin	Mentor	Weatherglass	Winterton, Walton.

THE MEYNELL ENTRY, 1899.—*continued.*

Born.	Name.	Sire.	Dam.	Walked by Messrs.
June 10th ...	Spoiler Sparkle } ...	Lounger ...	Spotless ...	Salisbury, Church Broughton. Stanley, Burton-on-Trent.
March 30th	Tancred 1 Tarquin Truant Termagant Traffic }	Truthful ...	Lupin	Fisher, Foston. Coxon, Cubley. Lloyd, Upwoods. Ratcliff, Hilton. R. Shipton, Scropton.
February 24th	Treasurer ...	Truthful ...	Wearisome	Harrison, Cubley.

The numerals against hounds' names represent the prize-winners.

Dogs, 8½ couples; bitches, 7½ couples. Total, 16 couples.

CHAPTER XXII.

FINIS CORONAT OPUS—GOOD RUN FROM BODEN'S THORNS—A LONG BLITHBURY DAY—A DARLEY MOOR DAY—A NICE SUDBURY DAY—MR. DUNCOMBE MASTER FOR THE DAY—GOOD DAY FROM FOSTON—AN UNRULY FIELD—A GOOD DAY FROM NEW INN—A FOX-KILLING DAY—PRESENTATION TO STEPHEN BURTENSHAW—THE MEYNELL ENTRY—THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS.

1900–1901.

THERE was no change in the staff this year, except that Joe Overton was second whipper-in instead of Tom Taylor. The author's original intention was to give an account of every day, but space did not admit of it, and the first week's sport at all worth chronicling began on November 12th.

Monday, November 12th, Darley Moor, and a soaking wet day. In pouring rain hounds found a fox in the New Gorse, Snelston, and ran him into the Holly Wood, and thence across the road to the Holt, where they lost him. A second fox was soon on foot in the Cubley end of the Holly Wood, and he, too, went by the New Gorse to the Holt, and disappeared. After drawing the Park spinnies blank, they found in Shutt's dumble, and a single hound coursed the fox for a field or two as if she meant catching him off-hand. However, the fox went a bit the fastest, as he generally does, and stayed the longest, and the pack, overtaking their leader, ran slowly over an intricate country, crossing a dumble and a bottom or two, which proved to be very awkward places for their followers, to the road from Darley Moor to Norbury, and on to the Holly Wood, thence to the Holt, a name which seemed to be appropriate to-day, for it was a veritable stronghold or holt for foxes. This last one was marked to ground, and in all probability his two predecessors were in the same earth. Then a new covert [Hell Hole], belonging to Captain Clowes, near Hope Wood, was drawn for the first time, and honoured the draft, for a fox went away from there by Raddle Wood to Hope Wood. From the last-named coverts hounds slipped along quickly for a few fields, but soon came to slow hunting, as they passed to the right of Roston, parallel with the road that leads to Marston-Montgomery, and to the right of it. Crossing it, they checked, but, hitting off the line again, they hunted on by the Dyche farm

to the long plantation on the outskirts of Marston Park. An awkward place is this to get in and out of, and to-day a considerable detour had to be made just at a time when hounds wanted help badly. As it was, they were run out of scent close to the top of the Rocester Hill, after a slow hunt of forty minutes.

Tuesday, at Newton village, was a horse of quite a different colour, as our American cousins say, for the day was as fair as yesterday was foul, and Newton village is—well, let us say—Newton village, for comparisons are odious, as the copybooks used to tell us. The words of the old Warwickshire hunting song, "'Tis a fine hunting day, and as balmy as May," seemed singularly appropriate, and he must have been a more than ordinarily melancholy Jacques who did not feel his spirits rise to the occasion as hounds trotted off to draw Dapple Lea brake. A fox was soon on foot in Newton Gorse, and was even more rapidly brought to hand. Why he succumbed so easily was not apparent, for there seemed to be nothing to head him. Then came a long jog to Coley Gorse, of which nothing came. There seemed to be a stale line—very stale—and that was all. A ride over a country autumnally tinted with red boards and white flags—the former a warning, the latter an invitation, though the space marked out as jumpable was by no means alluring—brought us to Blithfield Gorse and plenty. How many foxes there were it is difficult to say for certain, but there was at any rate a leash. A good-looking, bright-coated gentleman, with a white waistcoat worthy of an alderman, and a small white tip to his brush, was the one hounds ran merrily to the Rectory Plantation, but whether it was the same one which they took from there (a brace went away) nearly down to the river is not quite plain. Having no liking for a cold bath, even on a warm morning, he turned back over the hill for Blithfield, and, after a short check, hounds ran him nicely to the pit-hole just outside the Park on the Newton side. But this time the earths were stopped, and, without dwelling, they ran prettily to the bridge, where the road from Newton Hurst crosses the Blythe. Evidently our fox preferred a dry crossing to a wet bath. Old Daylight could just feel the line up the road, but could not speak to it till she dashed into the little spinny on the farther side. There, indeed—

> "Every maith was open, from the old 'un to the pup,
> An' aw the pack together took the swellin' chorus up."

The huntsman's cheery "Forrard, forrard," helped to put life into the chase, when hounds, getting together again as they left the spinny behind them, skurried along by the Callow farm, and bent towards the main road. But it was only a bend, for they soon flung into a straight line again for Kingston Wood, running parallel with the bridle-road. In the wood they checked, but were soon on the line again, and out and over the main road into Bagot's Wood, with a brace of foxes before them.

> "Ah, much it grieves the Muse to tell
> At Clanfield how Valentia fell,"

sings Mr. Egerton Warburton, in the poem of the Tarwood Hunt, and equally does it grieve the present scribe to relate how what looked like developing into quite a good run died ingloriously away owing to there being two lines. Half the hounds ran on nearly to Park Stile before they were stopped, while a couple and a half crossed over into Floyer's Coppice, with a tired fox in front of them. Meanwhile the other half hunted their fox into Lord's Coppice and out nearly to Duckley Wood, where he was given up. After the divided pack had joined forces they found in Duckley Wood and ran out to Abbots Bromley, and eventually into the woods.

Thursday, Brailsford. A lovely morning and a lot of people. After drawing White Wood, Mercaston Wood, and Brailsford Car blank, hounds found in Brailsford Gorse. They hunted a rather vacillating fox slowly to Lamb's farm and checked. His point seemed from the first to be Ravensdale Park, and he kept on working down-wind, but in a by no means straight line. But a series of successful casts on the huntsman's part enabled hounds to hunt slowly on the whole—though now and then, when the fox turned up-wind temporarily, they could bustle along for a field or two—by Mercaston Wood and over Wood Lane. Then they pointed for Kedleston, but soon turned left-handed for Weston Underwood, crossed the road and the brook, and lost their fox between the last-named place and Mugginton, after about forty minutes. Culland was blank, but they found, after a long draw, in Boden's Thorns, and ran out over the Trusley road, and, bearing right-handed, ran fast by Thurvaston Stoop. Swinging left-handed, still fast, they came to the road from Thurvaston and checked. Hitting it off again, they bore left-handed over Thurvaston Marsh, where Mr. Rupert Leigh, on a grey horse, sounded the depths of a wide ditch, and so on, to the Stretton farm, where wire abounds. They ran parallel with the road for some time, and checked just before reaching the road from Boden's Thorns to Sutton. Here a funeral procession was on the point of starting on its melancholy journey, and there was a startling sense of incongruity between the life and animation of the chase and the sad, slow, solemn progress to man's long home. But little time was left us for moralizing, however, for a patient bit of questing on the part of hounds and huntsman resulted in ousting, first a black cat and then a somewhat draggled little fox from among the cabbages in a field beyond the road. Getting away right on his back, hounds began to run like mad, parallel with the road leading to Boden's Thorns. Just before reaching that snug covert the fox was headed and turned sharp right-handed parallel with the Trusley road, over the brook, past Trusley, to Radburne Rough, hounds running fast all the way. Without entering the covert, they ran nearly up to Parson's Gorse, but turned short of the Derby road left-handed over the Trusley brook and a small tributary beyond, by Woodhouse. Once over the brook there was a longish check, and then they hit it off and ran, rather slowly, over Hardley Hill till they lost their fox near Sutton church, after a capital run of an hour and ten minutes.

Saturday, Yoxall village. Found in High Hall Hill Wood, and kept running round and about Wichnor Park for an hour or so with a bad scent. Once their fox lay down, and they ran right over him, but he beat them in the end by getting to ground in a gravel-pit beyond the lodge on the Lichfield side. Found in a small cover between the big wood and the Barton road. Ran up to the road and back to the Big Wood. Out again, up-wind, over the road, passed Longcroft Hall and White's Wood, to the Black Firs, Dunstall, thence to Fern Hill Wood on the Rangemore road. A cast towards Dunstall Hall succeeded in hitting off the line between Black Firs and the road by the Hall, but the fox had got too long a start, and was given up. If hounds could not run very well up-wind, it is not surprising that they could not run at all any other way, and, though they found plenty of foxes, they could do nothing with them.

Tuesday, November 20th, Loxley. This was a capital day's sport. Few of us will forget the great run which one of Mr. Blount's foxes treated us to some years ago to Moddershall Oaks, and the old customer of to-day was one of the same good travelling sort. There was no scent in covert, and consequently hounds were a long time in finding, and, when at length the fox was halloaed away over the miry lane at the top of Carry Coppice, they did not hit his line at once. With a travelling fox a good start is half the battle, as every one knows.

To-day there was a fair holding scent, but hounds never really pressed a fox who waited nowhere for them to get up to him. But all this is beginning at the wrong end. No sooner did hounds settle to the line than they ran straight to the pit-hole out towards Field, which proved to be stopped, for, though they dwelt for a moment, they ran on over it, across the main road to the right of Field, and swam the river, parallel with which they ran for a short distance smartly. Then they turned left-handed away from the water towards the road which leads to Leigh Station, and checked. Here some hounds had slipped on, and the huntsman, catching hold of the pack, lost no time in setting off in pursuit, and soon overtook them. They hunted very prettily, if slowly, by the new plantation and to the left of Brinsley Coppice to the Sprink, which they left on their right, over the marshy meadows beneath it. The fox had not waited, nor, for that matter, gone into it, and we began to wonder what his ultimate point might be. Slowly and prettily still hounds hunted on, puzzling out many an awkward twist and turn up to Fulford, where there was a long check, and catching the fox was now quite out of the question, unless they could get up to him in some covert. Spotacre Nurseries, some thought, might be the desired haven, but no, they turned away from there. Then there was a rumour of some main earths hard by, but the pack did not point that way either, descending the hill as they did for Spot Grange. They just managed to touch the line towards Vernon's Gorse, but scent failed them entirely before reaching it, and the fox had to be given up, after a capital hunting run of an hour and twenty-eight minutes, with a seven-mile point, which did great credit both to hounds and huntsman, and which gave great enjoyment to the field, for it was never fast enough to prevent any one seeing it all. May we find this fox again with a better scent, kill him, and drink Mr. Blount's health afterwards. A long, long jog back to Birch Wood Park was rewarded by a smart scurry, after a long draw, through the new plantation, to the road from Middleton Green to Dodsleigh, which they crossed near the first-mentioned place, and then ran parallel with the road till they cut a corner into it again where it descended sharply into the valley. Down the road they ran like mad, and perhaps overran it, for they could make nothing of it when they cast themselves left-handed to the right of Leigh Lane by Wood Farm. The farmer said he had seen the fox "gone ten minutes," but hounds could not own the line. Though the huntsman did eventually hit it off, there was not scent enough to do any good. So a good day's sport came to an end.

Monday, December 24th. Tutbury station in a dense fog, with the prospects of hunting very doubtful indeed, as we jogged and walked about the roads, hoping for a clearer atmosphere. At last, by way of a little diversion, some one got up a race for juveniles in an adjoining meadow, which Master Harry Brace won by a neck from Master Hodgson, with Master Basil Randall and Miss Dorothy Brace third and fourth. Immediately after this the fog lifted sufficiently to encourage the Master to draw Hilton Gorse. A fox soon darted off into the gloom on the side nearest the main road, and crossed the brook at the bottom corner of the covert. This afforded some excitement, more than one rider having to part company with his horse after plunging into the stream, and Miss Dorothy Brace was amongst them, seeming rather to enjoy wading about than otherwise. However, she pluckily stuck to her pony's reins, and was pulled out by them none the worse. Meanwhile hounds were bending to the right, and ran a small ring back by the gorse, thence by Hoon Mount to the familiar pit-hole on Mr. Orme's farm, which was duly stopped, and so the fox turned Fostonwards, curling round just

short of the top covert down to the main Derby road, which he crossed and recrossed, eventually getting to ground in Hilton Gorse after a twisting, ringing hunt of about forty-five minutes. Hounds did not find again, though they drew most of the Foston coverts, but they had run close enough to the Top Covert, Pennywaste, and Jackson's Planting to disturb any but the most phlegmatic fox.

Wednesday, Blithbury. We were favoured with a lovely morning after an exceptionally boisterous night, and, in one sense of the word, this was a hunting day if ever there was one, for, when once hounds had found their fox, which they did in a field just across the main road from the Stych, Mavesyn Ridware, they were at work all the time till night overtook them. They never ran very fast, it is true, and they probably changed more than once, ending up with a leash of foxes in front of them. Briefly the line they ran, or rather, hunted slowly, was back over the main road to the Stich, thence across the same road again and the Bentley brook, pointing for Pipe Wood. After crossing the lane which runs parallel with the brook and beyond it, they turned right-handed to near Hamstall Ridware, with Hamstall Hall on their right, to Laurence's Wood, which the fox must have gone right through, for, though they spoke to it in covert, they could not make much of it, till the huntsman cast on beyond it, when they hit it off and crossed the river, only, however, to recross it and to get up to their fox in Pipe Wood. Here a brace was on foot, one going away for Laurence's Wood, while the other one, which they hunted, dwelt in covert. Eventually he went away over the lane, which bounds the wood on the Mavesyn Ridware side, and ran a semicircle left-handed to the top corner of Laurence's Wood. Passing just outside this, he made his way through Blithbury Gorse down to the river, and, crossing, set his head for Hoar Cross, but turned right-handed on a rather backward tack into Rough Park, where there was a shooting-party and another fox. Thence away to the river, then for Cross Hayes, and so back to Rough Park, after two hours and three-quarters. The end of it all was a faint line out towards Morrey.

Thursday, Thurvaston Stoop. This was a foggy, rainy day, with the glass falling rapidly and no wind to speak of. There was a brace of foxes in Culland, and hounds divided in covert, seeming to prefer the scent of the one, which we did not hunt, and he broke back Thurvaston way. Ours, on the contrary, started out over the brook, and ran parallel with it for a bit, till he recrossed it and pointed straight for Brailsford church. Most of the field naturally crossed the brook with the hounds, and Mr. Cecil Leigh got immersed and had to part company with his horse. A fresh fox jumped up on a ploughed field, but hounds could never make anything of it. Very likely the drenching rain to which we were soon subjected had something to do with it. The huntsman cast for Brailsford Gorse, but it was no good, and there was no fox there, but an abundance of rain. Then we had a long jog back to Boden's Thorns, where there were two foxes on foot, and a rare scent in covert, with the little bitches fairly swearing hard words at him, till a great big fox went away by Thurvaston Stoop, and another, having notice to quit, went in the same direction, with his ejectors flying out of covert not far behind him. Very nippy they were, too, as they came out all dash and drive, throwing their tongues sharply. Three of the sisterhood were a little too quick for the rest, coming slipping along by Thurvaston Stoop; but the Master's horn was going out towards Long Lane, so he probably had his eye on them, and the huntsman, catching hold of the pack, soon had them on the line. It would be a pleasure to tell how first this hound and then that guided the pack in unravelling every turn in the tangled skein which followed, but, as it is, it must suffice to say that hounds and huntsman did

their several parts well, as they followed their fox first parallel with the Long Lane practically, though there was many a twist and turn in the doing thereof, not to mention a saddle or two emptied and much gallant riding, till eventually they did cross the Long Lane and ran past Longford Rectory over the road to Longford, to the pit-hole on Mr. Hawksworth's farm, Barton Fields, after an interesting hunt of twenty-eight minutes. It looked as if the fox had got in here, but while people were looking at their watches, taking a pull at their flasks, and diving into sandwich cases, the huntsman cast forward, hit off his fox, and they hunted him slowly over the road which goes by Boden's Thorns, then parallel with it, till they finally cast up at the Thorns aforesaid, when they chattered merrily at their fox for a minute or two, and then—a silence, which each one can explain to his satisfaction, no doubt. Then they found in Parson's Gorse, crossed the main road in a murky atmosphere, as if going for Radburne, and, turning short back left-handed over the main road, lost most of their followers. With only four with them, though a fifth joined later on, they ran between Parson's Gorse and Langley Common, towards Langley, by Radburne Rough, through Pildock Wood, back to Parson's Gorse, and lost their fox or were stopped by Silver Hill. No doubt the five enjoyed themselves. Two of their names are honestly unknown to the writer, but of the other three it may safely be said—

"They care not a jot for the fame,
But hunt for the fun of the game.
If each in his heart was well pleased with his part,
What boots it to mention a name?"

Saturday, Walton. A beautiful morning after as wild and rough a night and day as any one could expect to see. Hounds found in Walton Wood, ran down the ploughed field on the Walton side, turned left, pointing for Oaklands, to the road from Walton, where the fox was headed, and ran a ring, no doubt intending to make his point good if he could, but met the field about the end of his ring, if at least this hypothesis is correct, squatted in a ditch, was nearly jumped on by some of the leading horsemen, and hounds killed him in the open. One gentleman fell, neck and crop, over the fence, almost amongst the hounds, who, in the excitement of the worry, surged up towards the prostrate pair. They found again in Mr. Ratcliff's gorse, and ran, a nice twenty minutes, over the road pointing for Homestall Wood, left-handed for Coton, nearly up to Seal Wood, where there was a long check, the huntsman eventually hitting off his fox, which hounds ran slowly past Caldwell Hall, and there lost him.

Monday, December 31st, Darley Moor. The wind was keen from the north, but otherwise there was nothing to complain of on account of the weather, and the ground was wet enough for scent, on which score also there was no cause for grumbling. A leash of foxes went away from the Holly Wood with a couple or two after one on the Yeaveley side, but the main hunt was concerned with one, with which they got a bad start, and which crossed the main Ashbourne road. They ran this fox nicely to the road which goes by Cinder Hill to Norbury, and it looked for a moment as if he had got to ground in the old copper workings. But it was not so, for a cast round to make the ground good succeeded in crossing his line, and they ran pointing for Raddle Wood, but could not carry a line quite up to it, and lost him, after about ten or fifteen minutes. Found in Cubley Car, ran to the gorse, and back into the car, and there seemed a fair chance of repeating our experience of our last visit here. But what with a sheep-dog coursing the fox into the car, and a good smacking of whips on the gorse side of it, our friend altered his plan, and went away over Hollis' lane.

Settling to the line, hounds ran best pace in the direction of Snelston up to the main road close to Birch Wood Park Farm, where, perhaps, the fox was headed. Anyhow, he turned sharp left-handed, and hounds ran fast up-wind over the well-known bottom, pointing for Cinder Hill. This same bottom is a queer place to get over, as a very keen young lady and two gentlemen found to their cost. The lady's horse was in evil plight,

> "And Dobbin, released from his work at the plough,
> Had to aid the fine hunter stuck fast in the slough."

But there was but little time for any one who wanted to be with hounds, as they rattled on, to stop and look, though plenty of good Samaritans did lend a hand. A brief, merry skurry ended in about eight or nine minutes in the old copper mine at Cinder Hill, and the fox did not have much the best of it. They found yet another fox in Cubley Gorse—Captain Clowes's health ought to have been drunk to-night—and ran out the same way as before, but turned up the hill and Cubley-way to the main road, where they checked. It was a treat to see the way the little bitches ran over the ploughed land beyond the road, when once they settled to it, with Vixen in the front, as she usually is, unless, indeed, the young ones flash over it, when "Youth is by wiser age reproved," for she is not of the sort that go beyond the line over much. Wish we had a whole pack like her! Leaving Stydd Hall on the left, they ran down the hill and up the opposite slope just to the left of Bentley Old Hall, and checked short of Bentley Car. Diving into this stronghold of foxes, they drove their quarry out on the Alkmonton side, and ran him to Mr. Saint's farm, just this side of the Alkmonton Bottoms. Mr. Saint, standing there with his gun, had seen him, "black and dirty he was, too," but he had not been able to see exactly where he went afterwards, and there was a check, worse luck, in consequence. However, as soon as the huntsman had satisfied himself that the fox had gone towards the Dairy House and Potter's, he cast beyond Alkmonton bottoms, down-wind, and hit off the line, but the pursued had put some distance between himself and his pursuers. Casting on across the Alkmonton-Longford road, he hit him off again, and for a few fields Yeaveley-way things looked better, but a stern chase is a long chase, and it was evident that the fox had got too far ahead. Bentley Car was tried again as a forlorn hope, and that was the end of it. Twenty minutes, or possibly only fifteen—the official time-keeper was otherwise engaged—but it was merry while it lasted, and, with just a bit of good luck, they would have made it very interesting for the fox.

Tuesday, Bramshall Village. They found in Philips' Gorse, and ran sharply to ground at Field. Had the earths only been stopped, there was every chance of a good run and a kill, for scent was more than useful. It is enough to make Job himself swear to see fox after fox get off like this. At a rough guess, close on twelve brace of foxes have been run to ground up to date. What chance is there to kill a fox after a chase when some friendly refuge offers itself as soon as he is pressed? The rest of the day was spent in the woods with no particular result.

But Saturday was another affair altogether, we have not had such a day in the woods for a long time. There was a scent; the little bitches chased like fire when occasion served, kept well together, and turned like harriers. The earths were stopped, when their tired fox tried them as a *dernier ressort*, and the consequence was they killed him handsomely. Running heel and trying back is contrary to the true spirit of fox-hunting, but both of them sometimes occur in a day's sport, so even now there is nothing for it but to go back from the kill to the find and try to unravel the skein. Well, to begin with, unluckily the Master

was unavoidably absent, and Mrs. Fort did duty for him. It was freezing and it was foggy, and few people were out. There you have the *mise en scène.* Now for the play. A fox was halloaed away from Frame Bank at Park Stile, and they ran him as hard as they could split through Hill's Wood nearly to Thatched Lodge, where they turned sharp back as if going for Floyer's Coppice. The writer viewed the fox over the open, going for Hill's Wood, and he also saw them run into their quarry at the end, and it looked like the same fox. But that, of course, is a mere matter of opinion, and can be taken for what it is worth. They may have and probably did change more than once in the interval. Going into Hill's Wood, hounds ran nearly two hundred yards wide of the line, and yet ran as if they were chasing. This eagerness, no doubt—and they were keen and no mistake—caused them to overrun it in Hill's Wood, and there was a check. But the huntsman held them on into the Park, and they ran fast over the open to Dog Kennel Wood, back again through Frame Bank to Hill's Wood, when the huntsman tried back into Frame Bank, where they began running again, probably riot. Blowing his hounds out, he tried through Hill's Wood, where there was more riot, and then over the road into Kingston Wood, which was not successful. So back again into the big wood, where the fox was viewed, and broke away across Lord's Meadow into the Park, but soon headed back into Bagot's Wood again. Working along by Frame Bank and Dog Kennel Wood, the huntsman tried the earths at the top of Butter-milk Hill, and so evidently had the fox. Casting on into the Forest Banks, he viewed his fox, very tired. The first whipper-in stopped a bit of a riot, which looked like upsetting everything for a minute, in the nick of time, for hounds had not at that moment got on the line of the hunted fox. When they did, however, they never left him till they rolled him over handsomely in the ride at the bottom of the wood, within a hundred yards of Woodlands or Woodroffe's Cliff. Finding again in Swilcar Lawn, they could not do much, but either getting up to him, or finding another in Ash Bank, they hunted him well the whole length of the banks and away by New Lodge to Parson's Gorse, where they were stopped, as they had divided in the Greaves. It was a capital day's sport.

Monday, January 14th, Sudbury Hall. After partaking of the hospitality which was dispensed at the Hall, a rather large field moved off to see hounds draw Sudbury Bottoms, when a great, very light-coloured fox was soon viewed away. Breaking covert on the side nearest the Park, he soon turned back through the bottoms for the Alder Moor. Settling to the line, hounds ran at a good pace through this, over the lane from Somersal to Vernon's Oak, swung left-handed, and leaving Somersal House a couple of hundred yards on their left, crossed the Somersal-Marston-Montgomery lane. Still running nicely, they came down to Somersal brook, across Mr. Cottrill's farm, and it looked as if the fox meant going for Eaton Wood. But instead of going on there he turned short to the left along the brook side, with hounds running at a great pace over these good-scenting meadows, where there was a fence or two which took a good deal of jumping, though the Master's grey horse made nothing of them; in fact, all through this good run he was the beacon by which many of us steered. So they ran hard by the osier-bed below Ley Hill, over the turnpike road to the Hare Park, whence the hunted fox was viewed away, and he ran below Brocksford Gorse, hounds running him well across the turnpike again to the right of Ley Hill, and then parallel with the lane from Brocksford to the Sudbury-Somersal road over Mrs. Townsend's farm, and checking just short of the road nearly opposite Maresfield Gorse. There was a useful halloa from a man ploughing, and

hounds were soon on the line again, running nicely by the gorse back to the Sudbury bottoms. From here the fox was viewed by Miss Jervis Smith, who had seen him go away at first, and who was sure it was the same fox, from his peculiar whitish colour,'crawling dead beat into the Alder Moor. There he must have either lain down or got to ground, for hounds could not carry a line out nor did any one see him go away. It was a capital ringing hunt of fifty minutes over a good line of country. A leash of foxes went away at once from the Coppice—proving that there is the right sort of keeper at Sudbury—and the field scattered in all directions. Some galloped off, houndless, for Cubley, some waited for the body of the pack to join the one couple which came out with their fox at the Hare Hill end, and a minority cast in their lot with the Master and the huntsman as they rode best pace Somersal way. These latter caught hounds between the Oak Plantation, between Vernon's Oak, and the Somersal-Marston-Montgomery lane, which they eventually crossed by Marston Woodhouse. Turning back right-handed, they got to Brickhills on the Hollyhurst farm by Rigg's lane, where they lost their fox. Trotting off to Eaton Wood, they found another, who was off in a trice, through Lady Wood and Uphill Wood, and crossed the Somersal brook just where a gallant soldier [Capt. Dugdale], now just back from South Africa, jumped it—was it a year ago, or two? Hunting slowly on up the hill by Mr. Cottrill's house, they pursued their fox over Mr. Peacock's farm, by Brickhills, over Rigg's lane, by Malcolmsley, across the Sudbury-Ashbourne main road, to near Cubley Lodge, where they lost him; probably through his getting to ground in the warren there, after a nice hunt of about forty minutes. Sapperton and the small plantations in Sudbury Park having been drawn blank, hounds went home, thus bringing a good day's sport to an end.

On Tuesday frost stopped hunting at Birch Wood Park. A good grey pony, which was being driven to the place of meeting, slipped his bridle off and bolted. The driver wisely jumped out, and the pony, dashing furiously into the hedge at the bottom of the hill by Field, staked himself, and was killed instantaneously.

Thursday. Mercaston Stoop and a thick fog. Hounds found a fox by the pond in Kedleston Park, and ran fast into the fog by the gardens, and so to Vicar Wood, whence they ran over the road which skirts the Park, leading to Meynell-Langley, and pointed for Weston-under-Wood. Turning back right-handed, they ran past the blacksmith's shop, up to the lodge on the Derby road, where they were stopped, and a good thing, too, for it is ill work hunting in the dark.

On Tuesday they came again to Mercaston, but had their journey for nothing, as the fog proved once more too thick for hunting.

Saturday. Foremark and a soaking wet day. In hunting, as in life, it is the unexpected which always happens, and probably few people who sallied out in the rain anticipated the treat which was in store for them. Finding in Robin Wood, hounds ran well for the best part of an hour; so well, in fact, that many a man who seldom goes home before the hounds was fain to turn his horse's head homewards at the finish. Briefly, the run was as follows: They ran from Robin Wood to within a field of Ticknall Church, turned right-handed on to Smith's Gorse, which the fox skirted, a cast forward hitting off the line on the farther side, whence they ran through the Alders to South Wood, where they turned to the left, and so on to Calke, through the farm buildings and on to the Abbey. The fox was viewed away from here, and into a field of cabbages and turnips, not far in front of hounds, but somehow he gave them the slip after all. This is but a brief outline of a capital hunt, which only needed blood to make it perfect,

but, as every one knows, more foxes are lost just at the start and at the finish of a run than at any other time. Nothing much was done afterwards.

Monday, January 21st, Ashbourne Station. This was a nice, promising hunting morning, nor did subsequent events belie the promise, for there was a scent all day, though luck was against us. Hounds found in Bradley Wood, and ran out a short way towards Osmaston, when the fox was headed, and nothing more was done with him, though the Wood was tried again unsuccessfully. Then they found again in Bradley Rough, but the fox had no chance of doing great things, as every hill was lined with spectators. So hounds ran a ring sharply out towards Osmaston, and then left-handed back to the Rough, from there to the similar covert near it, of which the writer does not know the name. From here they ran back to the Rough, whence the fox was viewed away and was halloaed by horsemen some distance off on the next hill across the bottom, but, somehow or other, hounds did not get on his line, and he was given up. They got away on capital terms with a fox from the historic osier-beds, near Ednaston, whence the great Winster run started, and ran like blazes for twelve minutes, straight on end to Bradley Wood, and caught their fox handsomely just at the top of the covert, outside. The dog-hounds made horses gallop, and no mistake. Then they found in Shirley Park, and ran best pace, up-wind, to ground in the main earths by the bridle-road. Had these only been stopped, they would have made things very interesting for the fox. Finney Plantation was blank, and so was Reeve's Moor, but a little fox went away from the Car into the gardens, where he was headed more than once and had a rare game with the hounds, once actually jumping on to a window-sill, whence he skipped over the expectant pack and escaped. Finally, in spite of obstructions, he slipped through to the Car and got to ground. They then went to Alkmonton Bottoms, and there was a stale line in the direction of Longford.

Tuesday, Newton Village. This was a lovely day to ride about, and to enjoy the beauty of Cannock Chace and its surroundings, which showed to the greatest advantage, lit up by the fitful gleams of pale January sunshine, but from a hunting point of view there was not much to see. Coley Gorse held a fox, who was headed once or twice, and then disappeared. The Bishton coverts were all blank, and so were Spencer's Plantation, Blithfield Gorse, Walker's Springs, the Gardens, and Blithe Moor, but Duckley Wood held a brace, one of which went across to the Square Covert, while the other broke away in the opposite direction. Crossing the main road, hounds ran fast over Mr. Cottrill's farm, bearing left-handed till they came to the lane from Yeatsall to Abbots Bromley, where they checked for a moment, but a lady, holding her pet dog in her arms for safety, showed us exactly where the fox had gone, so no time was lost. After crossing the lane, hounds ran merrily to Abbots Bromley down-wind, and there seemed every chance of a good run, but, unluckily, the fox was headed one field beyond the village, and turned back.

"Thro' every homestall, and thro' every yard,
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies."

Not that he was exactly panting or forlorn, so those adjectives do not apply so well as the first part of the quotation. That, however, fairly describes his progress through Abbots Bromley, to the great excitement of the inhabitants. Having amused them sufficiently, he ensconced himself in the earth in Duckley Wood, close to which he was found at the start. The Square Covert, Stansley Wood, Kingston Wood, and Ash Croft having been drawn blank, hounds went home, and at night came the sad news of our national loss [the death of the Queen], which will naturally put an end to hunting for some time.

Monday, February 11th, Darley Moor.—The Master, to every one's regret, was not well enough to be out, from the effects of his bad fall on Saturday, but he was reported to be going on as well as could be expected. We generally come in for something disagreeable at Darley Moor in the shape of weather, and to-day was no exception, for there was still a great deal of snow left from the recent storm, so it was decided to leave this cold spot and to go to Cubley. Mr. Duncombe was acting master for the day. Hounds found at once in the gorse and ran across to the Car, whence the fox succeeded in getting back to the gorse. Hounds could barely own the line into it, and there did not seem to be much scent. Perhaps it was with another customer that they got away again on the Sudbury side. He turned up-wind, short back, before he got as far as the farm between the gorse and the Marston-Cubley road, causing a short check; but no sooner did the hounds settle to the line than they ran hard for ten blissful minutes, parallel at first with the grassy lane which leads Snelston-wards, and then, still straight on, about three hundred yards to the right of the Marston-Snelston road, to the right of the Cinder Hill Quarries, which looked like his point, to ground under the road which leads from Cinder Hill to the main Ashbourne road, just by the Queen's farm. This gallop was sweet, if short, and was responsible for more than one dirty coat; for, at the pace the dog-hounds went, there was not much time for peeping at the fences. After drawing Cubley Gorse again in vain, we went to Bentley Car, where a good fox was waiting for us. First he tried to break covert on the top at the Alkmonton end, but we were most of us there, and headed him. Then he tried the end towards Bentley Old Hall, and a bevy of second horsemen and others headed him. Next he went away towards the clump on the top of the hill, only to be turned back once more. Nothing daunted, away he went at the bottom towards Alkmonton bottom, but meeting a man with a dog, sought refuge in covert. At the next attempt he succeeded in effecting his object, and was halloaed away towards Bentley Old Hall. Getting on his line immediately, hounds ran him from past the hall, down the hill to the brook below, and up the opposing slope, leaving the Stydd just on their right. With unabated speed they still ran up-wind, over the heavy plough towards the Ashbourne main road, pointing straight for Cubley Gorse. On the road he was headed, and hounds checked for a moment; but hitting it off, unassisted, just where the bridle-road from the Stydd joins the main road, they ran on, twisting and turning with their fox most beautifully, and going quite fast enough for most people over a deep and heavy country, always to the right of the main road, pointing for the Holly Wood, Snelston. Just skirting this, they passed to the right of it, turning rather down-wind, and only running now in fits and starts, but never off the line. Shirley Park looked like the point now, and they crossed the road which leads from Wyaston to Yeaveley, where, scrambling down the steep bank into it, a capital sportsman* had the misfortune to cut a good hunter's knees. Turning a point more down-wind, they ran nicely to the earths by the bridle-road which leads to Shirley Park; but either they were stopped or the fox was too hot to go in, for they ran on nicely to the road from Yeaveley to Rodsley, and then, slowly, for a short distance parallel with the bridle-road, which takes you from here to Alkmonton. Diverging from the bridle-road and pointing for Longford, some arable land brought them to their noses, and while they were puzzling it out patiently, some hounds crossed the bottom below and started running back up the hill towards Alkmonton. A fox has been lying hereabouts all the winter,

* Mr. Tinsley.

and may have jumped up hearing hounds coming, and led them off the line of their hunted one. Anyhow, a change came over the spirit of the dream. They were at fault before reaching the Alkmonton-Longford road; and though the huntsman made a very careful all-round cast, he never succeeded in recovering the line. Thus ended a capital, good, wide ring, of thirty-eight minutes, with a good scent, and a fox who knew his way about. Hounds then went to Longford, but did not find.

We had to pay for our good scent on Monday with a sharp frost, which stopped hunting for the rest of the week.

The Master's fall, mentioned above, was caused by his striking his head against the bough of a tree under which he was jumping, near Anslow. Hounds were at New Inn on that day, February 9th, the first after the stoppage.

Monday, February 18th. Hounds were advertised to come to Marston-on-Dove, but frost stopped them.

On Tuesday they came to Blithbury, although the "going" left much to be desired. Still, according to the late Mr. Clowes's axiom, there was no reason why we should not have hunted; for he always stoutly maintained that, if there was nothing to hurt hounds' feet, horses might look after themselves. And to-day, at any rate, the opinion held good; for, though there was one dirty coat, the wearer seemed none the worse for his fall. We did not find till we got to Pipe Wood, though a fox was seen and halloaed while hounds were drawing the Lawn, but when the huntsman went to the halloa they could make nothing of it. A brace went away from Pipe Wood, but scent was catchy, not to say bad, and they ran, checking in every field, across the road pointing for Laurence's Wood, which they left well on the right to what is diversely called Blithbury Bank, Blithbury Gorse, and Pear Tree Gorse, so the writer hopes to have pleased everybody. Here they dwelt, but at last made out a line over the main road which leads to Blithbury, pointing for Ox Close Wood, losing their fox unaccountably before they got there. A cast back to Pipe Wood, as a last chance, failed to hit the mark, and we jogged off to Rough Park. Hence a fox was soon away on the Wichnor side, and they ran smartly in that direction, while most of us galloped hard along the road to the detriment of our horses' legs and the salvation of our necks, catching hounds this side of Morrey. Casting just to the right of it, the huntsman hit off his fox, and they carried the line into the spinny on the hill opposite, towards Wichnor, but could do nothing beyond. Finding, or refinding as the case may be, in the big wood, they ran out at the Barton end, and pointed for Hollyhurst, but the fox turned short back, and they ran well for two or three fields, up-wind, to ground in the main earth in Wichnor big wood. Then off to the Brakenhurst. Found at once, and ran out into Yoxall Park, nearly to the Lodge, whence they turned back for the Brakenhurst, while we slithered and slid down the hillsides after them. The going in the wood was not so bad. Then they ran back and forth in the Brakenhurst and Jackson's back with foxes everywhere, till night overtook them. Quite a good enough day for the state of the ground.

Monday, March 4th. The Cottage, Foston, where the Master and Mrs. Fort made every one welcome. A soaking wet morning was not a promising beginning, but by ten o'clock the rain had ceased, and gave place to a beautiful day, and a good scenting one to boot, for no sooner were hounds away with their fox

from the Pudding Bag, than by the way that they drove any one could see that scent was a good bit above the average. How the dog-hounds did slip along, too, across the Scropton lane and over the fair pastures and big flying fences of Mr. Shipton's farm, with the tenant of it very handy to them, as seemed only right and fitting. Almost opposite Pennywaste they turned sharp left, wheeling like a flock of pigeons, crossed the main Derby road, and ran straight for the last-named covert. A fence into a grassy lane with a yawning ditch on the far side caused some hesitation amongst the front rank, and brought Miss Miles to grief, who had been going uncommonly well on a clever chestnut. Past Pennywaste they turned to the right, and pointed for Hilton Gorse, but swung to the left again on Mr. Orme's farm, where the well-known pit-hole was evidently stopped. Running along the brook side, with Church Broughton on their right front, they left that village on their right, and it looked for a moment as if the top Foston covert was the fox's point. But if it was he changed his mind, for hounds swung to the right, pointing for Barton Blount, but were brought to their noses on some cold ploughed land, and checked just by Mr. Edge's farmhouse on the Foston-Boylestone road. The huntsman cast towards Sapperton, giving no time to call to mind the attempts which had been made to jump this "dread stream of historic disaster" on the part of Messrs. Chaplin, Charles Cumming, Hamar Bass on a six-hundred-guinea one, and W. FitzHerbert—the latter, I believe, being one of the very few who got over without a fall. But all this refers to the past, and to-day, as we rode along the brook, there was a halloa from the first whipper-in, who had got reliable information on the hilltop towards Barton Blount, and right gladly we went to it. Hitting the line, hounds ran slowly towards Barton, while we rode in safety by the bridle-road which leads thither from Church Broughton. In fact, from this on "the pace which gives life unto the chase" was wanting, and it was a happy family party which saw hounds unravel the tangled skein, full of good hound work, between Potter's and Barton. At one time things looked bad, but a forward cast, with Potter's in the rear on the left, recovered the line, and they hunted on to near the Dairy House spinny, where they began to run again sharply, crossing the road to Longford with Potter's on their left. Here the fox ran as if he was fairly beaten, and they recrossed the road above mentioned, pointing for Barton Hall. Hereabouts, it seems, they got on to a fresh one and ran faster, with the Dairy House on their left, pointing for Bentley Car, but some one viewed the fox going for Alkmonton Bottoms, and they ran smartly by them to Longford Car. Carrying a line in, they ran from end to end and away on the Shirley side, across the Park to the spinny on the bridle-road to Shirley, where they overran it, but Lancet—Merryman blood again—turned short with his fox and put them right. "Forward it is," and patiently they stuck to the line, with Shirley Park on their left, past Hollington, and on, pointing for Brailsford, up to Ednaston Old Hall, where they checked, after crossing the Brailsford road, and there a first-rate hunt of two hours and a quarter came to an end. It was a run which did the dog-hounds great credit. They ran and drove hard when scent served, and they hunted when they had to hunt. In fact, they quite deserved the high praise awarded them by the laureate of the Meynell Hunt a quarter of a century ago, when he sang—

> "When the scent is breast high, swift as pigeons they fly,
> When it's cold to the line close they stick."

In the afternoon they ran a good ring of forty-five minutes from Shirley Park, and back to ground in the main earth, but lack of space forbids entering into details.

Tuesday, The Red Cow, and a boisterous day. First of all we went to look for some outlying foxes, who have been doing a great deal of damage, but these robbers of hen-roosts were not to be found in their accustomed haunts. Mr. Beech, of Thorn Tree farm, who loves to see a fox hunted, and who has set a good example to his neighbours in taking down every bit of wire on his farm, without even being asked, showed us where to go, and it must have been some satisfaction to him to see hounds run a fox from the Woods to his spinny, though he would have been better pleased still if they had killed his enemy, but that may come yet. An old hand viewed a mangy fox in Bagot's Wood, and set the ball rolling. After that we had plenty of hunting. Up and down and round about hounds ran, with as many as a leash of foxes in front of them at times. More than once they got out in the open, but scent was poor and things did not turn out quite happily; there was always something to upset the apple-cart. They ran out, as was said before, to the spinny on Mr. Beech's farm, but unluckily they changed from the line of the last fox, which went away, and on which they started in grand style, on to that of his predecessor, who was gone some time, and so that came to an end. Then they found again in Bagot's Wood and ran the usual sort of way, till at last they got a fox away from Dog Kennel Wood into the Banks. He only just went out again on to Lower Sale farm, across Buttermilk Lane, passed between Daisy Bank and the covert opposite to it, over the brook where Mr. Maynard had a bad fall and had to go home, up into Hart's Coppice. Then back again over the brook and into Daisy Bank, when he was given up, having got too far ahead for hounds to do any good. Tomlinson's Corner held a fox, as it always has done this year (for which our thanks are due to Mr. Clay), and with him we had a real good, old-fashioned tow-row, up and down the Banks, and got him fairly tired, till, after hairbreadth escapes, he got to ground, and saved his brush. It was a hard day for hounds, but they kept bustling to the finish. By-the-by, they ran their mangy fox to ground on Mr. Cope's farm by Marlpit House, earlier in the day.

On Thursday, and a very rough Thursday it was, too, hounds came to Brailsford Bridge, where a large field met them. A fox—a mangy one—was soon on foot in Brailsford Gorse, and after one or two abortive attempts broke away at the lower end over the lane, but turned back over it, and pointed for Mercaston. When hounds had once really settled to the line they ran fast, just cutting a corner into the road to Mercaston Stoop, down which they ran for half a mile as hard as they could lay legs to ground to the Stoop, swung sharp to the right, still on the road, without hovering even, for a short way till they turned out of the lane, without checking, and ran hard along the hill side, crossing the Turn-ditch, Brailsford road, and the Black brook, and went swinging up the hill at best pace for the new gorse. Two fields from the covert they overran it, only Drover sticking to the line, and turned short uphill into the gorse, the pack going on beyond it. This caused some delay, and hounds dwelling in covert, when they did get on the line, the fox, a travelling sort, got too long a start for them to do any more good, though they did speak to it now and then, through the corner of the old covert, Ravensdale Park, almost up to Breward's Car. This held no fox, neither did Ravensdale Park (which was not surprising), nor Wild Park, nor White's Wood, nor the Brailsford home coverts, but they found a brace in Culland, one of which they ran into about halfway between Culland and Brailsford Hall. Boden's Thorns held three or four foxes, which went away pretty much at the same time, and what with wild weather and a very impatient field, it is not surprising that hounds made wild work of it, and could settle to nothing. Eventually the main body managed to get clear of the crowd, and ran hard

nearly to Sutton Gorse, where they were stopped, while the huntsman, with about three couples, all he could collect out of the *mêlée*, was doing his best to set things straight.

> "When, starting from the cuvver soid, ye see bowd Reynard burst,
> Ye canna' 'ave no 'unting if the gemmen go it first."

This was the couplet which might well have been ringing in every one's ears to the accompaniment of the howling wind. It was a calmer field which jogged off Trusley-wards in pursuit of the missing couples, which we found with the first whipper-in and Mr. Garnett, they having succeeded in stopping them before they got into Sutton Gorse. This having been drawn blank, we went to the Spath and found. Hounds ran fast from the Sutton end to the left of the church, nearly to Dussy Bank, where they checked. There were two foxes in front of them now, and the huntsman cast to the left, and hounds could just own the line, but it was evident there was no scent, so the master gave the order for home, for which probably few people were sorry, as it had been, from a climatic point of view, a remarkably disagreeable day.

Saturday, New Church. A rising glass and a really nice morning may have had something to do with the large number of people who put in an appearance. Hounds found almost immediately in Yoxall, and running over to the Brakenhurst, soon marked their fox to ground. He was eventually dug out and killed. When we had done with the Brakenhurst, Birch Wood, Bath Wood, and Nicholls' Wood were all drawn blank, so hounds tried the Brakenhurst again, but it was not till they got to the far end of Jackson's Bank that we heard—

> "Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
> More nobly full, and swell'd with every mouth."

A brace of foxes went away and ran round the New Church, back into the Brakenhurst, and it was with a grand cry indeed and great dash that the little bitches chevied their foxes in two lots parallel with each other, till, halfway through the wood, one fox went away on the Newborough side, and the pack joined forces. Driving their fox through from end to end, without giving him a moment's respite, they killed him fairly and squarely in the open just below Jackson's Bank, after a spirited sixteen minutes, and a fine old dog fox he was.

Monday, March 18th, Hilton Village. A bitterly cold north-east wind was blowing strong, when hounds were thrown into Hilton Gorse, whence a fox went away on the side nearest the village, but was not pursued. Then they found an unlucky fox in a spinny below the gorse, who was drowned in the brook. Pennywaste was blank, but they found in Jackson's plantation and ran to the left of Pennywaste, checking just beyond the road from Heath top to Heath House Green. A cast to the left recovered the line, and they ran nicely up-wind, crossing the road to Church Broughton, which village lay on their left as they ran over the brooklet, which caused some grief, nearly up to the Rookery Plantation, Barton Blount, where they lost their fox. The Foston top covert was blank, but they found in Park Covert, and ran out towards the Dove, crossing the Sudbury-Scropton lane, where the fox was viewed. But scent seemed to be bad, for they could make but little of it, and a single hound slipping on towards Sudbury station did not help matters. The huntsman, however, soon made up his mind which way his fox had gone, and holding his hounds on between the river and Scropton-Sudbury lane, came to the Sudbury main road on the Derbyshire side of the bridge. Here a lady homeward-bound had seen

the fox and had enlisted a small boy to halloa for her. So the huntsman soon had hounds on the line, though the fox was a good ten minutes in front of them, and they hunted him into the Sudbury lake banks. Hence he went in a vacillating, half-hearted fashion, with two couples of hounds close at him. The huntsman soon caught them up with the main body, and they ran, pointing for the Hare Park, only to turn back for Brocksford, which was a little hard on the man on the grey [Mr. Caldecott], who, going straight as a gun-barrel, had secured a long lead. Just below Brocksford Gorse the fox was not far in front of hounds, and they ran him merrily to the Hare Park. Going away from this, he crossed the river gallantly by Woodford, and, settling to the line, hounds ran him slowly, with an over-eager field thundering in their wake, up to Moisty Lane, better known as the back road from Marchington to Uttoxeter, where they checked about halfway between Marchington and Woodlands Hall. Casting on over the road, the huntsman hit off the line and they hunted prettily on over Mrs. Hall's grounds, with Brook House on their left, crossed the main Uttoxeter road, and ran between Hodge Lane and the road to Smallwood Manor House, till, just below Marchington Woodlands Church, they ran into their fox after a capital hunting run of a little over an hour.

Tuesday, Newton Village. This was a typical March morning, rough, cold, and boisterous, with snowflakes, floating about, and that north-caster, of which Charles Kingsley alone of mortals could sing the praises, in the ascendant. "Breast high lies the scent," sang he, and breast high or thereabouts it must have been, when hounds came a-flying in the wake of a bold fox, who dared to face the gale and snowflakes, from the famous Coley Gorse. At the first lane Bishton-wards they hovered, but not for long. Away they went again at a good pace, but by no means racing, for you had time to retrieve mistakes and hats and all sorts of things, and yet to catch them up again, as they swung first left and then right towards Bellamoor, till they came up to the Blithfield-Rugeley road, just at the point where they crossed it a year or two ago in two good runs. To-day, however, they turned left, short of it, and gave one or two adventurous spirits the opportunity of jumping the Moreton brook, which most people crossed on the road. Parallel with this the pack ran right merrily till they turned to the left, and dashed into a grassy lane, down which they ran like wildfire. Just a hover, and they are out of it, and here is Spencer's Plantation, with the cream of the fun over at the end of a good twenty minutes. In a blinding snowstorm they ran to the right of Blithfield Gorse, into the Park, up the Admaston Lodge, back to the gardens. Here the storm abated, and so did the scent. Nevertheless, they hunted on across the Park and over the Blythe, through Stansley Wood, and checked. Telltale, sticking modestly but persistently to the line down the road, and yet not quite daring to speak to it, was joined by Hasty, and the two ladies, young and old, feathered along with lashing sterns, while the huntsman was casting towards the Warren; but, seeing them, he hastened on with the pack, who gave vocal testimony to the scenting powers of two good noses. Still, it was but the last flicker of the candle, for in the earths by the spinny on the road to Newton village just opposite Bagot's Bromley they marked their fox to ground, and did not he deserve to reach his haven after standing up before hounds in the teeth of such a storm for fifty minutes? After this good gallop came a series of disappointments. Duckley Wood and the Square Covert blank, a fox chopped in the spinny between Newton Gorse and Chartley Moss, which was blank. Then the worst snowstorm of a snowy day, while the coverts between Chartley Moss and Grindley were being drawn in vain, as also were Wanfield Coppice and Woodcock Heath, and Kingston Wood. They found a fox or two in

Bagot's Wood, but no one could stick to hounds in the woods in such a howling tempest, while no fox was likely to face it outside such snug shelter for long, so the first time hounds got outside and showed a tendency to return they were stopped and went home.

Thursday, Chellaston. There are many blanks in a lottery, and the proceedings to-day resembled one, with the difference that there was no winning number, for the find at Hell Meadows at two o'clock was no prize, inasmuch as the fox, probably a vixen, could not be induced to go away. There was some talk, indeed, of a fox having been viewed away, but hounds could not endorse this view. Every other covert was drawn blank.

Saturday, New Inn. Probably few people who visited this rather popular fixture anticipated the treat in store for them. It was a still, grey morning with a north-east wind and a rising glass, and there was a foxy whiff in the air. Mosley's Gorse was drawn—and well drawn—blank, but Needwood Gorse held a fox. A great rough-coated rascal it was, which ran a ring to the plantation by the pond towards the Tutbury road and back again to the gorse by the Duchy Wood, having been headed in the park. Once more he started on the same round, only to be headed again, and to be dubbed a soft-hearted brute for his pains. And, indeed, it looked like it. But he was only biding his time, and, by running the road which bisects the plantation on the gorse side of the house, he put the hounds to fault and gained what he wanted—time and space, to wit. Then he set his head straight. A wheat-field bothered his pursuers after they crossed the road which goes from New Inn by Needwood House to the Duchy Farm; but, when once they were on the grass, with the New Inn plantation on their left rear, they started to run sharply. Across the Burton Road they went straight for King's Standing, dwelling for a moment in the park beyond the house. There they swooped down into the covert below and away for Jackson's bank, not touching it, but running the road for New Church, with timely aid from their huntsman. A turn to the right out of the road brought them full cry into the Brakenhurst, through which they ran, without dwelling, whilst their shrill cry rang and re-echoed amongst the tree-tops, leading us all merrily down to the bottom opposite Hoar Cross. A woman and some children had viewed him, while the leading couples darting out into the open backed up the human tongues with their own. "Forrard" it is. For a moment it looked like the usual line under the wood to Jackson's Bank, but this fox had a nobler idea of his duty, for he crossed Pur brook and made his way by Mr. Watts's house into Hoar Cross Park, with hounds running bravely in his wake. What a merry gallop it is! Prose cannot rise to the occasion. The pen must be dipped for a moment in the Spring of Parnassus, 'ere it sinks back, like our horses, into the labouring stroke of mere prosaic description.

"With that merry music ringing,
Father Time is surely flinging
Golden sand about the moments as he shakes them from the glass:
Horn and hound are chiming gladly,
Horse and man are vying madly
In the glory of the gallop. Forty minutes on the grass!"

How good it is. Hounds dwell for a second in the park. See! there is a quiver, and a dart, and a fling, and they are off again at score, with Bath Wood on their right. The gate is locked, but a man [Mr. Dudley Fox], who takes no denial, sums up the situation in a moment as he sails over the uninviting fence by the side of it—"Farmer's Pride is the sort to ride," and he cracks never a

twig. Now we are loosed out again into a beautiful stretch of country, hounds running sharply, while we,

"O'er the open still careering,
Fence and furrow freely clearing,"

can go galloping joyously on, over Bentilee Park, down a ploughed field, which stops hounds no more than does a wired gap the man who is nearest to them [Mr. Power]. The barbed abomination snapped at his onslaught like the cords in the hands of Samson, and his followers had cause to be thankful. Over the Ash brook hounds run merrily, but a baked fallow brings them to their noses, while the huntsman holds them on till they begin to run again on the grass, and Abbots Bromley blocks the way. Just where the bridge on the main road from Newborough crosses the Ash brook, the fox, too, had crossed the road. Up the brook side they ran hard, over the Abbots Bromley end of Dirty Gutter Lane, pointing for Lord's Coppice, but our fox had turned to the right of Bagot's Park, by park side, and just short of Moors' they checked. Hitting it off again, they ran to the left of the Hare's Back, when they seemed to have got close to their fox, for they made the dust fly as they scuttled over the fallows, pointing for Hart's Coppice. After this momentary flash they came to slow hunting, and it seemed to be all over between Hart's and Field House Coppice, after an hour and a quarter, a six-mile point, and close on eleven miles as hounds ran. But the Master must have had a shrewd idea that the Birch Wood was his fox's point, for no sooner were hounds thrown in than up jumped the fox, and they ran him well to the right of Chantry Wood, nearly down to the Shoulder of Mutton, Hoar Cross, back up the hill, to the left of Birch Wood, through Bath Wood, turned sharp to the right, and raced him to ground not sixty yards in front of them this side of Bromley Hurst. A capital hunt and a good fox. Nearly every one now went home, and space forbids anything more being said about a good day's sport.

Monday, March 11th, Darley Moor. The exception proves the rule, and luckily to-day was the day in ten when fair weather favoured us at this bleak fixture. Hounds looked like going, being full of muscle, coats fine, and ribs just showing, though their backs were well filled enough. Go they did, too, when they drove their fox over the main Ashbourne road, just on the Cubley side of the place of meeting, pointing for Snelston Firs. Up-wind this, but they ran just as fast when they turned short down-wind after crossing the awkward dumble. In fact, you might gallop your best without fear of overriding them. After this down-wind turn it required no wizard to see that it was a hounds' day. How they did fly right-handed to the bye-road from Snelston to Darley Moor. Just a hover on the road, and then, heads up, sterns down, away they scurried across the Park to the New Gorse. Not long did they dwell here before they were off across the Ashbourne road, with Collycroft Hill on their left, straight for the Holt. Just short of this there runs a brook, nothing in itself, but jealously guarded by a fence with a horrible drop, and rails in all sorts of awkward positions. Some galloped left to the lane, and did well; others wanted to cut the Gordian knot, but could not for the moment find the weak spot. At last some one found it, as some one usually does, if you wait long enough, and the pent-up little throng charged up the opposing slope. A steep slope it was, too, and hounds were out of covert and away over the road from Ashbourne to Edlaston before any of this lot got to them. Here three couples slipped on, crossing the Osmaston-Edlaston road. Running hard for Shirley, along the bottom

Meet at Etwall, 1900.

From a photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Names (reading from left to right):—

Joe Overton (second Whipper-in).

Colonel R. S. Chandos-Pole, M.F.H.

Mr. R. Fort, M.F.H.

Stephen Burtenshaw (Huntsman).

Jack Goddard.

Will Weston (first Whipper-in).

Will Weston (third Whipper-in).

Jack Goddard.

Stephen Bottomley (Huntsman).

Mr. K. Fort, M.E.H.

Colonel K. S. Christos-Pole, M.E.H.

Joe Overton (second Whipper-in).

Names (reading from left to right):—

From a photograph by Elliott and Fry.

West at Elwell, 1900.

which lies below Wyaston, the main body caught up their leaders. At least it looked like the main body, but it turned out later on that about six couples had run sharp to the left Bradley-wards just before this, with half the field with them, and had eventually been stopped by the first whipper-in, with a very tired fox just ahead of them. Pity they did not go on and catch him. Meanwhile, the main body, in fact, ran into Shirley Park with their fox sorely distressed, not fifty yards in front of them, though they, for some strange reason, checked outside. They were soon on the line, and pushed their fox right through and out on the top side towards Rodsley. No sooner were they away than they turned very short left, sinking the hill, and slipping every one for the time being except the Master, who was with them, till they killed their fox in Shirley village, after a first-rate hound run. The only drawback was their dividing. After rejoining forces, they found in Shirley Park, and ran fast to the well-known earth on the bridle-road to Shirley, where they checked. There was a halloa back and the huntsman cast that way, but soon realizing that it was no good, he caught hold of his hounds, and by a rattling good bold forward cast towards Longford, recovered the line, and hounds ran nicely to Longford Car. They were no sooner at one end than the fox was halloaed away at the other towards the Hall, and they ran well by Reeve's Moor, across the Hollington road, till they bowled over a dog fox halfway between Longford and Culland.

"Never more for the covert, his purpose had failed him,
Tho' to gain the old shelter he gallantly tried
In vain the last double, for Derelict nailed him.
Who, whoop! In the open the veteran died."

After drawing Alkmonton Bottoms blank, they found in Bentley Car, and caught this fox, too, in the open, after but a short shrift. Then they found in Cubley Gorse, and ran well to ground in the Cinder Hill quarries, thus ending a capital day's sport with no fox unaccounted for. Could any hounds do better?

Tuesday, Birch Wood Park, and another beautiful hunting morning. Drew Birch Wood blank, though they found and chopped one in the Fradswell dumbles. Every one, by the way, was glad to see Mrs. Murphy out again after her illness. Then we went to Chartley Gorse, ran one to ground, and started digging, while hounds drew on for another, which they found and ran out towards Fradswell, checking after running two fields. However, a left-hand cast recovered the line, and they ran well by Turner's Gorse and over the Stafford turnpike to the right of Mr. Nuttall's house and checked, pointing for Chartley Gorse. Luckily the Master knew something, or had information, for he advised a cast back over the road, whence we came, and it proved successful. Hitting the line, hounds ran well to the left of Mr. Nuttall's house, more or less parallel with, and sometimes on, the railway to Grindley station, to the left of which they ran, till they crossed it, and marked their fox to ground on the banks of the Blythe, opposite Wanfield Coppice, after a merry twenty-seven minutes—official time. Then we went back to Chartley Gorse to see how the digging prospered, and on the way there Mrs. Fort, in opening a gate, had the misfortune to dislocate her elbow. This necessitated the Master's going home, and threw a gloom over the subsequent proceedings; so much so, in fact, that every one thought of going home at once. But it is quite certain that Mrs. Fort herself would have been the last one to have wished it. Still, the writer feels that he is safe in saying that any mishap to Mrs. Fort is looked upon as affecting the whole Meynell Hunt, and thus, if sympathy is any consolation, she may feel sure that she has it to the full. There were two foxes in the earth, a dog and a vixen. The former was duly killed and eaten,

and the latter, fortunately, was uninjured. Carry Coppice was blank, but they found in Philips' Gorse, and ran to Carry Coppice, where, on the return journey, oddly enough, there was certainly a brace, possibly a leash, on foot. Hounds got away with a fox, over the miry lane at the top, and he tried all the pit-holes between the covert and the river, finally getting to ground in the one nearest Field. And so another day came to an end with every fox accounted for.

But Thursday, at Allestree, was a horse of quite a different colour, for a worse day's sport could hardly be imagined. Hounds chopped a fox in Allestree big wood, and then drew Colvile's Wood and Farnah blank, and ran to ground in Breward's Car. Then came a succession of blanks, Kedleston, Meynell-Langley Gorse, Parson's Gorse, Potlucks, the Brickyard, and Radburne Rough, where men have been at work, and so home.

Then came Saturday, at Bretby. Perhaps some one who saw it will write an account of the best run of this season, or, as some say, of many seasons. From what the present writer can glean, hounds found in Robin Wood, and ran hard to Repton Shrubs; so much so, in fact, that it is said some horses had already had enough. Still, running hard, they went through Carver's Rocks to Pistern Hills, where the first check of only two or three minutes occurred. Hounds, however, soon hit it off, and ran on through South Wood and Spring Wood, till they fairly pulled down a good game fox, in the middle of the field by Cole-Orton Hall, after a splendid hound run of an hour and ten minutes, with only one couple of hounds away, which turned up at the kennels before the pack got home. One was badly cut, which accounted for her absence. Rumour has it that it was only a very small and select party which was in at the death.

"Fain would I relate their glory,
Name each favourite mount;
But the *scribe* who tells the story
Was not there to count."

So let each take to himself or herself as much credit as is their due, and perhaps next week some one will give a fuller account, with names and all.

Subsequently an eye-witness gave the writer the following names, and if any one is omitted, he trusts the error will be pardoned—Mrs. Walter Boden, Mrs. Charrington, Mr. Fort, Mr. Maynard, Mr. Garnett, Mr. "Bertie" Crompton, Capt. Holland, Mr. Whittingham, Stephen Burtenshaw (the huntsman), and Will Weston (first whipper-in).

This was the best day of the season.

Monday, April 1st, Ashbourne Station. After drawing Bradley Wood and all the coverts thereabouts blank, hounds found a brace of foxes in Shirley Park—a mangy one and another—but did no good with either. They then found in one of the outside Snelston coverts, and ran out nearly to Hope Wood, but turned short back into the Holly Wood, Snelston. Going away thence, they ran out by the Stydd, and swung round to Cinder Hills, where they lost their fox.

Tuesday, Blithbury. They found at once in Pipe Wood, and ran to ground about halfway between the Wood and Mavesyn Ridware. After drawing the Lawn, Mavesyn Osiers, and the Stych blank, they found in Laurence's Wood.

and ran to ground a few minutes later to the right of Hamstall-Ridware. A fox was soon away from Rough Park on the Hoar Cross side. Hounds crossed the brooklet and ran fast over Park Hill, bearing always left-handed, down to the Blythe, as if they were going for Laurence's Wood. But they turned short along the river, best pace, with Hamstall-Ridware well on their right, and, still working left-hand-wards, ran nearly to Bancroft before they turned left into Rough Park. A fox was halloaed away thence, and hounds crossed the brooklet again, dwelling on the plough before they got to the road from Hamstall-Ridware to Hoar Cross. No doubt there was a brace of foxes on foot here, for there was a halloa back towards the covert which they had just left. But an old hand, standing in the road just mentioned, had seen the fox going on; so on we went, hounds running by fits and starts, with a twisting fox, in the direction of Hoar Cross, till they eventually marked him to ground between Bentilee Park and Bromley Hurst, after a good forty-five minutes. After drawing Dolesfoot blank, they found quickly in Jackson's Bank, and ran out to the New Church road as if for Kingstanding, but the fox turned short at the road, through the corner of Jackson's Bank, and set his head for Hollybush. Hounds ran fast nearly to Newborough before they turned into Elton Covert, Hollybush, right through it, across the water and up to the road which goes from Six Roads Ends to Newborough, and checked in the lane which leads to Agardsley Park. Here Liable hit off the line down the road, but, unluckily, the huntsman, casting to the right, did not see her, and some little time was lost. However, the mistake was soon rectified, and, catching up the leading hound, they checked just short of Swilcar Lawn, after running for twenty-five minutes. The fox had been viewed over the road by several men, and hounds carried the line into Swilcar, but were too far behind him to do any good, so the Master gave the order for home.

Thursday. It would be difficult to find a more truly English scene than the meet at Radburne on the occasion of the presentation to Stephen Burtenshaw of a cheque for £220, a clock, and a beautiful gold watch (this latter from the farmers in the Hunt), as a testimony to the goodwill of all classes towards him. As you rode through the Park under the oaks, whose gnarled trunks and naked limbs looked as if they had stood the storms of a thousand years, and you saw the hounds in the foreground, where the pink of the men's coats lent a touch of positive colour to the picture, horsemen standing about here and there, while behind them the great house reared its massive walls of ruddy, time-mellowed brick—as the eye took in all this, and noted the group on the steps in front of the house, with the familiar figure of the Squire in the centre, the observer could not fail to be struck with the singular harmony of every detail. The few well-chosen words which accompanied the presentation thoroughly expressed what every one else must have felt. The Squire reminded us of the fact that he had been the means of bringing Stephen into the Meynell country, and said how sorry he was that he was leaving, ending up with paying a well-earned tribute of praise to the latter's many good qualities. Stephen's reply did equal credit to his head and his heart, and the genuine ring of the compliment paid to his successor must have struck every one. It falls to the lot of but few people to be equally popular with all classes, but Stephen seems to have been one of those few; and it was evident that Mr. Joseph Shipton's words, when he presented the gold watch subscribed for by the farmers, did no more than express the opinion of those for whom he spoke. He had a very pleasing, though, at the same time, a painful duty to perform, he said, in presenting a gold watch to their huntsman, Stephen Burtenshaw, on behalf of his farming friends. He was sorry that his (Stephen's) career as huntsman in this country had come to an

end so soon, and he was afraid some people had been a little too impatient when luck had failed the huntsman. The latter had proved that, when he had a straight-necked fox with a scent, he and his hounds were equal to the occasion, and that they could not only run, but could race their fox down and kill him. Mr. Shipton concluded with good wishes for success to Stephen in the future. (Stephen asks the editor to be allowed to return his very best thanks to those ladies and gentlemen who were not present on Thursday at Radburne, but who subscribed to the handsome gift.) Hounds then moved off to draw the Radburne coverts, and found a fox in Pildock Wood, who led them, at a good pace, to the Rough, where he got to ground. While they were drawing the last-named place a snowstorm came on, which, added to the hurricane which kept blowing all day, reached the acme of discomfort. Now that the whole field was drawn up in one place, one could not fail to be struck by its numbers, augmented as they were by a large contingent from Cheshire. The huntsman-elect had come with them, and, report says, expressed surprise at the smallness of the field. After the Rough a move was made for Parson's Gorse, and a fox jumped in the field just outside it, and was hunted as far as Kirk Langley. In drawing Meynell-Langley Gorse, they found him, or another, and he ran much the same line as before, nearly to Parson's Gorse, but, turning left-handed, was lost in Langley village. Then came a long jog to Sutton Gorse, a mangy fox, and a little dart out across the brook (which a few bold spirits jumped, while the majority crossed by a ford), to the road just this side of the Rough. Here the fox was headed by a second horseman on the road, and doubled back along the brook in the direction whence he had come. But this was discovered too late to be of any use, so the fox was ost, and a bad scenting day came to an end.

Saturday, Anslow. Found in the Henhurst, ran two rings back and forth, and lost. Found in Rangemore Gorse, ran nicely to Sinai Park, where scent failed utterly. A fox from Byrkley Gorse was just lost outside Rangemore, and one from Yoxall took them to Hollyhurst.

THE MEYNELL ENTRY, 1900.

Born.	Name.	Sire.	Dam.	Walked by Messrs.
March 18th	Albion Arnica Artful Arsenic 1 Artifice	Tynedale Albion	Vestal ...	Poyser, Mickleover. Archer, Scropton. Collier, Draycott. Plant, Cubley. Hawksworth, Barton.
March 5th...	Finder Fifer ...	Warwickshire Fireman	Chastity ...	Goodall, Cubley Stoop. Harrison, Cubley.
March 5th...	Marlborough Marker Marksman	Tynedale Albion	Muslin ...	Wainwright, Boylestone. Wainwright, Boylestone. Humphrey, Cubley.
May 25th ...	Pageant Parody 2 Partial	Pytchley Pageant	Whimsical	Robinson, Brereton. Miles, Tatenhill. Tunnicliff, Hilton.

THE MEYNELL ENTRY, 1900—*continued.*

Born.	Name.	Sire.	Dam.	Walked by Messrs.
March 7th...	Pastime ...	Tynedale Albion	Purity ...	Bagshaw, Marchington.
March 3rd...	Saintly Saucy ...	Warwickshire Tancred	Symphony	Gould, Wellington. Kempson, Densy.
May 17th ...	Trader Trappist Tribute ...	Truthful ...	Kitten ...	Townsend, Sudbury. Bathew, Wanfield. Caldecott, Foston.
May 27th ...	Wakeful 3	Oakley Dandy	Wonderful	Fisher, Scropton.

The numerals against hounds' names represent the prize-winners.

Dogs, 4½ couples; Bitches, 5½ couples. Total, 10 couples.

GRAFTON AND BROCKLESBY DRAFT, 1900.

Born.	Name.	Sire.	Dam
May 24th ...	Audrey ...	Brocklesby Ajax ...	Brocklesby Susan.
March 22nd...	Festive Flighty Flippant ...	Warwickshire Fireman	Brocklesby Sunbeam.
June 5th ...	Riot Risky Rival ...	Warwickshire Turncoat	Brocklesby Redwing.
July 12th ...	Rapid ...	Brocklesby Rawdon	Brocklesby Arrogant.
May 1st ...	Ringwood ...	Grafton Fencer ...	Brocklesby Ringlet.
May 18th ...	Fairy Fashion ...	Grafton Whynot ...	Brocklesby Fanciful.
May 27th ...	Frenzy ...	Grafton Fencer ...	Brocklesby Dundess.
June 12th ...	Gravity ...	Pytchley Gambler ...	Grafton Prudence.
June 23rd ...	Wilful Wrangler ...	Grafton Whynot ...	Brocklesby Dainty.
July 28th ...	Notable ...	Grafton Deserter ...	Grafton Narrative.

1 couple of Dogs; 7 couples of Bitches. Total, 8 couples.

THE MEYNELL ENTRY, 1901.

Born.	Name.	Sire.	Dam.	Walked by Messrs.
July 6th ...	Anchorite Antidote	Lucifer ...	Amazon ...	H. Walker, Chapel House. Garratt, Radburne.
July 16th ...	Bandit ...	Mr. Pole's Bender	Affable ...	Spence, Byrkley.
June 18th ...	Bedford 1 Beatrice Benefit Bertha	Mr. Pole's Bender	Spotless ...	Fisher, Scropton. Archer, Foston. Mrs. Harrisson, Cubley. Elkington, Brailsford.
July 31st ...	Comedy ...	Lord Harrington's Adam	Comfort ...	F. Wint, Bagots Bromley.
July 7th ...	Charity ...	Lounger ...	Chastity ...	J. Wint, Hamley House.
February 17th	Harper Harmony	Grafton Fencer	Hasty ...	Chandos-Pole, Radburne. Newton, Bearwardcote.
May 25th ...	Heroine 1...	Lord Harrington's Adam	Helen ...	Bagshaw, Hanbury.
July 16th ...	Kempton Kenyon	Trimmer ...	Kitten ...	Bagshaw, Marchington. Mynors, Doveridge.
June 16th...	Mayfly Magic ...	Lucifer ...	Muslin ...	Holme, Quarndon. Plant, Cubley.
June 25th...	Primate ...	Painter ...	Ladylike ..	Goodall, Repton.
April 25th...	Puzzle 3 ...	Trimmer ...	Purity ...	Collier, Draycott.
July 1st ...	Patrick 3 Pattern	Pytchley Pageant	Vestal ...	Ashmore, Hamstall Ridware. Wibberley, Yoxall.
July 25th ...	Pansy ...	Painter ...	Languid ...	Caldecott, Foston.
March 10th	Whittaker 2 Whimbrell 2	Pytchley Pageant	Whimsical	Shipton, Guinea Farm. Arliss, New Lodge.

The numerals against hounds' names represent the prize-winners.

Dogs, 4½ couples; Bitches, 7 couples. Total, 11½ couples.

NORTH CHESHIRE DRAFT, 1901.

Born.	Name.	Sire.	Dam.
January 19th	Falcon Falstaff Fallacy ...	Warwickshire Tuscan	North Cheshire Fanciful.
June 6th ...	Governor Gossip ...	Belvoir Governor ...	North Cheshire Gossamer.
April 14th ...	Nathan ...	North Cheshire Nailor	North Cheshire Tuneful.
April 23rd ...	Plaintiff Planter ...	North Cheshire Trifler	North Cheshire Playful.
April 14th ...	Statesman Stately Stanza ... Starlight ...	North Cheshire Trifler	North Cheshire Solitude.
April 28th ...	Wary ...	North Cheshire Despot	North Cheshire Wasteful.

Dogs, 3½ couples; Bitches, 3 couples. Total, 6½ couples.

So ends the History of the Meynell Hunt. Long may it be ere the prophetic words of the verses, with which it concludes, come true!

THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS.

By J. L. R.

A.D. 19—. *An old farmer sings to the accompaniment of the rattle of the express rushing through the Midlands.*

We lamed the nags, we maimed the men, we rolled them in the mire,
We killed the goose with golden eggs with thrice-accursèd wire.

Can it really be November? Can winter have begun?
There's the usual loss of verdure, and the absence of the sun!
Oh yes, there are the common signs! But one, I find, we lack—
The huntsman's horn, the cheering cry, the music of the pack.
Oh, dull and drear's the time of year when nothing gives relief
From the settled gloom which follows the falling of the leaf!
Who lamed the nags and maimed the men, and rolled them in the mire?
We killed the goose with golden eggs with thrice-accursèd wire.

Oh, what were trampled pastures, and, oh, what was damaged wheat,
Or poultry raised and fattened which the foxes used to eat?
Oh, what were broken fences, what was stock all gone astray?
Great houses bought our produce then, great stables used our hay.
There was stir and animation, the country-side was gay
With all the pomp and glitter and pride of a hunting day!
Who mangled them and tangled them and rolled them in the mire
We killed the goose with golden eggs with thrice-accursèd wire.

The halls are all deserted now where gentry used to be,
There's no one left but t' doctor, and t' rector, and Hodge, and me.
There's no one rides about the land, and I miss the friendly nod
I got on hunting mornings, though the horse hoofs cut the sod.
Though many's the time I've grumbled, yet now I should rejoice
To see a smiling countenance and hear a cheery voice.
Who lamed the nags, and maimed the men, and rolled them in the mire?
We killed the goose with golden eggs with thrice-accursèd wire.

There are tons of hay uneaten and lying in the mow.
Is the meadow grass worth cutting at the price it fetches now?
The towns are full of loafing men who used to earn their bread,
All idle since we farmers knocked fox-hunting on the head.
The blacksmith's in the workhouse, and the saddler's ruined too;
We little thought all this would come of what we meant to do,
Who lamed the nags, and maimed the men, and rolled them in the mire,
And killed the goose with golden eggs with thrice-accursèd wire.

The whippers-in are in "the House," the huntsman's breaking stones,
The doctor's lost the goodly job of setting sportsmen's bones.
While us as stays must pay the rates—there's no one else to pay—
It's twice as hard upon the rest now they have gone away.
And Parson says there's no one now to help the poor in need.
DAL! All the World looks black at US—the men as done the deed,
As lamed the nags, and maimed the men, and rolled them in the mire,
And killed the goose with golden eggs with thrice-accursèd wire.

The Shires are quite a desert now the Quality has fled;
Their homes are still and silent as the dwellings of the dead.
There seems a blight upon the land. Accursèd be the day
That spoilt their sport, that robbed the land, and drove their wealth away,

When the gold they spent with *us* went with *them* across the sea.
Ah, well, 'twas our own doing: that's as plain as plain can be.
Who lamed the nags, and maimed the men, and rolled them in the mire,
And killed the goose with golden eggs with thrice-accursèd wire.

Where are those stalwart riders? Where those forms of winsome grace?
Gone? Ay, and gone for ever! Who will fill the vacant place?
They're off to Pau and Zanzibar, to Paris and Peru,
To Nice, and California: there was nothing else to do.
You can't expect a sporting race to stay when sport is dead.
They've taken flight, and with them too Prosperity has fled.
We mangled them, and tangled them, and rolled them in the mire,
And killed the goose with golden eggs with thrice-accursèd wire.

APPENDIX I.

MASTERS.

1872 to 1875 { Lord Waterpark / Mr. Clowes } Joint.
1875 to 1878, ditto.
1878 to 1881, Lord Waterpark.
1881 to 1884, Mr. R. W. Chandos-Pole.
1884 to April, 1886, Mr. R. W. Chandos-Pole.
April, 1886, to March, 1888 { Mr. R. W. Chandos-Pole / Mr. Hamar Bass, M.P. } Joint. / Mr. Pole's private pack two days per week.
March, 1888, to April, 1893, Mr. Hamar Bass.
April, 1893, to April, 1894 { Mr. Hamar Bass. / Mr. R. Fort (Deputy-Master).
April, 1894, to April, 1896, ditto.
April, 1896, to April, 1897, ditto. (Mr. Fort resigned.)
April, 1897, to February, 1898, Mr. Hamar Bass.
February, 1898, to April, 1901, Mr. R. Fort.
April, 1901 (term of one year), Mr. R. Fort.

COMMITTEE.

Appointed 1875 *for three years.*

Lord Bagot.
Hon. E. Coke.
Mr. M. A. Bass, M.P.
Mr. Levett.
Mr. W. Boden.
Mr. Duncombe.
Mr. T. W. Evans, M.P.
Lord Vernon, Lord Waterpark, Mr. M. Clowes, M.P. — *ex-officio.*

COMMITTEE.

Elected January 4th, 1878.

Lord Bagot.
Hon. E. Coke.
Mr. T. W. Evans, M.P.
Mr. M. A. Bass, M.P.
Captain A. C. Duncombe.
Mr. T. J. Levett,
Mr. S. W. Clowes, M.P.
Mr. W. Boden.
Lord Waterpark.
Lord Vernon.

COMMITTEE.

Elected March 18th, 1881.

Lord Bagot.
Hon. E. Coke.
Mr. T. W. Evans.
Captain Duncombe.
Mr. T. J. Levett.
Mr. W. Boden.
Lord Waterpark.
Lord Vernon.
Mr. R. W. Chandos-Pole.

MEYNELL HUNT COMMITTEE.

Elected January 25th, 1884.

Lord Bagot.
Lord Vernon.
Lord Waterpark.
Hon. E. Coke.
Sir J. Hardy.
Mr. C. Allsopp.
Mr. W. Boden.
Mr. Chandos-Pole.
Mr. C. Finney.

Elected April 16th, 1886.

Mr. Hamar Bass, Joint-Master, *ex-officio*.

November, 1885.

Hon. W. Bagot took the place of Lord Waterpark, resigned November 3rd, 1885. The above gentleman (Hon. W. Bagot) became after his appointment Lord Bagot through the death of Lord Bagot.

COMMITTEE.

Elected April 1st, 1887.

Lord Vernon.
Lord Bagot.
Lord Hindlip.
Hon E. Coke (Chairman).
Mr. S. W. Clowes.
Mr. Gerald Hardy.
Mr. Walter Boden.
Mr. C. Finney.
Mr. R. W. Chandos-Pole } *ex-officio.*
Mr. Hamar Bass }

COMMITTEE.

Elected December 7th, 1888.

Hon E. Coke (Chairman).
Lord Waterpark (vice-Chairman).
Lord Bagot.
Lord Burton.
Mr. W. Boden.
Mr. S. W. Clowes.
Mr. A. Crossman.
Mr. H. J. Cumming.
Mr. A. C. Duncombe.
Sir T. W. Evans.
Sir R. Hardy.
Lord Hindlip.
Mr. T. P. Kempson.
Colonel Levett.
Lord Scarsdale.
Lord Vernon.
Mr. P. C. Walker.

Farmers elected April 10th, 1889.

Mr. S. Buckley.
Mr. C. Miles.
Mr. J. Swinnerton.
Mr. S. Vicker.

Mr. Hamar Bass, M.P., Master, *ex-officio*.

Together with Trustees not elected December 7th, 1888.

Lord Bagot.
Lord Burton.
Sir W. Evans.
Hon. E. Coke.

COMMITTEE.

1891.

Lord Waterpark (Chairman).
Lord Bagot (Vice-Chairman).
Lord Burton.
Mr. W. Boden.
Mr. S. W. Clowes.
Colonel Hon. W. Coke.
Mr. A. Crossman.
Mr. H. J. Cumming,
Mr. A. C. Duncombe.
Mr. S. W. Evans.
Sir R. Hardy.
Lord Hindlip.
Mr. T. P. Kempson.
Colonel Levett.
Lord Scarsdale.
Earl of Shrewsbury.
Lord Vernon.
Mr. P. C. Walker.
Mr. S. Buckley.
Mr. C. Miles.
Mr. J. Swinnerton.
Mr. S. Vicker.

Colonel Coke and Lord Shrewsbury added to committee, April 1st, 1898.

Mr. H. Bass, M.P., *ex-officio*.

N.B.—Lord Hindlip resigned, April, 1892.

(Hon. E. Coke, deceased.)

COMMITTEE.

Elected April 15th, 1893 (*for one year*).

Lord Waterpark (Chairman).
Lord Bagot (Vice-Chairman).
Lord Burton.
Sir F. Burdett.
Colonel Hon. W. Coke.
Mr. A. Crossman.
Mr. H. J. Cumming.
Mr. R. Fort.
Mr. L. G. Gisborne.
Sir R. Hardy.
Mr. G. H. Hardy.
Mr. E. C. S. Holden.
Colonel Levett.
Sir O. Mosley.
Lord Scarsdale.
Earl of Shrewsbury.
Lord Vernon.
Sir P. Walker.

Mr. H. Bass, M.P., *ex-officio*.

APPENDIX I.

COMMITTEE.

April 6th, 1894.

Confirmed that Committee be permanent.
See List of Rules.
Same Committee as last year.

COMMITTEE.

1895.

Lord Waterpark (Chairman).
Lord Bagot (Vice-Chairman).
Lord Burton.
Sir F. Burdett, Bart.
Colonel Hon. W. Coke.
Mr. A. Crossman.
Mr. H. J. Cumming.
Mr. A. C. Duncombe.
Mr. R. Fort.
Mr. L. G. Gisborne.
Sir R. Hardy.
Mr. E. C. S. Holden.
Colonel Levett.
Sir O. Mosley, Bart.
Lord Scarsdale.
Earl of Shrewsbury.
Lord Vernon.
Sir P. Walker.

Mr. H. Bass, M.P., *ex-officio.*

COMMITTEE.

Elected April 10th, 1896.

Lord Burton added to Trustees.

Lord Waterpark (Chairman).
Lord Bagot (Vice-Chairman).
Hon. George Allsopp.
Lord Burton.
Sir F. Burdett.
Mr. F. A. Brace.
Mr. W. Boden.
Colonel Hon. W. Coke.
Mr. A. Crossman.
Mr. H. J. Cumming.
Mr. A. C. Duncombe.
Mr. R. Fort.
Sir R. Hardy, Bart.
Colonel Levett.
Sir O. Mosley, Bart.
Lord Vernon.
Sir P. Walker.
Hon. F. L. Wood.

Mr. H. Bass, M.P., *ex-officio.*

COMMITTEE, 1897–8.

Elected April 14th, 1897.

Lord Bagot (Chairman).
Colonel Levett (Vice-Chairman).
Hon. George Allsopp.
Lord Burton.
Sir F. Burdett.
Mr. S. Blount.
Mr. W. Boden.
Mr. F. A. Brace.
Colonel Hon. W. Coke.
Mr. A. C. Duncombe.
Mr. R. Fort.
Mr. L. G. Gisborne.
Lord Scarsdale.
Lord Vernon.
Sir P. Walker.
Hon. F. L. Wood.

Mr. H. Bass, M.P., *ex-officio.*

COMMITTEE, 1898–9.

Elected April 7th, 1898.

Trustees.

Lord Bagot.
Lord Burton.
Mr. R. W. Chandos-Pole.
Colonel Levett.

Lord Bagot (Chairman).
Colonel Levett (Vice-Chairman).
Hon. George Allsopp, M.P.
Mr. S. Blount.
Mr. W. Boden.
Mr. F. A. Brace.
Sir F. Burdett, Bart.
Mr. G. A. Clay.
Captain H. Clowes.
Mr. L. G. Gisborne.
Mr. J. Gretton, jun., M.P.
Sir R. Hardy, Bart.
Lord Harrington.
Mr. O. Mosley.
Lord Scarsdale.
Sir P. Walker.
Hon. F. L. Wood.

Mr. R. Fort, M.F.H., *ex-officio*.

COMMITTEE, 1899.

Elected March 29th, 1899.

Trustees.

Lord Bagot.
Lord Burton.
Mr. R. W. Chandos-Pole.
Lord Waterpark.

Lord Bagot (Chairman).
Hon. Geo. H. Allsopp, M.P.
Mr. S. Blount.
Mr. W. Boden.
Mr. F. A. Brace.
Mr. G. A. Clay.
Captain H. Clowes.
Colonel Hon. W. Coke.
Mr. A. C. Duncombe.
Mr. L. G. Gisborne.
Sir R. Hardy.
Lord Harrington.
Mr. Oswald Mosley.
Mr. F. W. Peacock.
Lord Scarsdale.
Sir P. Walker.
Hon. F. L. Wood.

R. Fort, *ex-officio*.

COMMITTEE, 1900.

Elected April 12th, 1900.

Trustees.

Lord Bagot.
Lord Burton.
Mr. R. W. Chandos-Pole.
Lord Waterpark.

Lord Bagot (Chairman).
Mr. S. Blount.
Mr. F. A. Brace.
Colonel Cavendish.
Mr. G. A. Clay.
Captain H. Clowes.
Colonel Hon. W. Coke.
Mr. F. Cooper.
Mr. A. C. Duncombe.
Mr. L. G. Gisborne.
Sir R. Hardy, Bart.
Mr. O. Mosley.
Mr. F. W. Peacock.
Lord Scarsdale.
Sir P. Walker.
Hon. F. L. Wood.

Mr. R. Fort, *ex-officio*.

APPENDIX I.

COMMITTEE, 1901.

Elected April 3rd, 1901.

Trustees.

Lord Bagot.
Lord Burton.
Lord Bagot (Chairman).
Mr. S. Blount.
Mr. F. A. Brace.
Colonel J. Cavendish.
Mr. G. A. Clay.
Captain H. Clowes.
Colonel Hon. W. Coke.
Mr. F. C. Newton.
Mr. A. C. Duncombe.
Mr. R. W. Chandos-Pole.
Lord Waterpark.
Mr. L. G. Gisborne.
Sir R. Hardy, Bart.
Lord Harrington.
Mr. Oswald Mosley.
Mr. F. W. Peacock.
Lord Scarsdale.
Sir P. Walker, Bart.
Hon. F. L. Wood.

Mr. R. Fort, Master, *ex-officio*.

SECRETARIES.

Mr. W. C. Watson (Derby), May, 1872, Secretary.
Mr. F. L. Sowter (Derby), April 28th, 1882, Secretary.
Mr. F. C. Newton, March 20th, 1888, Honorary Secretary; July 1st, 1893, Secretary.
Mr. F. Cooper, July 1st, 1901.

APPENDIX II.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Season.		£	s.	d.	Season.		£	s.	d.
1872–1873	...	3995	15	0	1887–1888	...	3517	5	9
1873–1874	...	3941	2	10	1888–1889	...	2940	16	0
1874–1875	...	3781	10	8	1889–1890	...	3060	16	0
1875–1876	...	3765	14	6	1890–1891	...	3162	4	6
1876–1877	...	3523	6	9	1891–1892	...	3163	9	0
1877–1878	...	3314	13	5	1892–1893	...	2981	7	0
1878–1879	...	3482	9	0	1893–1894	...	3885	2	0
1879–1880	...	3463	7	9	1894–1895	...	3968	7	0
1880–1881	...	3697	4	0	1895–1896	...	3884	16	1
1881–1882	...	3670	14	0	1896–1897	...	3804	9	0
1882–1883	...	4035	14	6	1897–1898	...	3853	3	0
1883–1884	...	3562	4	4	1898–1899	...	3899	16	7
1884–1885	...	3410	18	0	1899–1900	...	4047	13	0
1885–1886	...	3442	5	3	1900–1901	...			
1886–1887	...	3342	18	10					

COMPENSATION.

Year ending		£	s.	d.	Year ending		£	s.	d.
October 1st, 1873	...	113	17	0	October 1st, 1887	...	479	16	11
1874	...	167	18	6	1888	...	555	7	2
1875	...	124	15	6	1889	...	488	6	0
1876	...	181	18	0	1890	...	543	5	1
1877	...	228	7	6	1891	...	367	14	6
1878	...	166	7	6	1892	...	508	3	1
1879	...	173	10	6	1893	...	566	18	11
1880	...	210	4	0	1894	...	656	19	10
1881	...	170	11	0	1895	...	665	9	5
1882	...	195	0	9	1896	...	690	9	9
1883	...	354	1	0	1897	...	848	14	7
1884	...	346	18	6	1898	...	1089	10	7
1885	...	519	16	9	1899	...	976	7	11
1886	...	450	4	11	1901	...	973	2	1

APPENDIX III.

RULES FOR FUTURE GUIDANCE OF COMMITTEE.

(*Passed General Meeting, April 6th*, 1894.)

(*a*) That the Committee consist of twenty persons, four of whom shall be tenant farmers, chosen so as to represent, as nearly as possible, all the divisions of the country, together with the Trustees of the Hounds, and the Master.

(*b*) That the Committee be permanent, six members (of whom two shall be farmers) to retire annually, but be eligible for re-election.

(*c*) That the six to retire (three from Staffs. and three from Derbyshire), one from each county being a farmer, be selected by lot until the Committee is exhausted, then by seniority.

N.B.—Staffordshire includes the Tuesday and Saturday country.

(*d*) That one month's notice of the General Meeting be given to the Subscribers and Public, and all notices of motion to be made at the General Meeting shall be forwarded to the Secretary fourteen days before.

(*e*) That a Committee Meeting be held not less than seven days before the General Meeting.

APPENDIX IV.

MEYNELL HUNT.

Rules and Standing Orders.

1. The general meeting of the Meynell Hunt shall consist of landowners, covert owners, subscribers of five pounds and upwards, and tenant farmers of fifty acres and upwards.

2. A general meeting shall be called by the Chairman of the committee once in each year, in the month of March or April.

3. Notice of such meeting shall be given to landowners, covert owners, subscribers of five pounds and upwards, and tenant farmers of fifty acres and upwards, not less than twenty-eight days previously.

4. The Chairman of the committee may at any time call a general meeting, of which seven days' notice shall suffice, and any five covert owners or subscribers of the Hunt may call upon the committee to call a meeting, and if the committee shall within seven days neglect or refuse to call such meeting, then the five members of the Hunt may themselves call a general meeting, but no subject shall be discussed thereat unless it has been set forth in the application to the committee.

5. The Chairman of the Hunt committee shall (if present) be Chairman of the general meeting; otherwise the meeting will elect its Chairman.

Notices of Motion.

6. All notices of motions to be moved at an ordinary general meeting shall be forwarded to the secretary fourteen days previously, otherwise they shall be considered out of order.

Order of Business.

7. The Chairman having taken his seat, the secretary will read the notice convening the meeting; he will then read the minutes of the last meeting, and the Chairman will move that they be confirmed, and, if passed, he will sign them, and proceed to the next matter.

8. No debate or motion shall be permitted on any subject, as arising out of the minutes, unless any members dispute the accuracy of the report, and if so, he may challenge it, and move that it be corrected.

9. Reports or recommendations of the Hunt committee will next be brought up by the Chairman, and moved from the chair. Such reports will not require to be seconded.

Notices of Motion.

10. Every motion or amendment shall be reduced to writing by the mover, and having been read by him shall be handed to the Chairman; the mover may then speak in support thereof, and, if seconded, the motion or amendment shall become subject for debate.

11. No member having seconded a motion or amendment shall speak on the same motion or amendment, unless he shall have seconded it without any speech.

12. No motion or amendment shall be withdrawn without the consent of the meeting, and no member may speak upon it after the mover has asked permission for its withdrawal unless such permission shall have been refused.

13. Every amendment shall be relevant to the motion on which it is moved. The mover of every original motion shall have a right to speak on any amendment thereto before it is put to the vote.

14. Whenever an amendment upon an original motion has been moved and seconded, no second or subsequent amendment shall be moved until the previous amendment shall have been disposed of, but notice of any number of amendments may be given without speaking thereto.

15. An amendment shall be either—

(*a*) To leave out words.

(*b*) To insert words or add words.

(*c*) To leave out words in order to insert or add others.

16. If an amendment be rejected other amendments may be moved on the original motion.

If an amendment be carried, the motion as amended shall take the place of the original motion, and shall become the question upon which any further amendment may be moved. When the original resolution has been amended it shall be put to the vote as the main question. No amendment can be moved to any portion of a resolution which precedes an amendment already accepted.

17. No member may speak more than once on any one motion or amendment. But, the mover of a motion or amendment may reply to anything said, at the close of a debate, provided he does not introduce new matter.

Voting.

18. Every question shall in the first instance be determined by voice "aye" or "no," but if the decision shall be challenged a show of hands shall be taken, and if the decision thereon shall be again

challenged, the names for and against the motion or amendment shall be taken down in writing and entered on the minutes. A member not voting on a division shall not, whilst the division is taken, remain in that part of the room allotted to members.

19. No speech except that of a mover of a resolution shall exceed ten minutes, unless by special desire of the meeting.

Rules of Debate.

20. A member of the Hunt when speaking shall stand uncovered and address the Chair. Whenever the Chairman rises no member shall continue standing, nor shall any member rise until the Chair be resumed.

21. The decision of the Chairman on all points of procedure and order, and his interpretation of the standing orders, shall be final. No debate may ensue thereon.

22. If two or more members rise at the same time to speak, the Chairman shall determine to whom priority shall be given.

23. A member who speaks shall direct his speech strictly to the motion under discussion or to a question of order. No member shall be entitled to read his speech.

24. Any member may take the opinion of the Chairman on any point of order at the time when the question of order arises. The Chairman's ruling shall be final.

25. The Chairman may call the attention of the meeting to continued irrelevancy and tedious repetition, unbecoming language, or any breach of order on the part of a member, and may direct such member if speaking to discontinue his speech, or in the event of persistent disregard of the authority of the Chair, to retire for the remainder of the meeting, and on his refusal to do so may order his removal from the room.

26. No member (except he rises on a point of order) may interrupt the speech of another member. No member may impute motives or use offensive expressions to any member of the Hunt.

27. No member shall address the meeting more than once on any motion or amendment except the mover of an original resolution, who shall be allowed to reply, but he shall strictly confine himself to answering previous speakers, and shall not introduce any new matter into the debate. The right of reply shall not extend to the mover of an amendment which, having been carried, has become the substantive motion. The mover of an original motion shall not reply on the debate until called on by the Chairman. Any member may speak in explanation of some material part of a speech made by him which he believes to have been misunderstood. After the reply the further question shall be put forthwith without further debate.

APPENDIX V.

LIST OF MASTERS, HUNTSMEN, AND HOUNDS.

	Master.	Huntsman.
1818.....	Hugo Charles Meynell, Esq.	Thomas Leedham.
1836.....	Do. do.	Joseph Leedham (father of Charles).
1841.....	Hugo Francis Meynell Ingram, Esq.....	Do.
1856.....	Do. do.	Thomas Leedham.
1871.....	Hon. E. Coke	Do.
1872.....	{ Lord Waterpark / W. Clowes, Esq. } Joint Masters.....	Charles Leedham.
1878.....	Lord Waterpark	Do.
1881.....	Reginald Chandos-Pole, Esq.	Do.
1886.....	{ Reginald Chandos-Pole, Esq. / H. Bass, Esq. } Joint-Masters	Do.
1888.....	H. Bass, Esq.	Do.
1898.....	R. Fort, Esq.	H. Bonner.
1899.....	Do.	S. Burtenshaw.
1901.....	Do.	F. Gosden.

OCTOBER, 1818.

Nine Years Old.

Name.	Sire.	Dam.	When drafted.
Costly	Reveller	Clara.....	...

Eight Years Old.

Name.	Sire.	Dam.	When drafted.
Nora	Mr. Heron's Nelson ...	Mr. Talbot's Ruby	...
Madcap	Mr. Smith's Chorister...	Milliner.....	...

Seven Years Old.

Name.	Sire.	Dam.	When drafted.
Joyful	Justice	Rarity	...
Fleecer	... ...	Fairy.....	...

Six Years Old.

Name.	Sire.	Dam.	When drafted.
Dreadnought			...
Dragon			...
Delia	Mr. Smith's Ramper ...	Dauntless	...
Damsel			...
Pontiff	Do. Pontiff	Nora (2)	...

Five Years Old.

Name.	Sire.	Dam.	When drafted.
Bachelor	Bachelor	Wilful	...
Nathan			...
Nimble	Reveller	Nora (2)	...
Nancy			...
Vanity	Sudbury Vigilant.....	Their Ruby	...

Four Years Old.

Name.	Sire.	Dam.	When drafted.
Abigail	Lord Lonsdale's Author	His Diligent.....	...
Caroline.....	From Lord Foley's	... ...	...
Dreadnought...	From Mr. Newman's ...	... ...	...
Pastime	Dreadnought (3)	Pastime.....	...
Ravenger			...
Racer	Rallywood	Dauntless	...
Rival			...
Regent	From Mr. Newman's ...	... ...	...
Warrior			...
Wanton	Dreadnought (3)	Wilful	...
Wilfred	Lord Lonsdale's Wonder	His Midnight	...

Three Years Old.

Name.	Sire.	Dam.	When drafted.
Basker			...
Bridesmaid ...	Bachelor (3).....	Dauntless	...
Bacchanal			...
Chorister	Sudbury Finisher	Mr. Arkwright's Violet	...

Two Years Old.

Name.	Sire.	Dam.	When drafted.
Courtesy	Lord Althorp's Champion	Lord Lonsdale's Actress	...
Glaucus	Barrister	Mr. Arkwright's Gamesome	...
Governor } Guider }	Lord Sondes's Dinger	His Gamesome	...
Heedless	Lord Ludlow's Hotspur	His Pamela	...
Niobe	Lord Ludlow's Looby	His Lapwing	...
Jessamine	Dragon (3)	Joyful (2)	...
Pillager	Pontiff (3)	Damsel (3)	...
Songstress	Danger	Songstress	...
Verity } Votaress }	Lord Ludlow's Hotspur	His Pamela	...
Wisdom	Dreadnought (3).....	Wilful	...
Warbler } Walsom }	Lord Sondes's Ragman	His Wanton	...

One Year Old.

Name.	Sire.	Dam.	When drafted.
Baronet } Brusher }	Bachelor (3)	Damsel (3)	...
Brilliant	Justice	Bridesmaid (4)	...
Champion } Clara } ...	Ravager (4)	Cowslip	...
Crafty } Needful }	Mr. Newman's	... ...	...
Baneful	Mr. Heron's Bumper ...	His Dorcas	...
Fallacy	Mr. Heron's Mercury ...	His Fairmaid	1827
Ferryman	Mr. Newman's Ferryman	His Ellen	...
Needwood } Nectarine } ...	Wilfred (4)	Nora (2)	...
Nelly	Mr. Heron's Blucher	His Needful	...

Entered in 1819.

Name.	Sire.	Dam.	When drafted.
Abelard	... ...	... ...	...
Amulet	Nathan (3)	Abigail (3)	...
Barrister } Barbara } Bonnylass } ...	Bachelor (3).....	Rival (4)	...
Cheerful	Sir H. Every's Ferryman	His Granite	...
Cottager } Conqueror } ...	Captain.....	Bridesmaid (4).....	...

ENTERED IN 1819—*continued.*

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Facer			...
Finisher			...
Foreman	Facer	Delia (3)	...
Frantic			...
Fairy			...
Juliet	Wilfred (4)	Joyful (2)	...
Ranter			...
Rambler	Ravager (4)	Heedless (5)	...
Ruler			...
Wilful	Warbler (5)	Wanton (4)	...
Winifred	Lord Yarborough's	Mr. Smith's Conquest...	...
Woful	Wildboy		...

ENTERED IN 1820.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Alfred			...
Archer	Nathan (3)	Abigail (3)	...
Amulet			...
Dauntless			1828
Delia			...
Dorcas	Wilfred (4)	Damsel (3)	1828
Dreadnought			...
Joyful	Wilfred (4)	Joyful (3)	1829
Madcap	Ravager (4)	Madcap (3)	...
Rarity			1829
Regent	Fleecer (2)	Rival (4)	1828
Reveller			...
Vanity	Mr. Osbaldeston's	Vanity (3)	1828
Victory	Rallywood		...

ENTERED IN 1821.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Bajazet			1827
Basilisk			...
Beatrice			...
Benedict	Pytchley Abelard	Bridesmaid (4)	...
Bertram			...
Bluebell			...
Daffodil			...
Danger	Pytchley Abelard	Damsel (3)	...
Destiny			...
Ganymede	Glaucus (5)	Nelly (6)	...
Norval	Mr. Arkwright's Villager	His Nimble	...
Rallywood			...
Rhapsody ...	Ravager (4)	Heedless (5)	...
Victory			...
Vigilant	Needwood (6)	Vanity (3)	...

ENTERED IN 1822.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Barrister Bashful	Rambler (8)	Bonnybell.....	1829 1829
Champion Commodore Caroline Costly ...	Needwood (6)	Courtesy (5).....	1829 1829 1826 1826
Fleecer	Ravager (4)	Fairy (7)	...
Columbine.....	Duke of Grafton's Cruiser	His Rosy	...
Fairmaid	Basker (4)	Frantic (7)	...
Ruby Rival	Baronet (6)	Rival (4)	1829 1828
Symmetry.....	Ravager (4)	Brilliant (6)	...
Vengeance ...	Mr. Osbaldeston's Vaulter	Lord Sondes's Rosebud	...
Wisdom Wonder	Bertram (9).....	Wanton (4)	... ...

ENTERED IN 1823.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Blowsy Bluebell ...	Bajazet (9)	Bacchanal (4)	1829 1829
Chorister	Chorister (4)	Niobe (5)	1826
Darter	Lord Sondes's Gabriel	His Dalliance	1830
Falstaff Forester	Rambler (8).....	Fallacy (6)	1830 1831
Harmony Hyacinth ...	Ravager (4)	Heedless (5).....	1829 1831
Needwood.....	Do. (4)	Nectarine (6)	1832
Nathan Nelson	Bertram (9)	Nelly (6)	1833 1828
Warrior	Do. (9)	Wanton (4)	1826
Wildboy Wonder Woodbine ...	Ravager (4)	Winifred (8)	1830 1828 1826

ENTERED IN 1824.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Bachelor Bravery	Baronet (6)	Basilisk (9)	1827 1832
Confidence ...	Ravager (4)	Courtesy (5)	1832
Daphne Diligent Dragon	Cheshire Banger	Destiny (9)	1827 1828 1830
Fencer	Bertram (9)	Fairmaid (10)	1833
Melody Mira	Bajazet (9)	Madcap (8)	1831 1832
Woodman	Do. (9)	Wanton (4)	1827

ENTERED IN 1825.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Challenger, Comrade, Comedy ...	Lord Anson's Comrade	Caroline (10)	1832, 1829, 1830
Hannibal, Harbinger, Hercules ...	Bajazet (9)	Heedless (5)	1831, 1831, 1831
Stella	Nathan (12)	Symmetry (11)	1829
Jessamine, Justice, Juvenal ...	Lord Middleton's Vanguard	Joyful (8)	1832, 1832, 1829
Tarquin	Sir Thos. Mostyn's Tandem	Duke of Beaufort's Rampish	...

ENTERED IN 1826.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Basker, Brilliant	Bajazet (9)	Bonnybell.....	1834, 1830
Gertrude	Ganymede (9)	Columbine (10)	1830
Norman, Nimrod, Nimble	Nathan (12)	Joyful (8).....	1833, 1832, 1832
Matchless	Lord Yarborough's Minister	His Constant	1829
Pilgrim	Duke of Grafton's Palatine	Mr. Oxenden's Amazon	1829
Rhapsody	Bajazet (9)	Rarity (9).....	1829
Rosebud	Regent (9)	Basilisk (9)	1831
Songstress.....	Nathan (12).....	Symmetry (11)	1831
Vanity	Bajazet (9)	Victory (10).....	1832
Wisdom.....	Lord Yarborough's Woldsman	His Daphne	1829
Conquest	Bertram (9)	Caroline (10)	1831
Tuneful.....	Sir R. Sutton's Trimbush	His Factious	1827

Conquest and Tuneful not in T. Leedham's Manuscript.

ENTERED IN 1827.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Coral	Bertram (9)	Caroline (10)	1830
Courtesy	Baronet (6)	Courtesy (5)	1830
Bustler, Blameless ...	Dragon (12)	Basilisk (9)	1828, 1830
Dreadnought, Driver, Damsel, Dainty	Justice (13)	Dauntless (8)	1833, 1829, 1833, 1832
Ferdinand, Fugleman, Freedom ...	Fencer (12)	Harmony (11)	1833, 1833, 1833
Mariner	Needwood (11)	Melody (12)	1829
Reveller.....	Rambler (8)	Daphne (12)	1834
Wilful, Wanton	Lord Lonsdale's Palafox	His Welcome	1832, ...

ENTERED IN 1828.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Adamant, Amazon	Mr. Chadwick's Rifleman	Destiny (9)	1829, 1832
Costly	Rambler (8)	Columbine (10)	1833
Gamesome, Gravity ...	Needwood (11)	Gertrude (14)	1829, 1831
Jessica	Nathan (12)	Jessamine (13).....	1837
Latimer, Lionel, Lounger	Justice (13)	Daffodil (9)	1833, 1829, 1832
Marmion, Madrigal, Myrtle	Wildboy (12)	Mira (12)	1835, 1832, 1834
Marplot, Monitor, Modesty	Dragon (12).....	Melody (12).....	1829, 1829, 1834
*Ruby	Mr. Chadwick's Rifleman	Destiny (9)	1832
*Primrose	Nelson (12)	Mr. Chadwick's Primrose	1835
*Pastime	Mr. Foljambe's Piper ...	Mr. Saville's Welcome	1835
*Sauceboxx.....	Do. Royster	Do. Safety	1833
*Demirep	Do. Stroker	Do. Delicate	1836
*Nestor	Lord Tavistock's Prophet	His Niobe.....	1832
*Highlander ...	Do. Hermit	His Milliner	1830

Hounds marked thus * are found in the next year, as two-season hounds with this entry.

ENTERED IN 1829.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Benedict, Bloomer, Boaster, Barbara	Nelson (12)	Bravery (12)	1837, 1837, 1835, 1834
Beatrice	Rifleman	Bashful (10)	1830
Ebony, Emily, Eleanor, Edgar, Emerald	Fencer (12)	Harmony (11)	1835, 1836, 1836, 1835, ...
Furrier	Fencer (12)	Confidence (12)	1834
Jasper, Junket	Joker	Dauntless (8)	1830, 1834
Milliner	Rambler (8)	Mira (12)	1837
Niobe, Notary	Nathan (12)	Jessamine (13)	1831, 1833
Roguish	Rifleman	Mr. Chadwick's Dauntless	1831
Woodbine	Nelson (12)	Wisdom (14)	1836

ENTERED IN 1830.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Admiral	Norman (14)	Amazon (16)	1831
Bachelor, Bridesmaid, Bluebell	Wildboy (12)	Bravery (12)	1838, 1833, 1837
General	Wildboy (12)	Sir H. Mainwaring's Gravity	1836
Romulus	Wildboy (12)	Rhapsody (14)	1831
Concord	Belvoir Singer	Sir H. Mainwaring's Concord	1831
Governor	Needwood (11)	Gertrude (14)	1835
Margaret, Matchless	Challenger (13)	Melody (12)	1838, 1831
Nightshade	Nathan (12)	Mr. Chadwick's Racket	1837
Sailor, Saracen	Needwood (11)	Songstress (14)	1832, 1833
Wonder	Nathan (12)	Wanton (15)	1835
Vestal, Violet	Bajazet (9)	Victory (10)	1837, 1839

APPENDIX V.

ENTERED IN 1831.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Alfred Archer Adamant Adelaide	Wildboy (12)	Amazon (16)	1836 1835 1835 1839
Bertram	Nathan (12)	Mr. Chadwick's Buxom	1837
Danger Dragon Daffodil	Mr. Shaw's Workman	Damsel (15)	1834 1834 1834
Fleecer Foreman	Fencer (12)	Wilful (15)	1837 1836
Modish	Wildboy (12)	Mira (12)	1833
Piper	Nathan (12)	Pastime (17)	1832
Racer Ranter Ravager Rambler	Reveller (15)	Welcome	1839 1836 1832 1836
Rakish Rarity Rosalind	Nestor (17)	Rosebud (14)	1835 1832 1836
Wilful Winifred	Wildboy (12)	Wanton (15)	1832 1832

ENTERED IN 1832.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Dorimant	Basker (14)	Demirep (17)	1840
Factor	Wildboy (12)	Freedom (15)	1834
Henchman	Mr. Watson's Villager	Duke of Beaufort's Heroine	1834
Joyful	Nectar (17)	Jessica (16)	...
Melody	Wildboy (12)	Mira (12)	1833
Pillager Proctor	Nathan (12)	Purity	1838 1838
Rallywood Regent Rival Romulus	Rifleman	Madrigal (16)	1839 1834 1839 1835
Valiant	Mr. Shaw's Viceroy	Myrtle (16)	1838
Warrior Woodman	Needwood (11)	Welcome	1839 1840
Songstress	Fencer (12)	Songstress (14)	1838

ENTERED IN 1833.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Admiral Abigail Arrogant Artful	Alfred (20)	Welcome	1841 1835 1841 1840
Boniface Basilisk Brilliant	Bertram	Myrtle (16)	1834 1839 1838
Champion Chanticleer Cottager	Fencer (12)	Columbine	1835 1834 1840
Delicate	Nathan (12)	Demirep (17)	1835
Falstaff Forester	Fencer (12)	Nightshade (19)	1837 1840
Herdsman	Henchman (21)	Ebony (18)	1834
Madcap	Fencer (12)	Moorish	1840
Norval	Nathan (12)	Damsel (15)	1836
Pilgrim Pontiff	Basker (14)	Pastime (17)	1839 1835
Rasselas Rarity	Bertram (20)	Mr. Chadwick's Racket	1839 1838
Rosebud	Mr. Applethwaite's Diomed	Do. Rosebud.	1841

ENTERED IN 1834.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Bustler	Rifleman	Bluebell (19)	1836
Contract Cheerful Countess	Duke of Rutland's Contract	Joyful (21)	1841 1842 1835
Driver Damsel Delia	Dreadnought (15)	Myrtle (16)	1836 1836 1836
Facer Fencer	Fencer (12)	Jessica (16)	1836 1838
Hotspur Hyacinth	Henchman (21)	Eleanor (18)	1835 1835
Jessamine Jezebel	Nathan (12)	Junket (18)	1836 1837
Marplot Memnon	Basker (14)	Margaret (19)	1835 1835
Nimrod Norman Needful	Nathan (12)	Purity	1840 1840 1842
Rummager Racket Relish	Duke of Rutland's Wonder	Rosalind (21)	1835 1837 1836
Victory Volatile	Proctor (21)	Vanity	1837 1840

ENTERED IN 1835.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Bower, Bracelet, Brusher	Bertram (20)	Purity	1836, 1837, 1836
Baronet, Bruiser, Bustard	Bertram (20)	Rival (22)	1836, 1836, 1841
Chorister, Conqueror ...	Falstaff (23).....	Columbine	1836, 1838
Ferdinand, Fugleman ...	Foreman (20)	Adelaide (20)	1836, 1841
Gamboy.....	Lord Yarborough's Gambler	Mr. Drake's Wrathful...	1836
Hebe	Lord Southampton's Halard	Mr. Drake's Wanton ...	... 1842
Juvenal	Basker (14)	Jessica (16).....	1837
Marksman, Midnight ...	Dorimant (21)	Margaret (19)	1841, 1841
Modesty	Mr. Drake's Murmurer	His Volatile.....	1837
Nora	Basker (14)	Nightshade (19)	1842
Piper	Falstaff (23)	Pastime (17)	1837
Patriot	Alfred (20)	Prejudice	1836
Splendour	Dorimant (21)	Songstress (22)	1836
Vanguard	Belvoir Vanguard	Mr. Drake's Madrigal	1836
Wildboy, Wanton, Whimsey, Wisdom	Alfred (20)	Welcome	1837, 1843, 1843, 1843

ENTERED IN 1836.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Banker, Blowsy	Bertram (20)	Rival (22)	1845, 1844
Cerberus, Champion, Comrade, Countess, Cowslip ...	Falstaff (23).....	Cheerful (24)	1837, 1839, 1837, 1841, 1840
Fatal	Belvoir Fatal	Columbine	1838
Friendly	Lord Yarborough's Gamester	His Fairmaid	1837
Gaudy, Gaylass	Sir H. Mainwaring's Galliard	Artful (22)	1841, 1840
Reveller, Roman, Roderick, Royalist, Rummager ...	Belvoir Rasselas	Nightshade (19)	1841, 1844, 1839, 1840, 1842
Vaulter	Do. Regent	Lord Yarborough's Regent	1842
Victor	Lord Yarborough's Vigilant	Do. Playful	1844

ENTERED IN 1837.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Archer Audrey	Racer (20)	Adelaide (20)	1839 1845
Barrister Brusher	Collier	Bluebell (19)	1843 1838
Justice	Admiral (22)	Jessica (16)	1843
Lucifer Lively Lavish	Piper (26)	Joyful (21)	1845 1839 1843
Marquis	Dorimant (21)	Milliner (18)	1843
Needwood Notary Nimble ...	Cottager (23)	Nightshade (19)	1845 1838 1838
Vagrant Vocal Votaress	Cheshire Guardsman ...	Volatile (25)	1839 1838 1839
Vengeance ...	Mr. Wichsted's Vulpecide	Badsworth Truelove ...	1839
Wilful	Badsworth Random	Do. Woodbine.....	1842

ENTERED IN 1838.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Abigail Active	Lord Yarborough's Pirate	Adelaide (20)	1844 1839
Charger	Lord Segrave's Demon	His Comfort.....	1839
Dauntless	Piper (26)	Daphne.....	1846
Ferryman Fleecer ...	Lord Yarborough's Finder	Artful (22)	1839 1839
Fatima Frantic	Do.	Rosebud (23)	... 1840
Honesty.....	Reveller (28)	Hebe (26).....	1845
Hyacinth	Norval	Lord Yarborough's Hopeful	1840
Nathan Nelson Nectar	Belvoir Rasselas	Nightshade (19)	1839 1842 1839
Palafox Platoff President	Lord Yarborough's Pirate	Cheerful (24)	1839 1840 1842
Vanquisher Viceroy ...	Do.	Volatile (25)	1839 1844
Splendour Syren ...	Norman (25)	Rosy	1839 1845
Villager	Roderick (28)	Violet (19)	1839
Draco.....	Lord Segrave's Hotspur	His Dulcet	1847
Negligent	Do. Nobleman	Do. Dinah	1839
Rally	Duke of Beaufort's Rubens	Do. Redrose	1839

ENTERED IN 1839.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Abelard	Lord Yarborough's Finder	Adelaide (20)	1848
General			1844
Gossamer ...	Do.	Gaudy (27)	1840
Gadfly			1842
Lazarus	Lucifer (28)	Margaret (19)	1844
Manager			1843
Marmion			1840
Marplot ...	Admiral (22)	Matron	1841
Minstrel			1846
Monarch			1846
Pirate			1841
Pamela	Lord Yarborough's Pirate	Arrogant (22)	1842
Prudence			1840
Rambler			1841
Rector			1847
Regent ...	Reveller (28)	Artful (22)	1843
Regulus			1841
Rosamond			1846
Termagant ...	Badsworth Tomboy ...	Rosebud (23)	1843
Stormer			1848
Sanguine	Lord Yarborough's Pirate	Rival (22).....	1845
Susan			1847
Wanderer	... ...	... ...	1843
Watchful			1846
Wellington			1846
Winsome ...	Reveller (28)	Whimsey (27)	1847
Witchcraft			1844
Valiant	Victor (28)	Nora (26).....	1844

ENTERED IN 1840.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Cardinal	Reveller (28)	Cheerful (24)	1841
Edgar			1846
Emperor			1844
Eleanor			1847
Elegant	Rummager (28)	Gaudy (27)	1846
Emerald			1844
Emily			1847
Gilder			1844
Governor	Badsworth Tomboy ...	Gaylass (27).....	1841
Harmony	Lucifer (28)	Hebe (26).....	1843
Juneval			1843
Juliet ...	Justice (28)	Daphne.....	1842
Jessamine			1841
Mariner			1841
Memnon	Rummager (28)	Matron	1841
Miracle			1841
Nigel	Lancer	Needful (25).....	1849
Tancred			1841
Tarquin	Badsworth Tomboy.....	Gaylass (27).....	1841
Trifle			1841

ENTERED IN 1841.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Active, Amazon	Reveller (28)	Arrogant (22)	1849, 1843
Comedy	Rummager (28)	Cowslip (27).....	1849
Damsel	Marquis (29)	Daphne	1849
Gamester, Gossamer, Graceful, Gravity ...	Reveller (28)	Gaudy (27)	1847, 1849, 1848, 1842
Mercury, Monitor, Myrtle	Lucifer (28).....	Matron	1842, 1844, 1848
Rapid, Ringlet, Ruby	Belvoir Governor.....	Rosy	1848, 1849, 1848
Tamerlane, Tempest ...	Tamerlane	Dauntless (29).....	1842, 1845
Woodbine	Rummager (28)	Wilful (29)	1847

ENTERED IN 1842.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Adamant, Archer, Auditor, Amulet, Amethyst, Actress, Adeline ...	Abelard (31)	Honesty (30)	1843, 1843, 1847, 1845, 1849, 1849, 1849
Ebony, Empress	Emperor (33)	Hebe (26).....	1844, 1843
Forester	Glider (33)	Fatima (30)	1846
Hannibal, Harlequin, Hercules, Hotspur, Hecuba, Heedless ...	Mr. Foljambe's Herald	Gaudy (27)	1850, 1847, 1844, 1844, 1848, 1848
Nautilus, Nimrod	Needwood (29)	Emerald (33)	1844, 1843
Pontiff, Primrose	Roman (28)	Pamela (31).....	1847, 1844
Ravager.....	Reveller (28)	Wanton (27)	1846
Trimbush, Tuneful ...	Roman (28)	Termagant (32)	1843, 1843
Winifred	Reveller	Whinsey	1843
Woodman	Wellington (32)	Cheerful (24)	1843
Sampson	Mr. Foljambe's Sampson	Matron	1843

ENTERED IN 1843.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Ermine	Victor (28).....	Emily (33)	1848
Fencer Ferdinand Fairmaid ...	Lord Yarborough's Prodigal	Fatima (30)	1844 1844 1850
Ganymede Governor Gertrude ...	Wellington (32)	Gaudy (27)	1844 1849 1849
Legacy Lively Lesbia	Lazarus (31)	Syren (3)	1848 1847 1844
Playful	Lord Yarborough's Prodigal	Emerald (33)	1844
Platoff	Do. Prodigal	Elegant (33)	1844
Regulus	Do. Prodigal	Rosamond (32).....	1845
Vanquisher Villager Venus ...	Vaulter (28).....	Trifle (34)	1845 1844 1849
Trajan Tuneful	Wellington (32)	Termagant (32)	1846 1848
Watchman ...	Victor (28)	Wanton (27)	1844

ENTERED IN 1844.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Bracelet Brajela	Lord Yarborough's Basilisk	Emerald (33)	1849 1852
Commodore Conqueror Coral ...	General (31)	Comedy (34)	1846 1845 1849
Cerberus Comrade	Badsworth Cryer.....	Eleanor (33).....	1847 1847
Editor	Vaulter (28).....	Elegant (33)	1846
Garland	Glider (33)	Honesty (30)	1849
Harbinger Handmaid Heroine ...	Harlequin (36)	Rapid (35)	1850 1848 1845
Ransom Rhapsody Rosalind ...	Vaulter (28).....	Rosamond (32)	1846 1847 1845
Vanity Vigilant Vestal Victory Violet Volatile	Victor (28)	Woodbine (35)	1847 1846 1849 1848 1850 1845
Waverley	Badsworth Whynot.....	Damsel (34)	1846

ENTERED IN 1845.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Admiral.....	Roman (28)	Actress (35).....	1851
Emperor Emerald	Lucifer (28)	Eleanor (33)	1853 1850
Ensign			1846
Gadfly Gladsome ...	Cheshire Gulliver	Rosamond (32)	1846 1847
Glory			1846
Hotspur Hyacinth	Roman (28)	Heedless (36)	1849 1853
Harmony	Harlequin (36).....	Sanguine (32)	1849
Norval	Nigel (34).....	Hecuba (36)	1846
Racer			1847
Rattler			1847
Rarity	Cheshire Rattler	Ringlet (35)	1847
Relish			1849
Rosebud			1849
Symmetry.....	Belvoir Splendour	Elegant (33).....	1848
Vengeance ...	Mr. Drake's Vaulter ...	Emily (33)	1847
Villager Vocal	Belvoir Victor	Woodbine (35)	1847 1847
Woodman.....	Mr. Drake's Warbler ...	Rapid (35)	1846
Wildboy Wonder	Wellington (32)	Fairmaid (37)	1846 1848

ENTERED IN 1846.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Agnes			1855
Adamant			1851
Albion	Abelard (31)	Ringlet (35)	1847
Archer			1848
Bluebell Bounty	Belvoir Victor	Brazile (38)	1847 1848
Challenger			1847
Comus ...	Comrade (38)	Violet (39)	1852
Caroline			1852
Ferdinand			1854
Flasher	Lord Yarborough's		1848
Foreman ...	Flasher	Eleanor (33).....	1852
Furrier			1852
Grecian Gulliver	Stormer (32)	Gossamer (34)	1849 1847
Rosamond.....	Harlequin (36).....	Rosamond (32)	1849
Saladin Sultan	Stormer (32)	Venus (37)	1847 1849
Valiant			1847
Vanguard ...	Belvoir Victor	Woodbine (35	1849
Volatile			1847
Alderman	Lord Yarborough's Rallywood	Ariel.....	1849
Careful	Do. Comrade	His Susan.....	1849
Reuben	Lord Fitzwilliam's Roman	Do. Notable.....	1851
Restless	Do.	Do. Primrose	1849

APPENDIX V.

ENTERED IN 1847.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Amulet	Stormer (32)	Actress (35).....	1851
Albion	Mr. Foljambe's Albion	Lord Yarborough's Actress	1854
Chorister, Cruiser, Costly	Badsworth Whynot.....	Comedy (34)	1849, 1855, 1853
Fatal, Fleecer	Oakley Singer	Oakley Fallacy	1854, 1848
Forester	Lord Yarborough's Cashier	His Prosody	1848
Guardian	Oakley Ferryman	Their Gaudy	1848
Lucy	Badsworth Lubin	Emily (33)	1848
Pilot	Prodigal	Damsel (34).....	1854
Prodigal, Prudence ...	Lord Yarborough's Prodigal	Oakley Dainty.....	1848, 1848
Prizer.....	Lord Yarborough's Guider	His Pensive	1848
Regent, Ringwood, Romulus, Rival ...	Abelard (31)	Ringlet (35)	1854, 1850, 1848, 1848
Songstress, Stella, Sybil ...	Furrier (41).....	Susan (32)	1849, 1849, 1850
Sentinel	Mr. Drake's Saladin ...	His Laudable	1849
Vulcan, Virgin	Belvoir Victor	Legacy (37).....	1848, 1848

ENTERED IN 1848.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Absolute, Alfred, Affable, Amazon, Artful ...	Donington Absolute ...	Victory (39)	1849, 1352, 1849, 1849, 1853
Benedict, Bobadil, Barbara, Bluebell	Lord Harewood's Benedict	Damsel (34)	1849, 1850, 1851, ...
Boxer	Abelard (31)	Brajela (38)	1849
Falstaff	Lord Yarborough's Flasher	Hyacinth (40)	1855
Ferryman, Florizel ...	Ferdinand (41)	Relish (40)	1852, 1857
Gulliver, Guardian, Gaudy ...	Adamant (41)	Gertrude (37)	1856, 1854, 1853
Hermit, Hector	Harlequin (36)	Legacy (37).....	1852, 1852
Heedless	Do. (36)	Amethyst (35)	1856
Hermitude ...	Emperor (39)	Handmaid (38)	1850

ENTERED IN 1848—*continued.*

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Needwood ...	Lord Yarborough's Norman	Fairmaid (37)	1855
Nelson, Nimrod, Nelly	Norval (40)	Rapid (35)	1855, 1855, 1851
Ravager, Roderick, Roguish, Rosy, Rarity ...	Quorn Fugleman	Rosebud (40)	1849, 1850, 1856, 1854, 1851
Rachel, Rhapsody, Rosalind ...	Hannibal (36)	Ringlet (35)	1853, 1857, 1856
Wanton, Witchcraft ...	Flasher (41)	Woodbine (35)	1852, 1849
Forester	Lord Yarborough's Flasher	His Ardent	1850
Herdsman	Do. Rallywood.....	Do. Hopeful	1850
Newsman	Do. Flasher	Do. Needful	1850

ENTERED IN 1849.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Adjutant, Ajax	Adamant (41)	Comedy (34)	1855, 1856
Alaric	Do. (41)	Violet (39)	1851
Commodore, Chorus, Columbine	Foreman (41)	Careful (42)	1853, 1850, 1857
Fencer, Frantic	Do. (41)	Actress (35)	1850, 1850
Granby, Glory	Mr. Drake's Collier ...	Gertrude (37)	1857, 1856
Hasty	Lord Yarborough's Ottoman	Hyacinth (40)	1856
Hero	Do. Harbinger	His Rachel	1855
Lictor, Lucy	Mr. Drake's Layman ...	Ringlet (35)	1855, 1855
Norman	Norval (40)	Songstress (44)	1852
Orpheus	Lord Yarborough's Ottoman	Caroline (41)	1853
Rasselas, Rifleman ...	Hotspur	Rosebud (40)	1858, 1854
Selim, Sylvia, Symmetry, Syren ...	Ferdinand (41).....	Sanguine	1850, 1850, 1853, 1856
Telltale, Termagant, Trifle, Tuneful, Twilight ...	Belvoir Trouncer	Agnes (41)	1853, 1854, 1854, 1850, 1850
Viceroy, Vengeance ...	Fife Vanguard	Amulet (42)	1850, 1850

ENTERED IN 1850.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Archer, Affable	Adamant (41)	Coral (38)	1855, 1859
Abelard	Sir W. Wynne's Admiral	His Parody	1857
Bonnybell	Hercules	Brajela (38)	1857
Challenger	Mr. Lumley's Chanter	Sir R. Sutton's Goneril	1855
Clinker, Conqueror, Charlotte	Lord Yarborough's Forager	His Charlotte	1853, 1856, 1852
Harmony	Florizel (45)	Heedless (45)	1852
Hostile	Sir W. Wynne's Admiral	His Harmony	1858
Forester, Fencer, Fairy	Duke of Beaufort's Fairplay	Fairmaid (37)	1855, 1851, 1851
Lapwing	Badsworth Lubin	N. Staffordshire Delicate	1854
Marplot	Sir R. Sutton's Trusty	His Musical	1854
Minor	Mr. Lumley's Fleecer	Belvoir Melody	1851
Nimble	Lord Yarborough's Ruler	His Nightshade	1853
Relish, Rival, Rosamond	Ferdinand (41)	Rhapsody (46)	1857, 1858, 1856
Pilgrim	Belvoir Prompter	Sir R. Sutton's Paragon	1851
Vocal	Lord Yarborough's Wellington	Sir W. Wynne's Victory	1857

ENTERED IN 1851.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Alderman, Abbess, Abigail, Amazon	Adamant (41)	Hyacinth (40)	1857, 1859, 1854, 1855
Cardinal, Chancellor, Chanticleer, Charon, Collier, Captive, Clara, Crafty	North Staffordshire Wildboy	Caroline (41)	1852, 1857, 1856, 1858, 1854, 1854, 1855, 1855
Charmer	Lord Fitzhardinge's Boxer	His Columbine	1856
Mendicant	Do. Potentate	Do. Madrigal	1855
Prosperine, Pamela	Rifleman (47)	Lord Yarborough's Phœnix	1859
Rantipole	Lord Fitzhardinge's Boxer	His Rustic	1855
Rattler, Random	Rifleman (47)	Ruby	1853, 1859
Rector, Redrose, Resolute	Mr. Lumley's Render	Amulet (42)	1858, 1856, 1859
*Tuneful	Sir R. Sutton's Trueman	Atherstone Delicate	1855

ENTERED IN 1852.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Alaric Actress Adeline Arrogant	Falstaff (45)	Agnes (41)	1860 1857 1855 1860
Fairy	Ferdinand (41)	Rhapsody (46)	1853
Fearnought Fugleman	Falstaff (45)	Artful (44)	1853 1853
Madrigal Melody Mira	Cheshire Monitor	Tuneful (51)	1853 1859 1856
Pilgrim	Pilot (43)	Roguish (46)	1854
Roderick Roundelay	Ferdinand (41)	Rosy	1854 1854
Sailor Susan Sybil	Ferdinand (41)	Sanguine	1858 1853 1853
Tarquin	Alfred (44)	Telltale (48)	1858
Vanquisher	Lictor (47)	Virgin	1858

ENTERED IN 1853.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Auditor	Falstaff (45)	Artful (44)	1858
Champion Conrad	Sir R. Sutton's Trueman	Columbine (47)	1858 1855
Factor Frolic	Ferryman (45)	Ruby	1858 1855
Herald Hercules	Adjutant (46)	Hyacinth (40)	1856 1860
Laura	Rasselas (47)	Lucy (47)	1859
Pillager Pontiff Prodigal Prompter Paragon	Belvoir Pilot	Caroline (41)	1857 1856 1856 1858 1859
Ranter	Do. Ranter	Rosalind (46)	1855
Rosebud	Lord H. Bentinck's Regent	Rhapsody (46)	1858
Sultan	Belvoir Sultan	Roguish (46)	1859
Twilight	Rasselas (47)	Trifle (48)	1859

ENTERED IN 1854.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Active	Falstaff (45)	Agnes (41)	1860
Crœsus Constance } ...	Commodore (47)	Rhapsody (46)	1855 1855
Cardinal.....	Do. (47)	Affable (48)	1856
Hermit	Do. (47)	Hasty (47)	1860
Playmate	Rifleman (47)	Purity	1857
Ransom	Do. (47)	Rantipole (51)	1860
Racer Rallywood Ravager Royalist Racket Rally } ...	Belvoir Prompter	Redrose (51)	1859 1860 1860 1860 1859 1860
Raglan	Commodore (47)	Resolute (51)	1860
Tamerlane.....	Rasselas (47)	Tuneful (51)	1859
Tempest	Clinker (49).....	Termagant (48)	1857

ENTERED IN 1855.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Admiral.....	Sailor (52)	Agnes (41)	1856
Captain Cardigan Celia Cheerful }	Rifleman (47)	Captive (50).....	1856 1857 1861 1859
Facer			1857
Flasher			1861
Freeman	Duke of Beaufort's Foreman	Redrose (51).....	1862
Fairy			1861
Fancy			1862
Gaiety Graceful Goneril }	Rifleman (47)	Glory (47)	1857 1861 1859
Harper	Lord Yarborough's Harper	Lucy (47).....	1861
Nestor	Nelson (45)	Arrogant (51)	1862
Olga	Lord Yarborough's Orator	Charmer (50)	1856
Painter Pilot President Priam }	Pilot (43)	Rhapsody (46)	1858 1857 1857 1856
Rarity	Duke of Beaufort's Rufus	Mira (52)	1856
Ruby	Falstaff (45)	Roguish (46)	1862
Selim Splendour } ...	Sailor (52)	Affable (48)	1860 1858
Thelis Thisbe Tigress Trinket }	Pilot (43)	Termagant (48)	1860 1857 1860 1860
Traffic	Falstaff (45)	Trifle (48).....	1861

ENTERED IN 1856.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Absolute Alice	Pillager (53).....	Agnes (41)	1863 1861
Adela Alma	Adjutant (46)	Rosebud (53)	1861 1857
Cottager Clara	Charon (50)	Roguish (46)	1862 1862
Fairmaid Fallacy Fatima	Florizel (45).....	Affable (48)	1863 1863 1861
General Garland	Granby (47).....	Rival (49)	1859 1857
Ganymede.....	Hercules (53)	Glory (47)	1859
Hazard Hector Heroine Hopeful	Falstaff (45)	Hostile (49)	1862 1862 1862 1857
Newsman Norman ...	Needwood (45)	Arrogant (51)	1859 1858
Rambler	Adjutant (46)	Redrose (51)	1861
Rantipole	Grove Tamerlane	Rhapsody (46)	1857
Render	Adjutant (46)	Resolute (51)	1862
Trajan	Tarquin (52)	Relish (49)	1863
Valentine	Rasselas (47)	Vocal (49)	1857
Virgin	Cheshire Victor	North Staffordshire Legacy	1861

ENTERED IN 1857.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Abigail Amazon	Rasselas (47)	Actress (51)	1861 1861
Challenger.....	Alaric (51)	Charmer (50)	1858
Constance	Chancellor (50)	Lucy (47).....	1859
Comus	Hercules (53)	Columbine (47)	1863
Grappler Gadfly Gamesome Gaudy ...	Belvoir Grappler	Relish (49)	1863 1863 ... 1860
Harbinger Harmony Hecuba Heedless Hopeful ...	Alaric (51)	Hostile (49)	1864 1864 1863 1864 1862
Helen.....	Hercules (53)	Random (51)	1860
Pilgrim Pontiff Pastime Primrose	Do. (53)	Paragon (53)	1861 1858 1863 1863
Reginald Roguish	Lord Scarborough's Reginald	Roguish (46).....	1863 1864
Radical Remus Romulus Rachel Rapid ...	Rasselas (47)	Arrogant (51)	1859 1864 1861 1863 1860
Saladin	Sultan (53)	Rhapsody (46).....	1863

ENTERED IN 1858.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Archer, Argus	Belvoir Trusty	Their Nightshade	1859, 1866
Bounty	Mr. Morrell's Bajazet	Mr. Thomson's Blossom	1859
Challenger	Lord H. Bentinck's Challenger	Ruby (56)	1865
Columbine	Charon (50)	Roguish (46)	1861
Commodore	Cheshire Rockwood	North Staffordshire Comfort	1859
Gaiety	Ganymede (57)	Thetis (56)	1862
Garland, Gossamer	Do. (57)	Hostile (49)	1864, 1859
Lapwing, Legacy, Lively	Sailor (52)	Laura (53)	1859, 1860, 1860
Mariner	Hercules (53)	Melody (52)	1862
Patience, Princess, Prudence	Tarquin (52)	Pamela (50)	1865, 1863, 1864
Rosalind, Rosy	Tamerlane (54)	Random (51)	1859, 1861
Rantipole	Mr. Foljambe's Rocket	North Stafford Watchful	1864
Volatile	Lord Yarborough's Vaulter	Do. Bridesmaid	1863

ENTERED IN 1859.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Adeline, Agnes	Ganymede (57)	Alice (56)	1860, 1860
Clasher, Comrade, Counsellor	Cottager (57)	Traffic (56)	1861, 1863, 1860
Costly	Alaric (51)	Cheerful (55)	1861
Dragon, Dreadnought, Daffodil	Belvoir Trusty	Arrogant (51)	1860, 1866, 1860
Gambler, Gaylass, Gossamer	Do. Gambler	Hostile (49)	1864, 1865, 1865
Forester	Hercules (53)	Fairy (55)	1865
Hebe	... ...	... ...	1866
Hyacinth	Do. (53)	Celia (55)	1865
Minstrel, Music	Do. (53)	Melody (52)	1863, 1862
Pontiff, President	Alaric (51)	Pamela (50)	1860, 1860
Prodigal, Playful	Ganymede (57)	Proserpine (50)	1862, 1862
Seaman, Sybil	Sailor (52)	Ransom (54)	1865, 1863
Tancred, Tomboy, Trueman	Tarquin (52)	Rally (54)	1865, 1854, 1865

ENTERED IN 1860.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Alfred Amethyst ...	Alaric (51)	Gadfly (58)	1865 1862
Amulet Artful	Argus (60)	Active (54)	1867 1867
Carver	Mr. Lane Foxe's Carver	Pamela (50)	1861
Chacer	Do.	Rachel (59)	1862
Chorister	Do.	Fairmaid (57)	1861
Conqueror	Do.	Fancy (55)	1867
Fugleman Florence ...	Argus (60)	Fairy (55)	1866 1865
Guider Gertrude Gladsome Goneril ...	Alaric (51)	Graceful (55)	1863 1867 1867 1864
Hotspur Harriet	Hercules (53)	Paragon (53)	1864 1864
Laura Lucy	Alaric (51)	Laura (53)	1863 1866
Rakish	Do. (51)	Racket (54)	1863
Roderick	Argus (60)	Resolute (51)	1867
Rosalind Rosebud	Reginald (59)	Heedless (59)	1863 1864
Tamerlane Tempest ...	Ganymede (57)	Trinket (56).....	1861 1864

ENTERED IN 1861.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Affable	Alaric (51)	Graceful (55)	1864
Dairymaid	Grove Duster	Princess (60)	1868
Clasper Conrad	Lord H. Bentinck's Clasper	Harmony (59)	1865 1862
Ferryman	Pilgrim (59).....	Fallacy (57).....	1866
Finder Fleecer	Grove Finder	Ransom (54)	1862 1862
Hero	Grappler (58)	Helen (59)	1863
Pamela Phœnix Purity	Sir W. Wynne's Grappler	Primrose (59)	1862 1862 1867
Royal Rarity Relish	Do. Royal.....	Fancy (55)	1868 1866 1868
Ringwood Rosamond ...	Reginald (59)	Rally (54).....	1862 1862
Tamerlane Trimbush ...	Do. (59)	Trinket (56).....	1866 1866
Tuneful Twilight	Ravager (54)	Thetis (56)	1865 1866
Wanderer Winifred Winsome Witchcraft ...	Lord H. Bentinck's Wanderer	Hecuba (59).....	1867 1862 1867 1868

APPENDIX V.

ENTERED IN 1862.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Agent, Auditor, Adelaide, Amethyst ...	Belvoir Agent	Hopeful (59)	1869, 1865, 1869, 1864
Baronet, Bluecap, Beatrice	Mr. Fitzwilliam's Bluecap	Ruby (56)	1863, 1864, 1868
Druid	Belvoir Druid	Fallacy (57)	1866
Fairplay, Fencer	Alfred (63)	Fancy (55)	1870, 1863
Fatima	Mr. Fitzwilliam's Finisher	Fairmaid (57)	1866
Freedom	Reginald (59)	Fairy (55)	1866
Gamester, Glory ...	Pilgrim (59)	Gadfly (58)	1865, 1868
Hasty	Reginald (59)	Heedless (59)	1867
Hermit, Honesty	Hector (57)	Alice (56)	1864, 1865
Merrimac, Monitor, Mira ...	Reginald (59)	Harmony (59)	1865, 1869, 1864
Pilgrim, Paragon	Grappler (58)	Playful (62)	1867, 1869
Sailor, Senator	Guider (63)	Sybil (62)	1864, 1865
Valiant	Forester (62)	Virgin (58)	1863
Rallywood	Belvoir Rallywood	Graceful (55)	1864

ENTERED IN 1863.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Albion, Amazon	Bramham General	Amulet (63)	1867, 1870
Falcon	Lord H. Bentinck's Falcon	Playful (62)	1865
Factor, Ferdinand ...	Prodigal (62)	Fancy (55)	1869, 1869
General, Gleaner, Gravity	Bramham General	Rosalind (64)	1870, 1869, 1866
Governor	Do.	Princess (60)	1868
Laura, Lively	Lord H. Bentinck's Larkspur	Gladsome (63)	1869, 1870
Phœnix	Prodigal (62)	Gamesome (58)	1867
Rector, Rockwood ...	Reginald (59)	Primrose (59)	1865, 1869
Saracen, Starlight, Sylvia	Saladin (59)	Prudence (60)	1869, 1865, 1865
Songstress, Syren* ...	Belvoir Stormer	Harriet (63)	1869, 1867
Termagant, Traffic, Tragedy ...	Trajan (58)	Garland (60)	1867, 1868, 1864
Warrior, Watchful ...	Lord H. Bentinck's Warrior	Fallacy (57)	1869, 1867

* This Bitch was walked by Rev. R. Chandos-Pole.

ENTERED IN 1864.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Actor Abigail	Alfred (63)	Relish (65)	1868 1871
Absolute Adjutant	Alfred (63)	Rarity (65)	1871 1866
Commodore Counsellor ...	Conqueror (63)	Fairmaid (57)	1868 1871
Cruiser	Belvoir Chanticleer ...	Gaylass (62)	1868
Larkspur Lavish	Lord H. Bentinck's Larkspur	Patience (60)	1866 1865
Monarch Madcap Madrigal			1871 1868 1870
Matron Melody Music	Merrimac (67)	Hyacinth (62)	1869 1870 1871
Nelson Nimrod	Belvoir Nimrod	Garland (60)	1870 1869
Regulus Ringlet	Lord H. Bentinck's Regulus	Harmony (59)	1866 1870
Rosy	Reginald (59)	Gossamer (62)	1868
Ruby	Do. (59)	Amulet (63)	1866
Sanguine	Comus (58)	Sybil (62)	1870
Stately	Belvoir Stormer	Adelaide (66)	1865
Wonder Workman ...	Conqueror (63)	Winsome (65)	1860 1867

ENTERED IN 1865.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Arrogant	Comus (58)	Artful (63)	1872
Alice	Agent (66)	Sylvia (68)	1870
Chanticleer ...	Belvoir Chanticleer.....	Hyacinth (62)	1867
Chorister	Comus (58)	Paragon (67)	1873
Columbine ...	Conqueror (63)	Garland (60)	1871
Conrad Countess Cowslip	Do. (63)	Hasty (66)	1873 1871 1871
Draco Daffodil Damsel	Belvoir Stormer	Dairymaid (64)	1866 1871 1866
Heroine	Conqueror (63)	Hebe (62).....	1866
Manager Marquis	Merrimac (67)	Tuneful (65).....	1872 1869
Nathan Nimble	Lord Yarborough's Nathan	Gladsome (63)	1872 1872
Pamela	Duke of Beaufort's Guardsman	Prudence (60)	1870
Reveller Roman Redrose	Rockwood (68)	Amethyst (66).....	1869 1870 1870
Victory Violet	Duke of Beaufort's Vaulter	Witchcraft (65)	1867 1872
Wanton	Wanderer (65)	Gertrude (63)	1869

ENTERED IN 1866.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Adamant, Abbess, Adeline, Agnes	Rockwood (68)	Amulet (63).....	1872, 1873, 1872, 1871
Ardent	Do. (68)	Artful (63)	1872
Alaric	Druid (66)	Affable (64).....	1870
Bachelor, Baronet	Do. (66)	Beatrice (66)	1873, 1869
Dorimant, Dragon	Grove Damper.....	Paragon (67)	1868, 1873
Finder, Flasher, Frolic, Fallacy	Alfred (63)	Freedom (66)	1872, 1872, 1873, 1870
Fleecer, Flyer, Forester	Forester (62)	Dairymaid (64)	1872, 1871, 1872
Gaiety	Druid (66)	Gertrude (63)	1873
Marmion, Marplot	Merrimac (67).....	Witchcraft (65)	1871, 1873
Primrose	Do. (67)	Purity (65)	1872
Rival	Rockwood (68)	Amethyst (66).....	1868
Splendour, Statesman, Symmetry ...	Grove Roderick	Syren (68)	1867, 1869, 1869
Trinket	Merrimac (67)	Tuneful (65)	1871

ENTERED IN 1867.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Albert, Archer	Agent (66)	Beatrice (66)	1872, ...
Fatima	Belvoir Falstaff	Winsome (65)	...
Mira	Albion (67)	Mira (67)	1869
Needwood, Needful, Norah ...	Nimrod (70)	Gladsome (63)	1870, 1871, 1873
Ranter, Rustic, Rachel, Ransom	Royal (65)	Lively (68)	1869, 1871, 1873, 1871
Regan, Rosamond ...	Regulus (70)	Songstress (68)	1869, 1869
Rivulet	Albion (67)	Ringlet (70)	1872
Singer, Sorcerer, Stormer, Stately	Regulus (70)	Syren (68)	1872, 1874, 1874, 1873
Wilful	Wanderer (65)	Dairymaid (64)	1874

ENTERED IN 1868.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Abelard	Absolute (69)	Laura (68)	1875
Coaster Caroline	Conqueror (63)	Witchcraft (65)	1871 1876
Comely			1871
Challenger ...	Sir W. Wynne's Chacer	Madcap (70).....	1873
Falstaff Fugleman Fairy ...	Belvoir Falstaff	Lively (68)	1869 1869 1874
Frantic			1874
Guider Graceful	Gleaner (68)	Artful (63)	1875 1875
Harbinger Harmony ...	Counsellor (69)	Hasty (66)	1872 1873
Harriet			1876
Milliner	Albion (67)	Matron (70)	1874
Roderick Ruby	Royal (65)	Columbine (71)	1874 1871
Sprightly	Conqueror (63)	Sanguine (70)	1871
Wellington Woodbine ...	Wanderer (65).....	Dairymaid (64)	1870 1873

ENTERED IN 1869.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Active	Agent (66)	Purity (65)	1874
Benedict	Grove Comus	Beatrice (66)	1872
Champion	Do.	Sanguine (70)	1874
Draco Dryden ...	Fairplay (66)	Dairymaid (64)	1875 1873
Daphne			1881
Fairmaid	Do. (66)	Amazon (67)	1876
Gamester Gertrude ...	Gleaner (68)	Ardent (72)	1875 1871
Lavender Lavish ...	Chorister (71)	Laura (68)	1875 1876
Minstrel Madcap ... Matchless	Fairplay (66)	Music (70)	1876 1876 1876
Margrave Margaret ... Marigold	Grove Comus	Matron (70).....	1870 1870 1870
Marksman	Marmion (73)	Columbine (71)	1872
Pilgrim Pilot	Royal (65)	Pamela (72).....	1876 1873
Rapid	Mr. Chaplin's Regulus	Cowslip (71)	...
Rummager ...	Fairplay (66)	Ringlet (70).....	1876
Vanquisher ...	Mr. Chaplin's Vanquisher	Redrose (72)	1874
Winifred Winsome ...	Rockwood (68)	Witchcraft (65)	1875 1872

ENTERED IN 1870.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Admiral Amulet	Alaric (72)	Adeline (72).....	1871 1875
Audrey Amethyst ...	Grove Leader	Abigail (69).....	1871 1876
Cardinal Chanticleer Constance Crystal ...	Counsellor (69)	Abbess (72)	1874 1877 1875 1874
Carver Contest	Belvoir Contest	Cowslip (71).....	1875 1874
Favourite	Nimrod (70)	Frolic (73)	1875
Galloper Gossamer ...	General (68)	Columbine (71)	1875 1875
Leader	Grove Leader	Lively (68)	1872
Lovely	Do.....	Mira (74)	1872
Magic Miracle Mischief	Counsellor (69)	Music (70)	1871 1876 1871
Mariner Myrtle	Do. (69)	Madrigal (70)	1875 1873
Nelly Nosegay	Nimrod (70).....	Countess (71)	1875 1875
Nigil Norman	Chorister (71)	Nimble (71).....	1874 1871
Selim	Marmion (73)	Sanguine (70)	1876

ENTERED IN 1871.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Albion Alfred Adelaide	Needwood (74)	Ardent (72)	1875 1873 1873
Comrade Cheerful	Chorister (71)	Caroline (75)	1877 1873
Dahlia	Dragon (73)	Madrigal (70)	1873
Fatal Faithful Fearless	Fairplay (66)	Fatima (74)	1873 1876 ...
Falcon Fancy	Do. (66)	Columbine (71)	1876 1875
Governor	Guider (76)	Cowslip (71).....	1876
Lexicon	Chorister (71)	Lively (68)	1877
Notary Notable	Counsellor (69)	Needful (74)	1872 1877
Rosamond	Needwood (74)	Ringlet (70)	1876
Speedwell	Challenger (75)	Sprightly (76)	...
Sybil	Counsellor (69)	Stately (75)	1874
Welcome Wisdom Wildfire	Bramham Fugleman ...	Wilful (75)	1875 1875 1877

ENTERED IN 1872.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Admiral, Affable	Adamant (72)	Columbine (71)	1878
Baronet	Bachelor (72)	Winsome (78)	1879
Bertram	Bachelor (72)	Milliner (76)	...
Bluecap			...
Bonnybell			1873
Buxom			1873
Cameron, Careful	Chorister (71)	Countess (71)	1874, ...
Dorcas	Draco (77)	Harmony (76)	1873
Ferryman, Florizel	Contest (78)	Frantic (75)	1874, 1877
Ladybird, Larkspur	Do. (78)	Lavish (77)	..., 1878
Marquis	Manager (71)	Lavender (77)	1876
Melody			1873
Mischief			1877
Needwood	Challenger (75)	Nimble (71)	1876
Rallywood	Belvoir Rallywood	Trinket (73)	1876
Regent			1873
Rosebud			...
Statesman	Belvoir Stormer	Adeline (72)	1875
Saucebox			1873
Scornful			...
Spinster			1873
Saladin	Belvoir Ruler	Stately (75)	1873
Sultan			1873
Skilful			1873
Vanity	Bachelor (72)	Violet (72)	1873
Watchful	Chorister (71)	Wilful (75)	...
Wishful			1876
Woeful			1876

ENTERED IN 1873.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Barbara	Bachelor (72)	Winsome (78)	1877
Bismark	Do.	Madcap (77)	1877
Bondsman	Do.	Rivulet (74)	1874
Claimant, Captious	Conrad (71)	Fatima (74)	1874, 1877
Durable	Draco (77)	Harmony (76)	...
Frisky	Dragon (73)	Frolic (73)	1874
Furrier, Famous	Chorister (71)	Fairmaid (77)	1874, 1876
Guardsman	Guider (76)	Rachel (74)	1875

ENTERED IN 1873—*continued.*

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Lightfoot Linkboy Lucifer Legacy Levity	Manager (71)	Lavish (77)	 1876
Rarity Rattle	Miracle (79)	Rapid (77)	1874 ...
Render	Rummager (78)	Adeline (72).....	...
Sportsman Sonnet Stella	Miracle (79).....	Stately (75)	1878 1876 ...
Vengeance Venus Volatile	Rummager (78)	Violet (72)	1875 1876 1875
Wildboy Wrangler Whimsey	Contest (78)	Woodbine (76).....	1877 1877 1876

ENTERED IN 1874.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Ajax Anguish	Challenger (75)	Active (76)	1876 1877
Banker Boniface Brilliant	Bachelor (72)	Fancy (80)	 1877
Bentinck Blameless	Lord Yarborough's Bentinck	Winifred (78)	1876 ...
Candidate	Conrad (71)	Faithful (80)	1875
Cottager Cromwell Capable	Draco (77)	Constance (78).....	 1876
Dancer	Do. (77)	Frolic (73)	...
Denmark Darling	Do. (77)	Harmony (76).....	1875 ...
Farmer Firebrand Flagsman Fabulous	Lord Yarborough's Blazer	Frantic (75).....	... ... 1875 1875
Foreman Florida	Miracle (79)	Fairmaid (77)	... ...
Millicent	Bachelor (72)	Matchless (77).....	1875
Nestor	Challenger (75)	Nosegay (79)	...
Remedy.....	Rummager (78)	Adelaide (80)	1876
Warlike Wary	Lord Yarborough's Rocket	Wilful 75)	1876 1875

ENTERED IN 1875.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Artist Augury	Minstrel (77)	Amulet (78).....	... ...
Acrobat Agatha Audible	Abelard (75)	Watchful (83)	 1876
Cerberus Charon Ceres Circe	Draco (77)	Constance (78)	 1876
Dexterous	Do. (77)	Milliner (76)	1876
Fanciful Festive	Linkboy (84)	Frantic (75).....	... ...
Finisher.....	Lord Fitzhardinge's Wonder	Fairmaid (77)	...
Gamecock Gondola ...	Guider (76)	Favourite (79).....	1876 ...
Marian Mildred Mystery	Do. (76)	Matchless (77).....	... ...
Namesake	Challenger (75)	Notable (80)	...
Nicety Niobe	Belvoir Rallywood	Nelly (79)	1876 ...
Rubicon Resolute	Rummager (78)	Winifred (78)	... ...
Sunrise	Stormer (75)	Famous (83)	1875
Wakeful Warning	Belvoir Warrior	Woeful (83).....	... ...

ENTERED IN 1876.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Barrister Barmaid	Lightfoot (84)	Barbara (83)	
Clinker Conjuror Claribel	Milton Somerset	Caroline (75)	
Damon	Rallywood (82)	Durable (83)	
Gaylad	East Sussex Gaylad ...	Mr. Talbot's Barmaid...	
Guilty Glaucus	Guider (76)	Faithful (80)	
Guardian Gratitude ...	Do.(76).....	Notable (80)	
Handmaid Heedless Hostile ...	Quorn Alfred	Harriet (76)	
Layman Lecturer Lawless Liberty Lilian Loyalty Lydia	Miracle (79).....	Lavish (77)	

ENTERED IN 1876—*continued.*

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Marmaduke Merrylass Modesty	Baronet (81)	Matchless (77).....	
Riot	Rummager (78)	Wishful (83)	
Sentinel Snowdrop ...	Do. (78)	Speedwell (81)	
Watchman Willing ...	Milton Ransack	Watchful (83)	

ENTERED IN 1877.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Benjamin Baroness ...	Belvoir Whynot	Brilliant (85)	
Borderer Bosnia	Baronet (81)	Warning (88)	
Charmer Chaplet Charity ...	Grove Reginald	Caroline (75)	
Congress	Contest (78)	Mischief (82)	
Despot Dexter	Rallywood (82)	Darling (86)	
Fabian Falkland Fashion Folly ...	Farmer (86)	Ceres (87)	
Granby	Belvoir Gallant	Rapid (77)	
Linguist Lightning ...	Linkboy (84)	Careful (81)	
Memory	Miracle (79)	Famous (84)	
Nobleman Norval Nonsuch Novelty ...	Sir W. Wynn's Random	Notable (80)	
Remus Romeo Romulus Rufus ...	Grove Reginald	Madcap (77)	
Scandal	Farmer (86)	Spedwell (81)	
Wayward	Belvoir Warrior	Rattle (84)	
Wistful	Rallywood (82)	Watchful (83)	

ENTERED IN 1878.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM	WHEN DRAFTED.
Advocate, Alderman, Aconite, Antidote ...	Quorn Alfred	Legacy (84).....	... 1878 (died) ...
Bellman.....	Baronet (81)	Stella (84)	1878
Cherub	Duke of Beaufort's Freshman	Captious (83)	1878
Frenzy	Baronet (81)	Florida (86)	...
Freshman, Frequent, Fretful ...	Duke of Beaufort's Freshman	Resolute (88)	... ...
Gossip	Gaylad (89)	Affable (81)	...
Laudable	Duke of Beaufort's Freshman	Ladybird (82)	...
Merciful, Mermaid	Bramham Mountebank	Agatha (87)	... ...
Nickname	Duke of Beaufort's Freshman	Namesake (88)	...
Novelist.....	Render (84)	Notable (80)	...
Radiant	Do. (84)	Speedwell (81).....	1878
Ranger, Rally	Duke of Beaufort's Freshman	Riot (90)	... ...
Socrates, Solomon	Puckridge Challenger ...	Mr. Tailby's Solitude ...	1878 1878
Spanker, Sparkler, Spartan	Cerberus (87)	Scornful (82)	... ...

ENTERED IN 1879.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Arsenic, Artifice	Gaylad (89)	Affable (81)	
Bacchus, Boaster, Byron, Bluebell, Bridesmaid	Baronet (81)	Willing (90)	
Balsam	Conjuror (89)	Blameless (85)	
Bridget	Barrister (88)	Careful (81)	
Comforter, Coroner, Catherine, Courtesy ...	Linkboy (84)	Claribel (89)	
Cyprus	Grove Clinker	Capable (85)	1879
Felix	Flagsman (86)	Loyalty (89)	

ENTERED IN 1879—*continued.*

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Genius Gaudy }	Linkboy (84)	Gratitude (89)	
Hilary	Lord Yarborough's Amulet	Hostile (89)	
Latitude Laughter Laundress } ...	Baronet (81)	Ladybird (82	
Methodist	Mr. Chaplin's Gamester	Merrylass (90)	
Rattler	Grove Reginald	Liberty (89)	
Russian	Baronet (81)	Riot (90)	
Schoolboy Screamer Scrutiny } ...	Falkland (91)	Stella (84)	

ENTERED IN 1880.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Bellicent	Conjuror (89)	Bosnia (90)	
Bounty	Mr. Rolleston's Lincoln	His Bracelet	
Consul Convict }	Linkboy (84)	Claribel (89)	
Corporal	Cerberus (87)	Legacy (84)	
Daisy	Mr. Rolleston's Pillager	Darling (86)	
Delicate Duchess }	Belvoir Dolphin	Mr. Rolleston's Stately	
Gallant Gaylass }	Granby (91)	Liberty (89)	
Gracious	Lightfoot (84)	Gratitude (89)	
Grateful	Mr. Rolleston's Warrior	His Gipsy	
Lancelot	Lightfoot (84)	Chaplet (90)	
Lazarus Lollypop }	Baronet (81)	Lydia (89)	
Mayfly	Mr. Rolleston's Rustic...	His Magic	
Merlin Mountebank } ...	Baronet (81)	Marian (88)	
Notary Nemesis }	Rufus (92)	Nonsuch (91)	
Rosalind	Mr. Rolleston's Lincoln	His Royalty	
Rubens Ruler }	Baronet (81)	Rally (93)	
Sanguine	Mr. Rolleston's Stormer	His Rapid	
Wildrose	Denmark (86)	Wayward (92)	

ENTERED IN 1881.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Almoner Andred	Artist (87)	Laudable (93)	
Arnica	Milton Sultan	Antidote (92)	
Bushman Bashful Bravery	Conjuror (89)	Bosnia (90)	
Confidence ...	Do. (89)	Rally (93).....	
Clara	Granby (91).....	Claribel (89)	
Florican Flighty Florence	Mr. Rolleston's Stormer	Folly (91).....	
Ganymede.....	Advocate (92)	Gratitude (89)	
Gulliver Garland	Milton Reveller	Gossip (93)	
Hubert	Linkboy (84)	Handmaid (89)	
Harper	Belvoir Rockwood	Mr. Rolleston's Honesty	
Landlord Lawful	Granby (91).....	Lawless (89)	
Latimer Logic	Conjuror (89)	Loyalty (89)	
Magnet Milkmaid	Marmaduke (90)	Mermaid (93)	
Nectar Nihilist	Advocate (92)	Niobe (88)	
Revelry Ruin	Conjuror (89)	Riot (90)	
Satin	Charon (87).....	Scrutiny (95)	

ENTERED IN 1882.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Artful.....	Advocate (92)	Riot (90)	
Bracelet.....	Lord Yarborough's Roman	Bridesmaid (94)	
Blossom.....	Benjamin (90)	Gossip (93)	
Brusher	Boaster (94).....	Catherine (94)	
Comely Chantress ...	Conjuror (89)	Rally (93).....	
Candid	Do. (89)	Wildrose (97)	
Constable	Congress (91)	Balsam (94)	
Dorimont Driver	Grove Dorimont	Willing (90).....	
General Gipsy	Granby (91)	Courtesy (94)	
Gladsome Goneril ...	Guardian (89)	Aconite (92)	
Music.....	Boaster (94)	Mayfly (96)	
Monarch Messmate Melody Mindful ...	Marmaduke (90)	Arsenic (94).....	

ENTERED IN 1882—*continued.*

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Ragman Ranter }	Remus (92)	Bosnia (90)	
Racer Random Ringwood Rival } ...	Lord Yarborough's Racer	Antidote (92)	
Smoker	Mr. Lane Fox's Smoker	Florida (86).....	
Primate Playful }	Lord Yarborough's Primate	Liberty (89).....	

ENTERED IN 1883.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Admiral Amazon }	South Notts. Stormer (92)	Antidote	
Abbess	Congress (91)	Arnica (97)	
Bonnylass	Oakley Stormer	Bluebell (94)	
Cardinal.....	South Notts. Stormer	Charity (90).....	
Felon Fairy }	Atherstone Traitor	Fashion (91)	
Fisherman.....	Romulus (92)	Frequent (93)	
Gamesome.....	Granby (91).....	Laudable (93)	
Gadfly Glory }	South Notts. Stormer ...	Grateful (96)	
Lictor Lottery Lightning Lovely } ...	Boaster (94)	Liberty (89).....	
Merryman Mariner } ...	Marmaduke (90)	Merciful (93)	
Manager Myra Myrtle }	Do. (90)	Arsenic (94).....	
Matron	Do. (90)	Balsam (94)	
Starlight	Boaster (94).....	Stella (84)	
Warbler.....	Oakley Warbler	Bridesmaid (94)	
Warrior.....	Do.	Bosnia (90)	

ENTERED IN 1884.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Adelaide	Advocate (92)	Mindful (100)	
Bruiser, Brevity	Nectar (98)	Blossom (99)	
Constance	Lord Portsmouth's Sailor	Claribel (89).....	
Comus	Boaster (94).....	Catherine (94)	
Chanticleer ...	General (99)	Charity (90).....	
Dreadnought, Druid, Dainty, Daphne	Advocate (92)	Delicate (96)	
Dandy, Dowager, Dauntless, Dairy Maid	Duke of Grafton's Dandy	Bridesmaid (94)	
Denmark, Dulcet ...	Duke of Grafton's Denmark	Laughter (95)	
Gambler, Graceful ...	General (99)	Bluebell (94)	
Luxury	Nectar (98)	Liberty (89).....	
Lavish, Languish ...	Landlord (98)	Garland (98)	
Pastime, Patience, Pamela ...	Belvoir Proctor	Willing (90).....	
Racket	Remus (92)	Laundress (95)	
Sailor.....	Lord Portsmouth's Sailor	Gossip (93)	
Sempstress ...	Atherstone Solon	Daisy (96)	

ENTERED IN 1885.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Active	Boaster (94).....	Arnica (97)	
Brutus, Benedict, Bridegroom ...	Bushman (97)	Gaylass (96)	
Bluecap	Landlord (98)	Blossom (99)	
Bellman, Barmaid	Boaster (94).....	Gipsy (99)	
Bachelor, Bajazet, Beeswing	Bushman (97)	Artful (99)	
Dashwood	South Notts Dashwood	Their Glory.....	
Dimity, Damsel	Driver (99)	Gladsome (99).....	
Freeman	Do. (99)	Frequent (93)	
Gainer, Gamester, Garnish	Gallant (96).....	Grateful (96)	

ENTERED IN 1885—*continued.*

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Milliner	Gallant (96)	Mayfly (96)	
Prudence, Pillager	Dorimont (99)	Playful (100)	
Pilgrim, Proctor, Patty, Portia, Phyllis	Belvoir Proctor	Laundress (95)	
Syren, Songstress ...	Belvoir Stainless	Bluebell (94)	
Workman, Welcome ...	Ruler (96).....	Willing (90).....	

ENTERED IN 1886.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Beatrice.....	Belvoir Spartan	Bellicent (95)	
Bertha, Bounty	Boaster (94)	Arnica (97)	
Barmaid.....	Landlord (98)	Blossom (99)	
Clinker	Dorimont (99)	Catherine (94)	
Curious	Fisherman (101)	Constance (102)	
Chanter, Cruel, Crocus, Countess	Quorn Gamester	Comely (99).....	
Drummer	Denmark (103)	Satin (98)	
Diaper	South Notts. Pilot	Daisy (96)	
Dorothy.....	Denmark (103)	Daphne (102)	
Danger, Dewdrop	Dorimont (99)	Mindful (100)	
Fireman, Faithful	General (99)	Fashion (91)	
Frolic.....	Primate (100)	Florence (97)	
Greenwood ...	Atherstone Gay Lad ...	Their Tractable	
Gilbert, Gorgeous ...	South Notts. Somerset	Gamesome (101)	
Glancer, Generous ...	Quorn Gamester	Matron (102)	
Layman, Lapwing	Bushman (97)	Laughter (95)	
Landlady	Landlord (98)	Bashful (97).....	
Pluto, Pedlar, Phœbe	Belvoir Proctor	Playful (100)	
Pilot	South Notts. Pilot	Mayfly (96)	
Rodney	Atherstone Royal	Their Spiteful	
Stainless, Solitude ...	Belvoir Stainless	Lavish (103)	
Susan	Do.	Mira (101)	

ENTERED IN 1887.

NAME.	SIRE.	DAM.	WHEN DRAFTED.
Alaric Ajax Anthony	Pillager (105)	Abbess (101)	
Broughton Blowsey	Despot (91)	Brevity (102)	
Bankeer Blucher	Bushman (97)	Dimity (104)	
Champion	Denmark (103)	Candid (99)	
Conquest Comedy	Ranger (93)	Constance (102)	
Crinoline	Pillager (105)	Charmer (90)	
Diligent	Driver (99)	Dulcet (103)	
Didler	Dorimont (99)	Gipsy (99)	
Darling	Driver (99)	Glory (101)	
Duster Duchess	Gallant (96)	Dowager (103)	
Frantic	Fisherman (101)	Daphne (102)	
Governess	Dorimont (99)	Gaylass (96)	
Guider	Limerick Samson	Their Gratitude	
Gaudy Gambol	Gallant (96)	Dauntless (103)	
Hannibal	Limerick Samson	Their Hasty	
Ruby Roguish	Ranger (93)	Sempstress (103)	
Sultan	Limerick Hector	Their Skilful	
Sportive	Lord Lonsdale's Shiner	Lovely (101)	
Sunrise	North Cotswold Suitor	Their Rally	
Supplement	North Cotswold Surgeon	Their Maiden	

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